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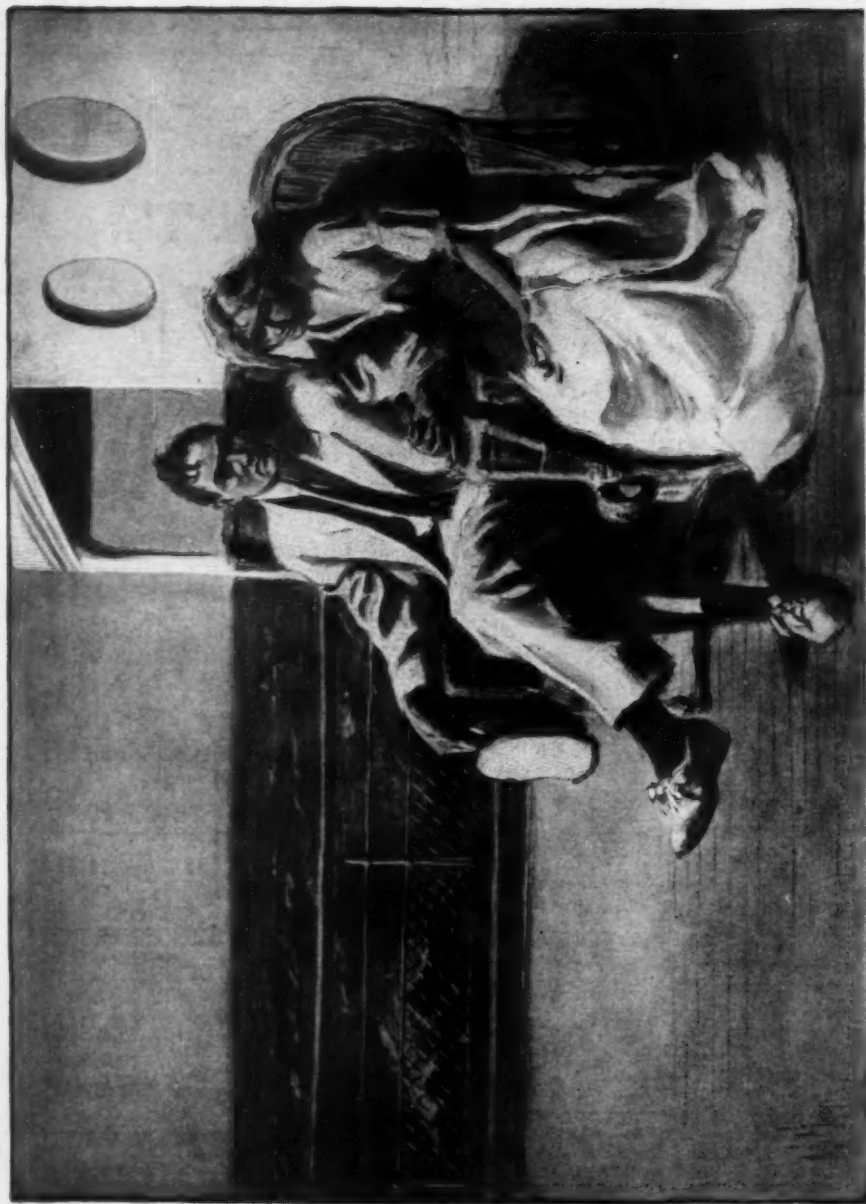
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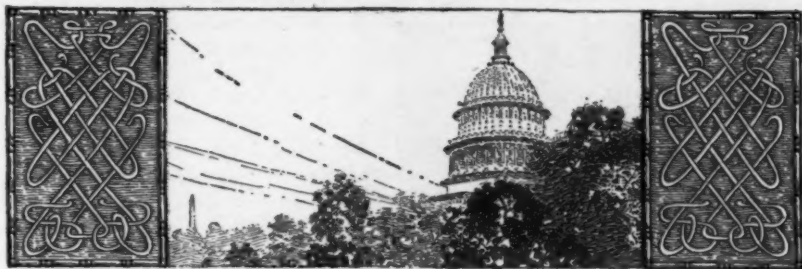
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She seemed quite contented with the fact. To me, however, it suggested an approaching dilemma. "Well—but where do you wish to go?" I asked. "We are bound for England." "I shall go with you, of course," she answered without a moment's hesitation

—A Daughter of the Stars, page 131

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE glories of Eastertime come with the April showers in Washington. The tender shooting of bud and branch and the splendor of Southern borderland foliage tend to soften the asperities born of the acidulous epigrams of winter debates.

As April approaches the almost universal impulse for housecleaning, fixing up the garden and raking up the dead leaves, finds expression even in the halls of legislation and in the offices of departments. Real work begins in preparing the reports for the fiscal year ending June 30th; thus the summary of facts and figures comes side by side with the springtime glow of poetic fancy.

April has been a month of momentous events in the history of the United States. In April Fort Sumter was fired upon; in April Lincoln was assassinated; in April Dewey's ships were sailing toward Manila; and the chronological calculator can load up this month with historical events that appal the student and evoke prophecy from the Washington quidnuncs.



EACH governmental department seemed absorbed with its own problems. At the State Department the Mexican situation was the absorbing topic.

In the Interior Department the Alaskan railroad project was engrossing official attention. Current corporation legislation was keeping the Department of Commerce and Labor busy supplying statistics; while the Department of Justice held the center of the stage in the railroad rate case and in traffic regulation in general. In the Treasury Department there were veritable carloads of blanks, filled and unfilled, being examined and adjusted incident

to the new Income Tax; and in the Patent Office, the new regulations were keeping Commissioner Ewing busy.

Over at the Navy Department, Hon. Josephus Daniels was following naval maneuvers, preparing for emergencies in the Gulf and for the great demonstration of the opening of the Canal. Secretary Garrison, in the War Department, was studying the situation along the Mexican border, with a

vigilant eye on Villa and Governor Colquitt of Texas, planning for adequate appropriations to bring the army up to the highest state of efficiency. The great expansion of the parcel post and the growth of postal savings claimed the attention of Postmaster-General Burleson.

Secretary Houston of the Agricultural Department breathed a sigh of relief when each congressman seemed in a fair way to be supplied with the seeds for annual distribution. Some of the trial seeds sent out by congressmen were already sprouting, and constituents who found that cabbages were cauliflower were "writing in" to headquarters to see what was wrong.

Meantime the Supreme Court was handing down decisions with its usual regularity, and in the House and Senate there was accelerated activity in hope of early adjournment.



MISS EDMONIA ADAMS

The daughter of Rear Admiral Adams and granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral Phelps. Miss Adams will be married to Dr. Richard A. Kearny of the United States public health service during April.

IN the afterglow of a social season of unusual brilliancy, Eastertime finds the diplomatic corps blooming again in new uniforms and gold lace.

Tourists returning from the South always find Washington the popular April retreat. In the White House the usual routine proceeds, with the President finding a little more time for golf, but still continuing in his usual way to meet with equanimity both the problems and the politicians presented



MISS MILDRED HARDY

The beautiful daughter of Congressman Hardy of Texas. This is her first winter in Washington and she is widely admired as a Southern belle

him day by day. The historic egg-rolling on the White House lawn is scheduled despite the high cost of poultry produce. Easter is the one time of year when the baneful political cry of "the high cost of living" is banished from calculation.

Altogether April in Washington marks a high-tide of activity, when Congress is in session. There are still of course a few lingering applicants for political office, holding on with hopeful aspirations in the joys of Easter-tide.

THE new regulations on parcels post have had the effect of increasing the postal business and making the express companies hustle on "pick-ups," taking what is left. Now, however, that the line has been drawn on shipping live animals and human beings, the usefulness of the express companies is confessed. It has been decreed, solemnly and officially, that babies are not mailable. This decision was reached after a request from an Oklahoman as to whether a two-year-old child could be shipped to her by parcel post from Idaho. The momentous issue was finally decided upon by Assistant Postmaster-General Stewart, who declared that all human beings and live animals

were barred from the mails. There was one exception made, with delicate and honeyed phraseology that suggests the mystic Maeterlinck's popular work. This exception is the queen bee, the only living creature from the depths of the sea, the face of the earth, or the heavens above, who can enjoy the privilege of wearing the decoration of a parcel post stamp. Hail to the busy bee, the special privilege pet of the P. O. D. She has found real red clover at last. We are now promised a land flowing with milk and honey—for the busy milkman is still making his rounds, in defiance of competition with the R. F. D. cavalier.



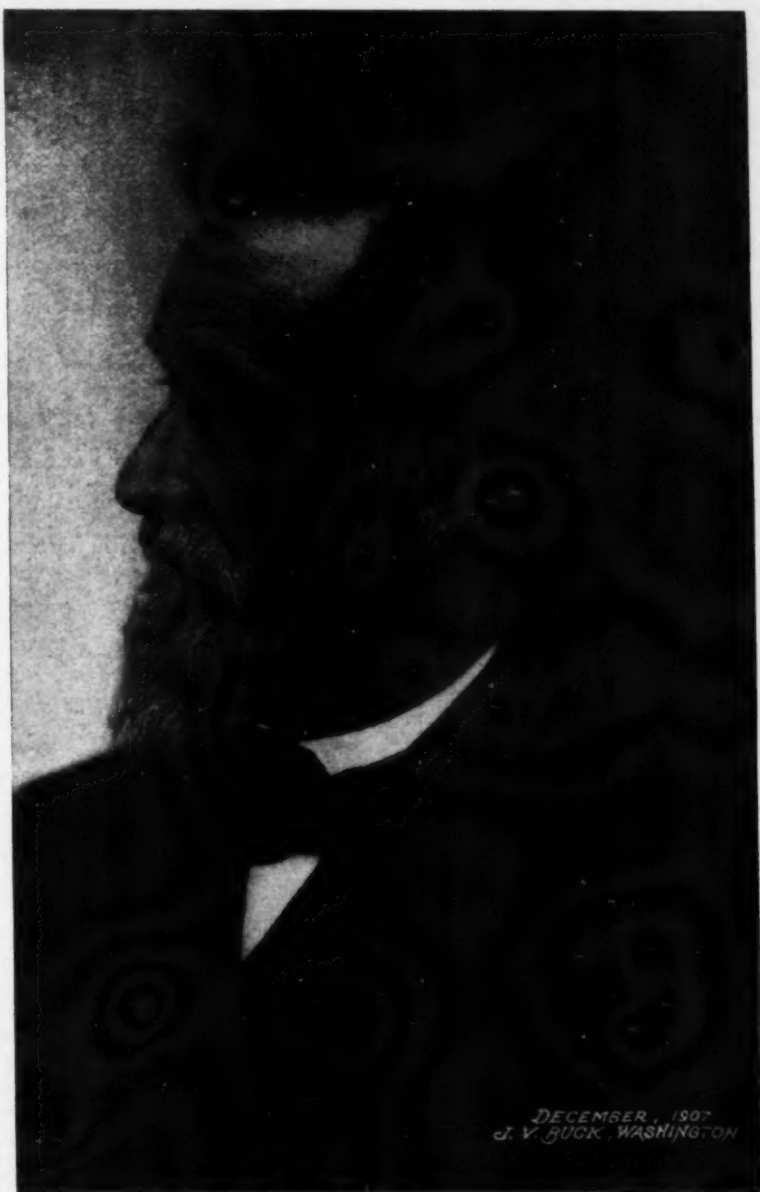
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MISS ELEANOR CONNOLLY

The sister of Representative Maurice Connolly of Iowa. An active settlement worker, Miss Connolly is Secretary of the Junior Auxiliary House, a unique organization of Washington society girls

none would ever suspect it to see him at the Capitol. Punctual and regular in his attendance at the sessions of the Senate, or busy looking after the requirements of constituents at the different departments, he is constantly consulted when personal verification is required of some event that took place years ago in Congress or in the development of the West. Although past his eighty-fifth year, Senator Stephenson has a most retentive memory, which has been a notable characteristic of his long business career. He recently paid a tribute to W. B. Ogden of Chicago, as one of the grand old men associated with the early history of that city. Mr. Ogden was a great friend of

FOR personal reminiscences reaching back over half a century, Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin is the court of last resort. He is the oldest man in the Senate, although



SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON OF WISCONSIN

The oldest man in the Senate. Hale and hearty in his 85th year, he insists that he wants to round out the century mark in active service



HON. F. H. GILLETT

The energetic Massachusetts Representative. He is known as one of the veterans of Congress, as only two members have served a longer time in the House

Samuel J. Tilden, and Tilden used to visit Senator Stephenson with Mr. Ogden in Wisconsin as far back as 1864. The last time the distinguished New York citizen was in the West was in 1870.

The memories of the 1876 campaign and the tension of that period can scarcely be realized amid the tranquillity with which great political changes occur in these times.

Senator Stephenson is one of the last of the prominent lumbermen of the country, and his experiences in Chicago prior to the time when the first railroad reached there from the East is an indication of the important span of years which his life activities cover. Born at Frederickton, New Brunswick, in 1829, and educated in the common schools, Senator Stephenson went to Milwaukee in 1845. Since 1858 he has resided in Marinette, Wisconsin, and for

six decades he has been prominent in state politics. He was the early friend and financial supporter of Senator La Follette, now his colleague in the Senate. He served in Washington three terms as representative of the Ninth District of Wisconsin, and when Senator John C. Spooner retired from the upper house in 1907, Mr. Stephenson was appointed to fill out his unexpired term. In 1909 he was re-elected and has been in the Senate ever since.

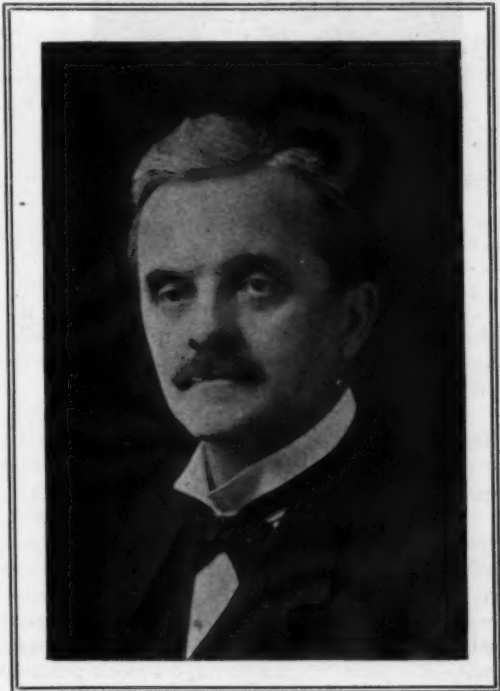
Senator Stephenson is one of the few statesmen who retains the old-time snuff habit, and when he takes out his snuff box and begins his reminiscences, curving his head in a characteristic way, you know there is a good story coming. While in Congress he has always given special attention to routine work, which many Senators disregard. Every day he sends a bunch of bills and resolutions to the desk, and sees to it that proper appropriations are made for improvements in his state. Senator Stephenson is the type of business man who believes in legislation that will create the largest amount of good for all the people. He has the distinction of being the one business man who in all his large operations involving millions, never signed a note or had one endorsed for him—but with his pack on his back early and late, started early in life to build up his own fortune, buying pine lands when every one wanted to sell, and holding fast to his investments.

He retains an active and alert interest in business affairs and is now rounding out his long career in the United States Senate in a manner gratifying to his friends. The distinction of being the oldest member of the United States Senate is not indicated by Senator Stephenson's personal appearance. Tall and active, with a wealth of iron gray hair, he believes that ninety years ought to be the average age of a hustling, active American, and insists that he wants to round out the century mark with his life activities.



ONE of the members of the present Congress who is distinguished from the gallery by the full beard he wears is Representative Frederick H. Gillett of Springfield, Massachusetts. Among his colleagues he enjoys the distinction of being one of the sedate senior members of Congress, as only two members have served for a longer time. He has long been recognized as an aggressive Republican leader, and when he throws an oratorical bomb on the left side of the House, they know that he is loaded with facts and figures. Graduated at Amherst College and at the Harvard Law School, as a young lawyer Mr. Gillett made a remarkable record. As Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts he proved that he knew how to make law as well as to practice the profession.

For eleven consecutive terms Mr. Gillett has represented Springfield district in Congress, and has rendered conspicuous service both as a minority and a majority member of his committees. His active work for civil service reform, as chairman of the commission, has made him logically the leader and defender of that cause in Congress. His speeches have always been characterized by the ability and scholastic philosophy which one would expect from the district where the *Springfield Republican* is published, but most important of all, Mr. Gillett has enjoyed the confidence of a loyal and enthusiastic constituency that even recent political avalanches could not disturb.



SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS

Whose bill for government loans on farm mortgages is of deep interest to the farmers of the country

A letter from his district came to me recently asking why the work of an able congressman like Mr. Gillett was not more discussed in public print. When one travels over his district it is easy to understand this attitude. His constituents trust him, and with integrity unquestioned and earnestness unchallenged, Mr. Gillett goes on doing his duty for the home folks and not

forgetting the nation at large. As a Republican leader, if the House should change its political complexion within the next few years, Mr. Gillett by long service and recognized ability will rank well toward the front.



CONGRESSMAN W. A. OLDFIELD

An expert in patent legislation and author of a new national registration bill which is attracting nation-wide attention

THE Post-office building is set squarely with the points of the compass, but Pennsylvania Avenue runs diagonally, and a Senator called attention to the fact that while one might be perfectly sober, yet when walking down Pennsylvania Avenue at night, between Fourteenth and Ninth, the impulse to face the clock in the post-office tower made one feel as if he were walking sidewise, like a crab. Old Pennsylvania Avenue still retains its fascination as the vertebra of Washington traffic, but many of the business houses are creep-

ing into the other streets where buildings run in a straight line.

The trend of business in Washington is the same as in other cities, where the first street along the river front or railroad right of way is gradually abandoned for the terraced thoroughbred streets and avenues of the higher elevations.

The "Division" of unholy reputation since the days of the Civil War has been attacked and wiped out by the Kenyon "Red Light Bill," another example of district legislation enacted by Congress, which should serve as an example for similar state and city legislation.

The trend toward centralization in the days of a Democratic administration seems somewhat paradoxical in the light of tradition and history, as revealed in the earnest and bitter debates over the question of states' rights. There is a wave of legislative impulse which is not far from degenerating into ridiculous and annoying paternalism, and with pure food laws setting the pace, one Congressman has suggested enacting a law that will make it a penal offence to have a clock publicly displayed that is not on time, on the theory that it is giving out time under false pretences. To regulate and re-regulate business and to create new commissions and boards is the order of the day, and the sovereign people already are beginning to find

themselves practically governed by commissions and bureaus rather than by representative legislation. The concentration of power in bureaus and commissions at the Capital will eventually operate as concentration of power does under all circumstances, and Washington, as a governing center, will be more powerful in the next decade, under the expansion of the interstate jurisdiction, than ever before.

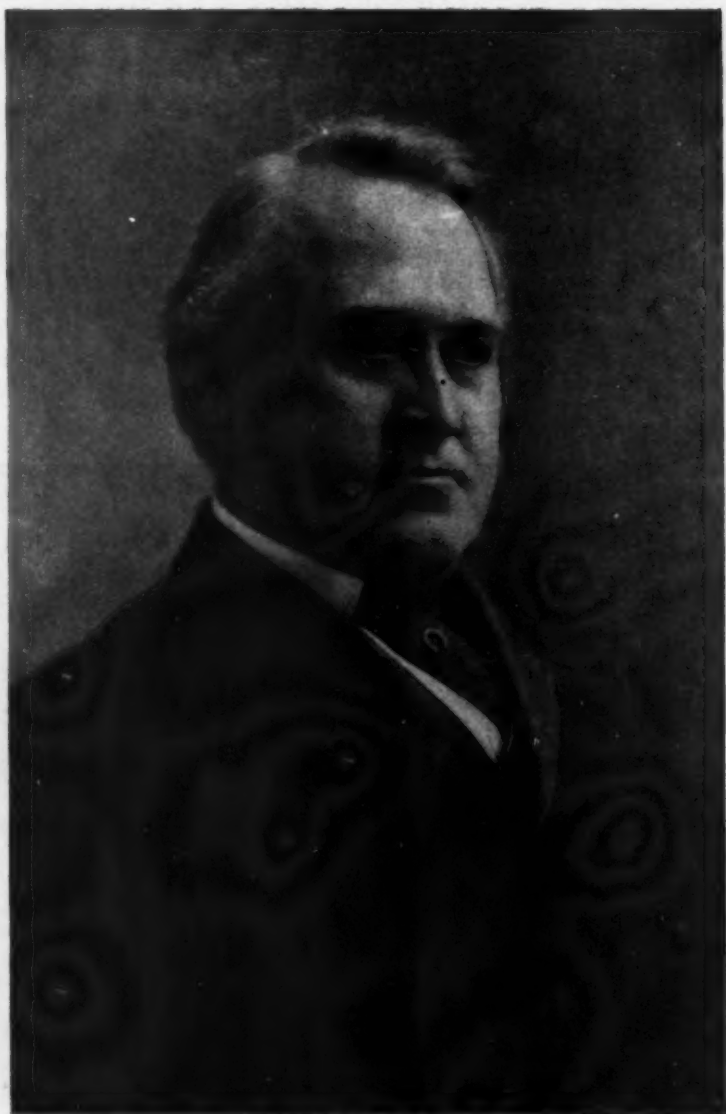
AN afterglow of the currency bill is what one Senator terms the Rural Credit Bill. Every Congressman and Senator is always ready with a farm bill, and the wonder is that farmers have fared so ill with so many apparently alert statesmen looking after their interests—as they say. The rural credit bill has kept Senator Norris of Nebraska awake nights, and he believes it is entirely unsatisfactory. To forestall dire consequences, the Senator has introduced a measure in which the Federal Government would permit loans on farm mortgages at 4 per cent, raising the necessary funds by issuing bonds at 3½ per cent. Such a bill would create in the Department of Agriculture a Bureau of Farm Loans. A director, at a salary of \$6,000 a



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LADY SPRING-RICE

The wife of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States. This is Lady Spring-Rice's first season in Washington society, and she has been the honored guest at many notable entertainments given by Washington hostesses



SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN

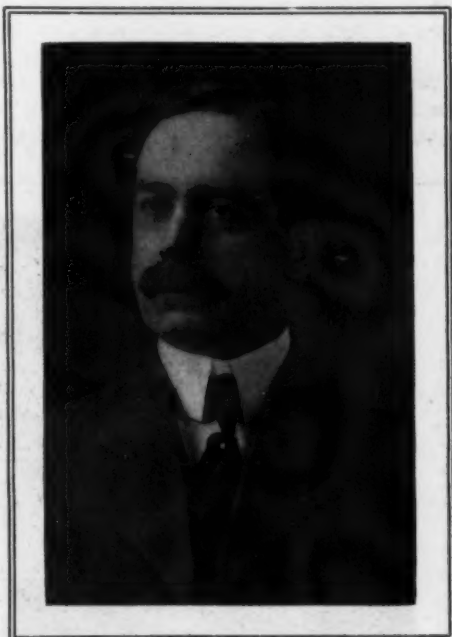
Of North Carolina, who is deeply interested in the neutralization of the Philippines, and is the author of a resolution which he believes will solve the vexatious Philippine problem

year, and an assistant receiving \$4,500, would be in charge of this bureau, which would be empowered to make loans on farm lands, secured by mortgages payable to the bureau. No loan would be made on less than ten-acre tracts of land. Such loans would be for sums of \$100 or multiples thereof up to \$2,000.

Money borrowed under the provisions of this bill could be used only to make payments on land mortgages, to pay off indebtedness already existing against such land, or to build a house, barn or other building on the land. Under certain regulations, an amount not to exceed 50 per cent of the loan might be used to purchase stocks and farm implements. With telephones, modern conveniences and money at a possible 4 per cent, American farming of the future ought to attract hundreds of boys now flocking to the cities.

IN the House Office building the hearings before the Committee on Patents continue without fireworks, though involving matters of vital import. While there have been no striking disclosures, the knotty and intricate problems considered are of concern to every householder in the country, not to speak of every producer and manufacturer. Day after day the proposed changes in patent and copyright law are deliberated upon, broadening into international problems. At the head of the table Congressman Oldfield of Arkansas presides, and sees to it that every subject coming before his committee is given a most exhaustive examination from all points of view.

At a recent hearing the controversies involved in the Kahn act were considered, with prospects of an amendment which will be agreeable to all concerned. This act, prepared by Congressman Julius Kahn of California, was passed to assist the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, with little thought that its interpretation might imperil the privileges of American manufacturers or give further advantages to foreigners than those incorporated in the tariff bill. The discussion it has caused shows how essential it is to have every bill in Congress thoroughly studied by committees, even before the caucus stage. A committee composed of members who are earnest in their work cannot fail to result in better digested legislation, and the Committee on Patents, making a specialty of the most involved and intricate law



HON. JAMES W. GOOD

The Iowa Congressman whose campaign for government powder plants has attracted special attention in army and navy circles

of the land, has an especially strong personnel. The chairman, Congressman Oldfield, is regarded as an expert in patent legislation, and his recently introduced bill, providing a National Design Registration Law, is deemed to be the most important measure framed for a long time. The bill is concretely constructive, and when it becomes a law the name of Hon. William A. Oldfield will be identified with a measure of progressive legislation which can be recognized as such without a label.

The essence of the bill provides that "the author of any design, original, as embodied in or applied to any manufactured product of an art or trade, or his assignee, may register such design in the United States Patent Office." It seems strange that such a provision was not provided in years past to protect American inventive genius against wholesale imitation and invasion.

The new design registration act under the administration of Commissioner Ewing of the Patent Office, formerly publisher of *Current Literature*, will find a vigorous executive policy. Some day Congress will provide suitable quarters for the Patent Office, which perhaps more than any other department

reflects the wonderful progress and development of the country. It is one of the most fascinating offices at the capital, with its array of inventors' models, as interesting as a rare museum collection. Congressman Oldfield is to be congratulated on the work he has accomplished on the Patent Committee, in meeting urgent necessities with thorough and exhaustive deliberation. His home state may well be proud of his achievements, and there are friends who insist that the time is not far distant when this earnest Representative will be promoted by his state to the other end of the Capitol, to sit in the seat of the mighty, crowned with the senatorial toga.



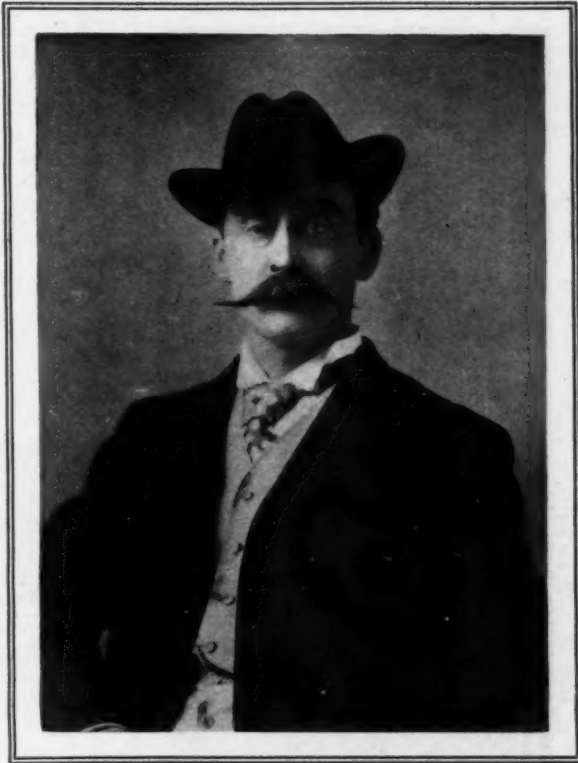
CONGRESSMAN GEORGE A. NEELEY

The young Kansas legislator who has done especially effective work during the present session of Congress

ative Neeley of Kansas is found early and late at his desk in the House office building, busily engaged in answering the letters of his constituents in the Sunflower state. Mr. Neeley believes in keeping every man, woman and

WITH his coat off, revealing the sleeves and cuffs of a dotted negligee shirt, Representa-

child in his district informed as to the service he is rendering. To seventy-two thousand people on the tax rolls in his district he sent a personal letter, giving a succinct account of his stewardship since he came to Washington. In popular vernacular, he has "not let the grass grow under his feet," or failed to distribute his full quota of seeds; and now his friends declare that he is the inevitable and logical candidate for the Democratic nomination for Senator. A strong, forceful speaker, with an especially vigorous and magnetic hand-shaking "punch," and the abnormal vitality that is required of western



REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY

The discoverer of the North Pole, who now entertains ideas of encircling the globe in an airship

Congressmen, who must keep busy, George A. Neeley is certain to become a picturesque and important figure in the coming senatorial campaign. His friends insist that they can rest his case on what he has accomplished and on his capacity for doing things, rather than upon what he might promise to do, and they feel that his record shows what can be expected of him if elected.

The senatorial situation in Kansas is somewhat complicated, and the Democrats rely on the division between the Progressives and Republicans to land them the plum. The fight between Senator Bristow and former Senator Curtis, with Representative Victor Murdock as the Progressive nominee, promises to develop the triangular complications desired by the Democrats.

Twelve months in the year everybody in Kansas is interested in politics. A campaign in that state requires physical and mental vigor, and in this as in his record, Mr. Neeley's friends say "none can beat him." Just old-fashioned hard work is the Neeley slogan, and when this popular Congressman looks a constituent in the eye and grasps his hand, it counts as much as though he made a full-fledged campaign speech. Mr. Neeley believes that the "personal contact" consists in getting and holding the votes.



SENATOR W. E. BORAH

A leader in the campaign against child labor. Some of his sentiments are outlined by Flynn Wayne in the article, "Shall Our Children be Footpounds of Mechanical Power," this month's NATIONAL, page 147

THE old saying, "Keep your powder dry," is not only being literally observed by the Congressional committee on appropriations, in their investigation of the ammunition trust, but is expanding into the injunction, "Make your own powder and keep it dry."

At Dover, New Jersey, and at Indian Head on the Potomac, two government powder plants are now operating, one furnishing powder for the army and one for the navy. They have a capacity of six million pounds a year, but the Navy Department uses so much more than the army in its target practice, that arrangements are now being made to operate the Army powder plant to help out the Navy powder supply. Secretary Josephus Daniels is seriously considering the establishment of a third powder plant.

In a recent discussion on the Army and Navy bill in the House of Representatives, Congressman James W. Good of Iowa, of the Appropriations Committee, who has made a thorough study of the subject, stated that while the United States now manufactures only about one-half of the powder used, which costs to produce

only thirty-four cents a pound, not including overhead charges, the same powder costs sixty cents a pound in the open market.

It is estimated that if the powder mills established by the government were kept running on full time, the saving on Uncle Sam's powder bill would amount to \$1,500,000 per annum. Mr. Good called attention to the fact that while over half a million dollars had already been invested by the government in powder mills, they had been kept running to only one-third of their capacity, and he insists that in time of peace the government should certainly make powder enough for all demands. He diligently investigated all the facts with reference to government ordnance manufacture, including not only powder but other supplies, and made a record that will not only bring him into prominence as ranking member of his Committee, but will put an end to needless extravagance in providing a number of costly and special

articles. This year's appropriation bill for the first time contained the provision that "where the government is the only user of an article, it should be the only manufacturer." Congressman Good pointed out that for more than two years the Arsenals had been turning out more than half of the ordnance specialties at about fifty per cent of the prices charged by manufacturers. In the case of timber for artillery, the arsenal cost was only about one-third of the contract prices paid. The Army and Navy bill this year has in nearly every instance provided for the manufacture instead of the purchase of fixed ammunition.

Congressman Good has also served on the Appropriations Committee, and is now making a thorough investigation of the tariff bill. Altogether, his Iowa constituency have appreciated the active work of Mr. Good in "making good" on every proposition that has come his way.



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MISS ALMIRA M. WINCHESTER

Who has been named special collaborator in the kindergarten department of the Bureau of Education. Miss Winchester is a specialist in kindergarten work. At her new post she will promote the establishment of kindergartens throughout the entire United States

THREE natives of the Philippines were standing in the Rotunda of the Capitol, gazing upon the painting of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. Meantime, in the Senate chamber, Senator Overman was introducing a resolution requesting the President to negotiate treaties with Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, Italy and Japan for the permanent neutralization of the Philippine Islands.

With so many godfathers to attend its liberty christening, the little island government surely ought to find smooth sailing as a new independency of the blue Pacific, but unfortunately Uncle Sam's responsibility is not to be relaxed

with the loosened knot, and he may have to wade out to keep the tiny bark from being scuttled by wreckers from inside. The question is vexatious, and looks different in legislative deliberation than when the planks in political platforms were being made. Meanwhile, the irrepressible Aguinaldo incites his countrymen to demand independence. His presidential whistle may yet summon unhappy Filipinos to meet such conditions as now vex Central America from the Rio Grande to Panama, and are again epidemic in Peru.

ONE of the few Republican Congressmen with an office under the sheltering dome of the Capitol, is Augustus Peabody Gardner of Massachusetts, who holds the fort in a room under the east steps, overlooked in the general onslaught for a choice of quarters. Here Congressman Gardner may be found every day, far down the terrace, hammering away on the topic of immigration, to which he has given much study. Ever since he arrived at Washington, the Massachusetts Congressman from old Essex County has

been recognized as a forceful personality—a legislator who pushes things forward and thinks for himself.

Graduated from Harvard in 1886, Mr. Gardner served two terms—and lively terms they were—in the “general court,” as the legislature is called in his home state. During the Spanish-American war he saw service in the army, and later was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, following the resignation of the late Justice W. H. Moody, who became Secretary of the Navy and later Justice of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Gardner is a Representative who really represents. He possesses a complete card index of every voter in his district, and knows the political, social and religious predilections of each. Recently he made a run for Governor in Massachusetts, but even with the honor in sight, he would not compromise his views



HON. AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

The brilliant Massachusetts Congressman, and a specialist in immigration legislation

on immigration legislation. He had an idea of running for Governor once before, when Mr. Piatt Andrews, formerly of the Treasury Department, announced his candidacy for Mr. Gardner's congressional seat. With a spirit characteristic of the man, Mr. Gardner wrote Mr. Andrews, frankly stating the situation, and asking his permission to run. It was a new sidelight on political courtesy that is not the usual vogue at the present time. After this



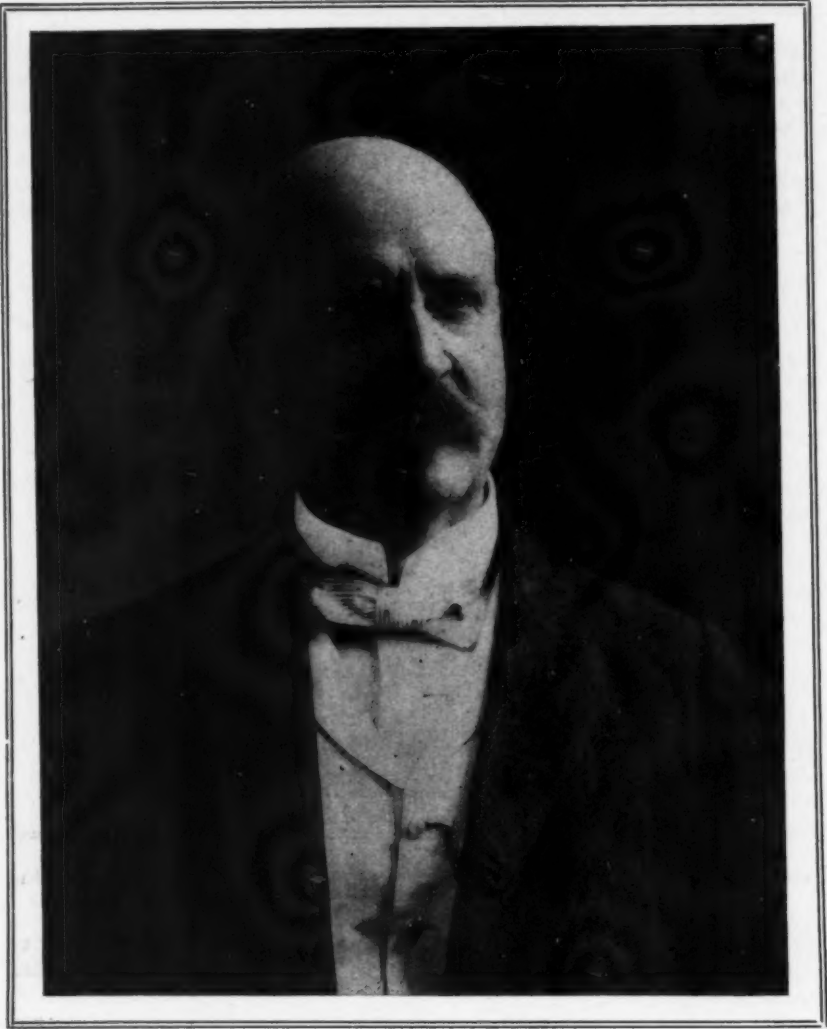
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MRS. CATO SELLS

The wife of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This is Mrs. Sells' first season in Washington, where she is making many new social acquaintances

friendly formality, the field was open, and in sailed Augustus P. Gardner to hold his district with the same old vim and enthusiasm—and the card index is still at work.

Mr. Gardner has made many notable speeches since his advent in Congress, all of which have indicated the same thorough, earnest and progressive spirit. The young Massachusetts member has pronounced views, and has made his mark as a thoroughly independent as well as capable Congressman. He has made it his exclusive business to be a Congressman, and the voters of his own Essex County have always intensely admired his sturdy spirit. His famous speeches on the Immigration Bill show his great capacity for leadership, and contain many pungent paragraphs and epigrams that are surely worthy of a wider publicity than is usually secured by publication in the Records of the proceedings of the House of Representatives. He strikes straight and hard and to the point.



HON. AUGUSTUS O. BACON

The late Georgia Senator, who was long known in Washington as the ideal Southern gentleman

WITHIN a few weeks of his death I had a delightful chat with the late Senator A. O. Bacon of Georgia—a man of some reserve until one came to know him, then a character of irrepressible charm. His literary training was as classical as his full name, Augustus Octavius Bacon. Born in Bryon County, Georgia, he graduated from the University of Georgia just before the Civil war. He served in the Confederate Army as captain, and was later assigned to staff duty.

His work in the Senate showed the thoroughness of his early training in the law, which he began to practice at Macon in 1866, though still taking an active part in public affairs. He was Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives and came within one vote of being nominated for Governor. However, that disappointment never seemed to worry him, because he was chosen to the Senate in 1894, and rounded out twenty years of splendid service. Always greatly interested in educational matters, Senator Bacon was a trustee of the University of Georgia and one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

The last day I saw him, he had been joking with Vice-President Marshall over the question of whether a Congressman should with propriety come over and assist a Senator to make an address. Senator Bacon was just then leaving the chamber, with his overcoat on his arm, and while he merrily joined in the little comedy, his manner and bearing had the dignity and distinction that one always associates with an ideal Southern gentleman.

After this little chat in the corridor of the marble room on one trip to Washington, it came as a blow to find on the next trip that the familiar seat which Senator Bacon occupied for so many years was draped in black. How sad it seems to realize that one may today look upon faces noble and instinct with high ambitions, and at the next visit find them forever vanished from among men.

THRILLING incidents are seldom met with in government reports, but the annual records of the "Lighthouse Board" are an exception to the rule. The stories told of disastrous wrecks and the daring and skill of the officers and men of our life-saving service, at many points along our dangerous coasts, furnish reading almost as exciting as Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Senators and even Congressmen who seldom read the matter so painfully prepared for their information, were found poring over the last report of Secretary Lane of the Interior Department. Dealing in an interesting literary way with dry and commonplace facts and conditions, this report reveals something more than a mere perfunctory interest in figures, and is set forth as a model for a readable report.

Besides quotations from government reports, excerpts from other books are sometimes read on the floors of both House and Senate, later to be interjected into the Congressional Record. In debating on the Alaskan bill, Senator



HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

The Secretary of the Interior Department—one of the few statesmen who can write interesting government reports



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MISS SYLVIA METCALF

One of the most charming girls of the Washington younger set and a leader in amateur theatricals at the capital

McCumber recently made copious references to the letters published by Mr. W. D. Boyce, editor of the *Chicago Blade*, after a tour of many thousands of miles over Alaska. Mr. Boyce's book on South America was also referred to as full of lively and present-day interest and practical everyday information, rather than the desultory gossip and "maundering" of the average "old traveler," investigating fauna, flowers and ruins, and full of self-pity, and denunciation of bad weather, worse quarters and unutterable food conditions. It is the American traveler who, like Mr. Boyce, can see much and deduce practical conclusions, that is attracting the lively attention of our people to faraway lands.

Mr. Boyce is one of America's greatest world travelers, and a dynamic "live wire" in making suggestions to the government. Some years ago, when

the government was complaining about a deficit in the Post Office Department, he offered to take over the Department and run it at a profit on a business basis. His story of South America was one of the first that stirred up the northern continent to active interest in the development of Latin lands. His recent proposition, in an address at the Southern Commercial Congress, to make Panama a free city, like Hamburg and Bremen, and build up a great port as a clearing-house for world commerce, excited widespread comment. The proposition itself seems so simple that it is curious that it had not been proposed before, for with the completion of the Panama Canal, one could easily conceive of Colon and Panama becoming twin Hong Kongs for South American trade.

The business men of this country are now beginning to realize that traveling for pleasure may be of great practical benefit, if tourists observe carefully and preserve records of what they observe. In discussion in the Senate, the man who has "been there" and the man who actually knows conditions is always listened to with keen interest, while the man who merely draws his conclusions from books or relies on oratorical periods is neglected. As one Senator remarked, "Let us listen to the ideas of men who know what it is to have enterprises produce an income equal at least to the 'outgo.'" Business knowledge and common sense is needed to balance the wild appropriation of millions of the people's money for attractive but dubious altruistic and paternal measures.

EVER since he came from North Dakota to Washington, Mr. Ormsby McHarg has been a prominent figure in political affairs and an active worker in the Republican party. Born in Wisconsin of Scotch-Irish parents, he accompanied them at an early age to Dakota Territory, where his own and his parents' energies were devoted to the opening up of a prairie farm. The same energy that made him an expert with the breaking plow on that Dakota prairie farm has made him a force in politics.

There was much that was broad and big on this prairie frontier. Neighbors were few and a long distance apart, and young McHarg grew to manhood with very little aside from his



HON. ORMSBY MCHARG

One of the foremost forces in Republican politics. His article, "The Rehabilitation of the Republican Party," may be found on page 139 of the current NATIONAL

puritanical home surroundings to influence him. The discipline of this environment developed in him the sturdy characteristics of his ancestry. The influence of the broad horizon of his prairie life developed in him a broad sympathy for humanity. It is his understanding of men that enables him to speak with authority on politics, which involves as much the science of human nature as it does the science of government.



MRS. EDWARD T. TAYLOR

The wife of the Colorado Representative. She is an ardent worker in the suffrage cause and a prominent member of the Woman's National Democratic League

From these surroundings Mr. McHarg went to the University of Michigan from which he was graduated, and returned to North Dakota to practice law. In 1904 he took an active interest in the Presidential campaign. In 1908 he was engaged for a long time in the campaign for the nomination of Mr. Taft, having complete charge of the contest situation in the South prior to the convention. He served for a time as Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the Taft administration, retiring to practice law in New York City.

Mr. McHarg is an aggressive fighter for clean politics. He has never been a seeker for office, and for that reason his judgment on political questions is entirely uninfluenced by personal interest.

The call of politics, however, is strong in him. He considers clean politics and clean statesmanship as the highest occupation to which a man can devote himself; it is to him a fascinating study as well.

In 1912 he strongly supported the candidacy of Theodore

Roosevelt and was one of the leaders of the Roosevelt forces at the Chicago convention. After Mr. Taft's nomination, however, he refused to withdraw from the Republican party, whose basic principles he believed to be right.

A wide acquaintance with leading men in the various parts of the country has enabled Mr. McHarg to keep in touch with public sentiment and generally to forecast results. Prominent in political affairs not because of any office he has held, but because he loves his work with the intensity which most men bring only to their chosen profession, he is a representative of the new school of political leaders, who not unmindful of the great men and the achievement

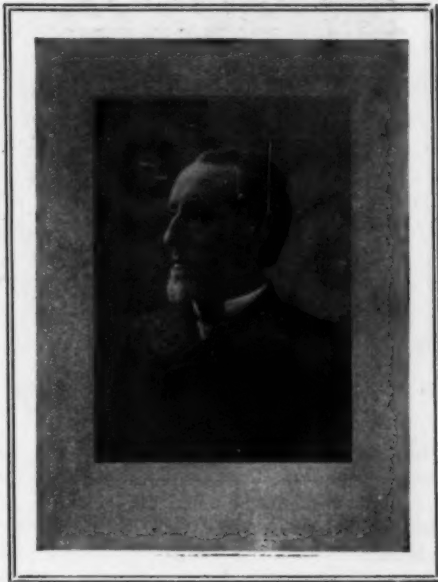
of the Republican party, are still insistent upon a logical and sane progressiveness that will not only win transient victories, but will endure. His article, "The Rehabilitation of the Republican Party," a remarkable analysis of the present political situation, will commend itself to unprejudiced readers as especially straightforward and sane. Personal experience from his connection with the last four presidential campaigns makes Mr. McHarg's statements ring with truth and authority.



THE passing of former Senator Shelby M. Cullom removes almost the last living link of the long line of Senators and Congressmen who were personally associated with Abraham Lincoln. For many years a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Cullom's career touched many important events of history. The last work of Senator Cullom was centered on beginning the Lincoln Memorial. After he became a member of the Commission for erecting this memorial, he told me he did not expect to live much longer in the natural order of things, but he did hope to see the cornerstone laid of the memorial to his old friend.

Almost the last of the old school of Republican statesmen, one could never talk with Senator Cullom without feeling a spirit of reverence because of his association with the great Emancipator. A long life of useful activity, connected with the most vital events in America, closed when Senator Cullom passed away. His remains were taken back to Springfield, Illinois, the city in which he and Lincoln resided for so many years.

Like Lincoln, Senator Cullom was born in Kentucky, but in 1829 he removed to Tazewell, Illinois, where, after attending the State university, he began to study law in Springfield in 1853. As a young man, he was helped by Lincoln to get a start, but soon made his way to the front. He was city attorney of Springfield, Illinois, in the last year of the war, and later was elected to the National House of Representatives, after having served a number of terms as Speaker in the Illinois Legislature. Amid the scenes of a bitter factional feud, when Horace Greeley withdrew from his party, Shelby Cullom placed the name of General Grant in line for renomination before the National Republican convention in Philadelphia, held in 1872. During the Centennial



THE LATE SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM
The beloved Illinois statesman, who for years had been the
veteran of the Senate

year, 1876, Senator Cullom was elected governor of Illinois and succeeded himself four years later. In 1883 he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed David Davis and served nearly all the remaining thirty years of his life in the Senate.

As I recall him, sitting in his front seat on the right of the Senate Chamber, there seemed to be something Romanesque in the lines of his strong face, smooth-shaven upper lip, gray hair and twinkling blue eyes. His reminiscences, always softly spoken and with a twinkling eye, were replete with intimate personal incidents concerning eminent public men of a half century, for from early manhood, Shelby Cullom hardly knew what it was not to be in the lime-light of public life.



THE LATE SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER
Of Colorado, who is affectionately remembered in Washington
for his fearless yet gentle and charming personality

THE recent death of Senator Henry M. Teller recalls a scene of that St. Louis convention which nominated McKinley, and at which Senator Teller led his little band of silver men out of the convention amid the wild applause of the great audience when the gold standard plank was inserted in the Republican platform.

The fearless character of Senator Teller made him a conspicuous figure even in the shadow of his small minority. Many times I walked down with him from the Capitol, and the wholesome and gentle personality of

the man in social converse seemed utterly inconsistent with the fighting qualities he developed on the floor of the Senate—for he was a fighter to the last.

With his hair brushed back, and smooth-shaven upper lip, he was a true son of Colorado. His father was a Methodist minister, and it was a rare pleasure to hear the Senator recall the scenes and incidents of the early pioneer days of Colorado. He seemed entirely unconscious of the dramatic intensity of the incidents he related, in his matter-of-fact way.

Senator Henry M. Teller was born in New York state, and after graduating from the Alfred University, taught school for several years. He began the practise of law at Birmingham, and moved to Illinois in 1858. During the war he removed to Colorado and became one of the most prominent citizens of the state. He never took public office until he was elected to the United States Senate in 1876, the same year that Colorado was admitted into the Union. For three years he served in the cabinet of President Arthur as Secretary of the Interior, and immediately upon retirement returned to the Senate. He

was re-elected as an independent Republican, after withdrawing from the convention in St. Louis, receiving ninety-four votes out of a total of one hundred on joint ballot.

Senator Teller was of slight figure and always looked like a minister. His long years of faithful service to Colorado will make his name pre-eminent in the story of the centennial state.

FOREIGNERS who visit Washington to note the proceedings of the House of Representatives, often ask if a purely deliberative body can work in circular seats without desks. Speaker Clark maintains a dignity that

commends him to his admiring friends. He delivers a lecture now and then outside of the city, but most of his lectures are little talks in the corner room at the Capitol and from high up in the Speaker's chair. The same genial Champ Clark from Pike County, Missouri, unspoiled by political fortunes, good or bad, he recalls now and then his experience as president of Marshall College at Huntington, West Virginia. His career as the youngest college president in the country is rich in memories of days he delights to recall.

There are friends living who made the prediction thirty years ago that Champ Clark would make his mark in Congress, and as the records of the last Democratic convention prove, he was the choice of a majority of primary delegates for President.

His defeat was taken gracefully, and sometime ago notice was published that the hatchet had been duly buried and that the unpleasant memories of



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

A favorite and characteristic photograph of the Speaker of the House



MISS LOLA FISHER

A winsome young actress whose work on the stage has been pronounced by critics a perfect presentation of the typical American girl

the Baltimore convention had forever been eliminated. The wits made many amusing conjectures as to the burial ceremony, and these unspoken thoughts are supposed to have passed through Speaker Clark's mind. "Yes, yes," he said patiently, a faraway look in his eyes, "they say it has been buried with due and solemn obsequies, but"—with another sniff—"I know well where it is buried."

Were these thoughts uttered, the peace-makers would have looked into each other's eyes aghast and wondered if the Speaker would still, still remember the spot where the war-axe reposed when the shadows of the 1916 convention began to gather. Whether or not Champ Clark ever sits in the presidential chair, he will go down to history as one of the most sincere and beloved statesmen of his generation.

EASTER MORNING

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE fasts are done; the Aves said;
The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.
So pure, so still the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,
I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
If one should earthward fare;—
Great Michael with his flaming sword,
Sandalphon bearing to the Lord
Some heart-cry of despair.

But since the sunset glow went out
And the fitful wind grew still,
No sound has stirred the waiting night,
No flash lit sky or hill.
Gabriel not Uriel speeds to tell
Some heavenly boon is won;
To other spheres in the airy deep
Their shining pathways run,
And, left of angel ministries,
Alone upon celestial seas
Earth circles round the sun.

O for a rift in the arching heaven!
A gleam of the jasper walls!
A single note of the holy hymn
That ceaseless swells and falls!
Their graves are cold, and they never come
When the evening sun is low,
Nor sit with us one happy hour
In the firelight's fading glow;—
And I dream till my eyes are dim with tears,
And all my life o'erpowered with fears,
As the night-watches go.

Hark! 'tis the west wind blowing free,
Swift herald of the dawn;
Faint murmurs answer from the wood;
The night will soon be gone.
Sad soul! shall day from darkness rise,
And the rose unfold from the sod,
And the bare, brown hills grow beautiful
When May their slopes has trod—
While they for whom the sun shone fair,
And rose and bird rejoiced the air,
Sleep on, forgot of God?

Yet joy is here, for woods and fields
Thrill to the kiss of spring;
The brooks go laughing down the glens,
The birds for gladness sing;
In forest dells the wind flowers wave;
The earliest violets blow;
And soon will come the carnival
Of orchard flush and snow,
When air is balm and blossoms fall
As if the blessed angels all
Brought Paradise below.

Alas for April song and bloom!
My eyes are dim with tears
As I think of the dead no spring will wake
Through all the circling years!
With broken hearts we laid them down;
We followed them with prayers;
And warm and true for aye we keep
Our love and trust with theirs;
But silence shrouds them evermore,
Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
A pitying message bears.

Depart, drear visions of the night!
We are the dead, not they!
High in God's mansions of delight
They greet immortal day.
Look out! The sky is flushed with gold
In glad, celestial warning;
The cloudy bars are backward rolled,
And, gloom and shadows scorning,
O'er grief and death victorious,
Above all glories glorious,
Comes up the Easter morning!

Just then, in confirmation of the news, the familiar sound of clear-cut tones floated out from the second partner's room, turning Nora cold and sick with panic. Finally, as the voice came nearer, she slipped into the adjacent waiting-room



The Stenographer Intervenes

by
Zoe Hartman

THAT'S right, Miss Nora, keep it up, keep it up! You're doing famously!"

And the second partner of the law firm of Bonner, Rutledge & Shields Brothers held open the door of his private office for Nora Rendinell who passed out, dimpling and smiling under his whimsical eye and his hearty, off-hand manner. As the door closed behind her, she gave a happy little skip which sent papers flying from her hand, to be rescued after considerable groping in the semi-darkness of the hallway. Suddenly up the passage from the general office floated a voice with painful distinctness, "I tell you, Bet Hill, if it had been anyone but Nora Rendinell, Mr. Rutledge would never have insisted on keeping her, nor planned a kindergarten course for her special benefit. It's just her baby face and fluffy hair and those appealing gray eyes!"

Nora flinched and gripped her papers.

"She can take dictation as fast as any of us, Ethel," returned the mild voice of the littlest stenographer. "It's just in her spelling and English that she's weak; but she works at 'em like a beaver all her spare time. I think she's improved a lot in five months. Besides, Mr. Rutledge would do it for anybody—he's just that nice and good-natured. Don't you remember how patient he was with that Miller boy?"

"Still," chimed in the nasal tones of the bookkeeper, "he never intended to keep Miller. Now he's coddling Miss Rendinell as if he really thought she was up to the scratch for a permanent job in this office."

"How do you know but what she is? The way she's improving—"

"The way she's improving," interposed

a masculine voice with a sharp-edged, pseudo pleasantry that left Nora hot and tingling, "is not always visible to the naked eye. Look at that, won't you?"

There was a rustle of paper, then little Miss Hill's voice, "Oh, well, Mr. Howe, everybody makes mistakes—"

"Just so! But for an up-to-date firm to keep a stenographer whose chief qualification is a talent for making mistakes—! Still, what's the use of saying anything to Rutledge?"

"Oh, you kicked about her to Mr. Rutledge, did you? Awfully benevolent and—fatherly of you!"

This bit of sarcasm from Miss Hill was evidently ignored by the junior clerk, who started in again to devastate her with a supercilious "She knows how to turn the trick of getting around Rutledge fast enough!" when Nora rustled her skirts warningly and hurried down the hall into the office, her sunny head very high and her cheeks very pink. As she began ticking away at the keys of her typewriter amid a self-conscious silence, the junior clerk bustled up with a smooth "Oh, by the way, Miss Rendinell, there are a few things to correct in this brief of Mr. Bonner's. Now these figures."

She nodded assent to his explanations, coloring to the roots of her hair, and turned back to her machine saying briefly, "All right, Mr. Howe, I'll fix it."

IN the general stir of closing desks and ledgers for the day she took no part, but worked steadily away. Finally when she was concluding the other three girls had gone, the voice of little Miss Hill at her elbow piped up shyly, "Are you going to



While she hesitated, debating the advisability of a swift and noiseless exit he pulled himself together with a start and looked around

stay long after hours this evening, Miss Rendingell? I'm afraid you'll work too hard."

Nora smiled up at her gratefully with a certain sense of comradeship. "No, bless you, Miss Hill, the little time I work after hours won't hurt me. The trouble with

me is I never did any real work when I was in High School. I was a wretched speller and a wretched everything else. So now that I'm out and have to get my living, I find myself awfully handicapped. It's simply appalling to think how I wasted my time!"

"Oh, well, you're getting along all right now. You try so hard, and then Mr. Rutledge is a perfect dear! I swear by him!"

"An angel!"

Miss Hill glanced discreetly around the empty room and lowered her voice. "How do you suppose his wife could have brought herself to leave him in that heartless way?"

"I don't know. I never heard much about it," confessed Nora.

"I don't know much about it, either, and nobody ever mentions it now. But they say that she married him without caring much for him and found afterward that she liked an old lover better. Then the old lover died somewhere abroad, and she was so cut up about it that she left Mr. Rutledge and has been traveling ever since, trying to forget, I suppose."

"They were divorced?" Nora spoke with halting diffidence, as if it were an unwarrantable impertinence to discuss the matter at all.

"No. He let her go without a word and when she found she didn't care to come back, he just kept quiet and wouldn't get a divorce. I believe he used to send her money till she stopped it. The firm still handles her investments and sends her interest money ever so often."

"It must be hard for him—if he cares."

"I'll bet he does, though he never lets on; and he never seems to care two straws about other women, though some people like to pretend he does. I think it's terribly romantic!" And exacting an oath of eternal secrecy she hurried away, leaving Nora patiently toiling over her much-edited letters, occasionally stopping to burrow in the big dictionary for the spelling or the meaning of a word, while her mind busied itself with pictures of a lonely man stranded amid the wreckage of his married life.

Thus twilight crept into the deserted offices, and the silence yielded to nothing but the swish of the janitor's brush in the outer hall. Finally when the last paper went to join the censored pile on the desk, she gathered them together, stretching her arms in weariness and relief, and carried them down the hall to a door marked "Anson Rutledge. Private." Knowing that members of the firm were not accus-

tomed to work so late, she pushed it open confidently, only to fall back in amazement; for beneath a green drop-light burning dimly amid the shadows of the room, seated at the desk, with his back to her, was the second partner in the relaxed sprawling attitude of one whose body is at ease that his mind may range afield untrammelled.

While she hesitated, debating the advisability of a swift and noiseless exit, he pulled himself together with a start and looked around at her.

"Eh, you here, Miss Nora? Tut, tut, this working after hours is getting to be positively a dissipation with you! You haven't been reading Macaulay again, have you?"

From the absent knitting of his brows and the odd expression of pain in his eyes, she could have sworn that his thoughts had not been with the fat and learned volume open before him.

"No, sir, I've read almost everything you recommended to me. I was only fixing those letters and papers you wanted the first thing in the morning. It takes so long to look up the words I don't know."

"So you're taking my advice literally, eh? That's all right, but don't rob yourself of your youth or your good times, my girl. The thing isn't worth it, you know. Take your evenings for rest and relaxation. I should think you'd have to set aside two or three a week for at least one lucky fellow. I know if I were a young chap, I'd demand my share!" He smiled at her a trifle mischievously, and she felt the color creeping up her face under his kindly, quizzical eye. Then suddenly lapsing into his painful reverie, he added half to himself, "I was a young chap once—not so very long ago. Strange! it always seems to mean just that—dreams and a woman! And I thought the dreams a guaranty to everlasting bliss! Don't mind me, Miss Nora; I'm a man with a ghost-ridden brain tonight. Think of a chap out of his salad days mauling over a sentimental letter to his lady love! Can you believe it of me?"

"I don't see why not." Nora rose bravely to the occasion. "I shouldn't think your age would make any difference except that—you'd write a better—love-

letter now than you could when you were younger!"

HE glanced at her with a gleam of appreciative humor.

"You're all right! I knew you'd understand. Tell me, what do you think of the etiquette of writing a love letter without mentioning the lady's name?—calling her 'Pearl of the Orient,' or something lyric like that?"

"I don't believe she'd care for 'Pearl of the Orient,'" murmured Nora shyly, dazed by his sudden leaps into levity. "Then she'd want to be quite sure the letter was meant for her. I think it would be lots nicer to use the name if it was a pretty one."

"Incorrigible romanticist!" His gaze dropped casually to the closely-written sheet spread out on the open book before him, while he idly fingered his fountain pen! "You think plain austere 'Felice' is better?"

"Felice. It's a beautiful name. Felice." She repeated it softly, then reminded of some recent dictionary discovery, "It means 'happiness,' doesn't it?"

He drew a sharp breath, suddenly revealing depths beneath the current of his jesting. "Happiness! A farce! Yes, Felice means happiness, as those old Latin duffers would have found out if they'd lived without it awhile—as I have!" he muttered half under his breath, appearing to forget her presence. Then as she was tiptoeing from the room he roused himself to add more rationally, "By the way, Miss Nora, I must go to Hambleton for a few days on that early afternoon train tomorrow. I'll be at the courthouse most of the morning, but I'll be back before train time for that abstract, if you could let me have it."

"Certainly, Mr. Rutledge." And she slipped away, bewildered by the possibility of a complication in her hero's little romance—that of a new love undermining the old. His wistful half-confidences, born of an evident craving for sympathy, took on a tragic aspect and awakened in her an almost maternal solicitude which, however, nothing could have induced her to share with any of the office girls.

But the office force were already occupied with a small sensation of their own,

as she learned by the subdued whisperings and meaning nods that were going the rounds the next morning.

"It's Denzil Howe," Miss Hill whispered to her. "He's sure in some sort of trouble with the firm. Mr. Bonner and Mr. Rutledge have been grilling him, I guess. I wish they'd fire him—arrogant beast! I wouldn't trust him the length of my nose!"

"Sh-h! He's coming!"

The junior clerk entered somewhat impetuously, his usually pallid good looks yellow with agitation, as he strode to Nora Rendinell and flung some papers on her desk. "Mr. Rutledge will be back to sign his letters on his way to the train," he rasped and bolted without a glance for the covert vigilance of the office force.

Wondering a good deal, Nora returned to her work, soon to forget the incident in wading through the abstract and the letter pile, the bottom of which she reached by noon. Picking up the last letter, she was amazed to find it the same page of inky masculine scrawlings she had seen lying before the second partner the previous evening. Hastily her eye scanned the lines: "Dear unattainable girl—I call you unattainable because the idea of any man's ever really possessing such a woman as you is absurd, so completely do you seem to belong to yourself; and because—Oh, well, what's the use? We both know why you are unattainable! From the time we first met, I realized that comradeship with you meant something infinitely finer than the usual communion between a man and a woman. There have been many 'If's' to block the way to you—" She dropped the page in consternation. It was undoubtedly the letter to "Felice," though the name was not mentioned throughout. At first she could not believe that he really intended it to pass through her hands until she remembered that once or twice before he had dictated to her personal letters. So with a guilty sense of desecration, she ticked rapidly through it, pausing only for the almost illegible last sentence, "If, then, you really have a spiritual presence, I could swear I have felt it hovering near me"—here something had been scratched out—"tell me, do you will that it should? I wish I knew?—Anson Rutledge."

WHEN she took it into his office with the others to be signed, she found him in rapid-fire conversation with the senior partner, too absorbed to read through more than the first few letters, as he signed hurriedly. Seeing that the last of the pile were receiving scarcely more than a glance, she ventured to call his attention to the 'Felice' letter, but was interrupted with an apologetic "Haven't a minute to spare, Miss Nora. Sorry, but I've only twenty minutes to make that train. You mean that Bar Association letter? It's all right. Just see that it's mailed, will you please? Here's the address."

And with her anxious eyes watching his every move, he carelessly swept the scribbled first draft of the letter, together with the rest of the litter on the desk, into an old miscellaneous file, which he hoisted on top of the highest book-case. Whereupon Nora, feeling herself dismissed, retreated helplessly, convinced that the "Felice" missive had come to her by mistake, since he seemed to have forgotten its very existence. Her first impulse was to destroy it, but upon reflection she decided to lock it securely away in the lowest drawer of her own desk, and put it into his hands immediately upon his return.

She was not reminded of it again until two mornings later when, upon arriving early before the rest of the office force, she was startled to find the middle drawer of her desk unlocked, and summoning the janitor who was dusting desks in the adjacent room, she inquired casually, "Anyone else down yet, Mr. Gregg?"

"No'm. You're the fust—except Mr. Howe. He came an hour ago and jest went away. Anything wrong, ma'am?"

Inserting her key in the lock of the top drawer, she was taking a hasty inventory of its contents. "Nothing—only—I find my desk unlocked and some of my carbon paper seems to be missing."

"That was Mr. Howe, ma'am; I saw him fumbling around your desk with a key. He said you promised him some carbon paper because some of the girls were short and what he'd ordered for the office hadn't come. I reckon he's got some extra keys to these desks. They was some

lost afore you came, and he had some new 'uns made and then they found 'em."

Nora stemmed the tide of his garrulity with a hurried "Yes, I remember I promised him the carbon sheets. It's all right," while with trembling fingers and a sickening sense of panic she unlocked the lowest drawer and searched it frantically, following up the act by a rigorous inspection of the whole desk. The letter was gone.

Her first blind impulse carried her into Denzil Howe's room where some vague notion of recovering it set her to peering distractedly among the confusion of papers on his open desk. The search speedily uncovered the carbon copy of a letter, dated and obviously written that morning, and headed "Mrs. Felice Cameron Rutledge, Hotel Navarre, New York City, Dear Madam." Felice! For a moment she stared at it half stupefied, though it was only a brief, formal note, signed with the firm's name, "per Denzil Howe," notifying the lady of the sale of some of her land. Then realizing that the condition of the desk pointed to its occupant's speedy return, she resumed her feverish search, pausing suddenly to drag from an obscure corner a crumpled sheet or two, on which a few random words in the junior's clerk unmistakable handwriting challenged her attention. Straightening one of them out she read, "My dear Mrs. Rutledge,—The enclosed letter, which has just fallen into my hands, and was obviously intended for other eyes than yours, nevertheless plainly concerns you and your domestic affairs. Any legal action you may see fit to take—" Here the missive ended abruptly in a trailing blur of ink. Dropping it, again a crumpled ball, into the corner where she had found it, she had just time to put a discreet distance between herself and the desk, when his step sounded in the hall and he entered the room.

SHE faced him as one who at last recognizes an enemy. "Did you get the carbon you wanted, Mr. Howe? I noticed it was gone. Next time I'll lay it out so you won't have such a time finding it."

He returned her steady look with a sort of callous coolness, though his pasty skin grew yellower and his fingers twitched. Further speech was impossible to her;

accusations would have stuck in her throat; and pleadings would have been an unspeakable degradation. Besides, of what use would they have been, when the stolen letter with its evil interpretation was already speeding on its way? She walked past him into the general office and sat down at her desk.

The day passed like a nightmare, relieved only by the prospect of Rutledge's return on the morrow, till she heard the senior partner casually announce that a telegram from the former postponed his return a week. By nightfall desperation had rendered her resourceful. When the office was deserted, her first move was to slip into Rutledge's room, crawl hazardingly to the top of the bookshelf ladder and extract a certain ink-scribbled letter from the old file on the highest book-case.

Enclosing it in an envelope, she sat down at her typewriter and, pausing often to wrinkle her forehead in anguished thought, slowly pounded out another letter which read:

Mrs. Felice Cameron Rutledge,
New York City:

Dear Madam,—An apology is due you for the delay of the enclosed letter. I ran it off on the machine for Mr. Rutledge several days ago, and he signed it just before leaving town. But somehow the type copy got destroyed through my carelessness, and I have just discovered its loss. So, as Mr. Rutledge will not be back for some time and I cannot get his signature to another copy, I am sending you the original draft, feeling that it is rightfully yours.

Respectfully,
NORA RENDINELL.

"That sounds plausible," she said to her doubts; then the tension snapped and she fell to sobbing miserably on the keys of the machine. "After he's been—so good to me! Oh, it's just—beastly!"

With sudden determination she raised her tearful face and dashed off an impetuous postscript:

P. S.—If anyone should try to tell you that this letter was intended for any other woman, please don't believe a word of it. My own father couldn't have been kinder to me than Mr. Rutledge, so I think I owe it to him to tell you that he doesn't care two straws for any woman but you and he can't forget you. Please don't let him know I said so and don't be angry with me for writing this. I just had to.

Fearing a slump in her courage, she thrust it into the envelope and mailed it in feverish haste. For the rest of the week she lived in perpetual dread of Rutledge's home-coming, of the return the mails might bring and particularly of any contact with Denzil Howe. On the last score there was little to fear, as the junior clerk seemed not only to share her dread of meeting, but to develop an aversion for the whole office, shutting himself forbidlingly in his room or by frequent absences, shifting his duties upon the senior clerk or the young lawyer assistants. Nor did the general office fail to connect these circumstances with the fact that he had "queered" himself with the firm.

One morning Nora found them in a subdued sort of ferment and heard the book-keeper say in a confidential undertone, "Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Bonner had him on the carpet a long time, and now that Mr. Rutledge has come home, I suppose there'll be something doing."

Just then, in confirmation of the news, the familiar sound of clear-cut tones floated out from the second partner's room, turning Nora cold and sick with panic. Finally as the voice came nearer, she slipped into the adjacent waiting-room, where she suddenly came face to face with a lady—evidently a waiting client. For an instant the newcomer seemed to take her measure, with big, intent eyes set in an exquisitely colorless face, to which they lent almost tragic meaning.

"No, I haven't an appointment with one of the firm," she replied to Nora's hesitating question. "I really came to see a—Miss Rendinell."

"I'm Nora Rendinell."

"Ah!" She arose from her chair, adding to the allurements of her face the charm of slim, well-carried inches and a manner as startlingly distinctive and unstudied as the grace of a wild bird. "You are—about what I expected. I am Mrs. Rutledge. Will you shake hands?"

OVERWHELMED and speechless, Nora took the extended hand, at the same time vaguely conscious of a face signalling her covertly from the door of the general office, though she was too absorbed to heed.

"You wrote me a letter. I've been wondering why. You know—about me?"

"A little."

"You couldn't know much of me, or you wouldn't have written me such a letter. Never did woman deserve it less than I!" Her eyes kindled strangely. "Should you say that a woman who left her husband at the call of a dying man who had previously won her heart, was entitled to any consideration from the husband?"

"She might have had mighty good reasons."

"Oh, they looked good enough once! The other man, a poor improvident sculptor, had captured her imagination as well as her heart, and—they were parted by poverty and a misunderstanding—all so romantic! Why shouldn't she mope and chafe in her married life? And the very fact that she got to his dying bed just a little too late, seemed to justify her in defying her baffled love, and, for its sake, becoming a wanderer on the face of the earth!" She paused abruptly. "Miss Rendinell, confidences do not usually come easy to me, but a woman sometimes gets to a place where nothing will help but the comradeship of another woman. You, a stranger, have stretched out your hand to me across a great void. I should not be human if I refused to take it. Listen!" She laid her gentle hand on the girl's shoulder. "During her five or six years of wandering abroad this mad woman learned strange things about her beloved—how she had been only a sentimental episode in his life, only one of many vague, romantic dreams. There were realities, too—things that hurt. And she was too intensely proud to tell. She couldn't go back home. The silence—was terrible—"

Her hand dropped and she turned abruptly from the girl who, after a moment, stole to her side, reminding her softly, "But the silence is broken—now!"

"Is that what his letter means?" Her eyes, wistful, compelling, searched Nora's. "That he cares and wants me—to come back? Then what does this postscript mean? Why should anyone wish to persuade me that the letter isn't mine? Not that he hasn't a perfect right to—care for someone else."

As she fumblingly produced the two

letters, a startling thought suddenly awakened Nora to consternation.

"Didn't you get the lost copy of Mr. Rutledge's letter last week, together with another one, telling you—things about it?"

"I don't understand you. I got nothing from the firm last week but a business note about the sale of some land, certainly nothing from Mr. Rutledge except this letter."

"Please, Miss Rendinell," interposed a small, anxious voice from the doorway, where the covert signalling had been going on for some time, "could you come just a minute? Mr. Rutledge has been asking for you."

Putting her hands to her whirling head, with a mechanical "Will you excuse me? I'll be right back." Nora hurried into the second partner's room where she found him pacing the floor.

"Sit down, Miss Nora, I've a question to put to you," he began with scant ceremony. "I must tell you in confidence that Mr. Denzil Howe has involved himself professionally with one of the firm's clients, to say nothing of juggling with some collections he's made for the firm. In short, he's a candidate for the penitentiary, at our discretion. Now, hoping to forestall prosecution, he declares he can embarrass me and bring scandal on the firm by producing a letter signed by me, involving me in a shady manner with some woman! He won't say how he came by it, but hints that you know all about it. In fact, he made such devilish insinuations about you—beg your pardon, Miss Nora, I shouldn't have said that! Well, I kicked him out of the office! I knew it was all bluster. Now what do you make of it?"

She swallowed twice before she could speak. "He's right. While you were gone, he stole the letter from my desk. The woman you wrote it to, is—in the ante-room waiting for me. Shall I call her in? Please—you'll be sorry if you refuse to see her!"

Something in her face must have impressed him, for after a brief struggle he summoned the office boy, dismissing him with a low-toned order, then turned to Nora, saying with an effort at his old gentle manner, "Someone has been imposing on you. I don't remember—"

"The night before you went away, you were writing to—Felice—"

"Felice! But I destroyed that! Could I have torn up the wrong—Felice?" And he stood transfixed and nerveless before the white-faced woman just entering the room. "How did you get here? Miss Nora?"

Clinging to the desk Nora told her story brokenly, when she had finished he drew a long, quivering breath and said softly, as one recalling a dream, "I remember—it was the anniversary of our wedding and I was blue that evening. It seemed as if I had to free something in me that wouldn't stand any more bottling, so I wrote and—drivelled. Tell me," he turned abruptly to Felice, "if that muddle-headed young crook had acted on the first impulse to send the letter, assuring you that it was meant

for another woman, would you have begun divorce proceedings?"

"I?" she quavered. "A pretty spectacle I'd make suing for a divorce!"

Nora stole from the room and fled to the general office, whence she was again summoned a little later into Rutledge's sanctum. Once inside the door, she was seized with an agonizing fit of shyness, as he led her to the shining-eyed woman seated at the desk, saying gently, "Our guardian angel!"

"Don't, Mr. Rutledge! When I think of all my dreadful blunders—"

"Come, Miss Nora, look at the one I made!—And don't despise your blunders when they bring a fellow happiness—eh, Felice?"

Felice could only nod as she drew the girl toward her in a long, silent embrace.

MY DREAM MAID

By DORA M. HEPNER

YOU were a dream, when first I knew the yearning,
A vague, illusive dream, soft, silent, grey.
I hardly dared to picture you in fancy,
I hardly *dared*, for fear you'd fade away.

Then all my little heart-hands in love's labor
Reached out and beckoned to you, as love can,
Till you forsook your dream-world for the Real—
The sweetest, purest maid e'er loved by man.

Your hair, long strands of golden-glinting auburn;
Your face alight with glory of new love;
Your fingers, soft and white and very tender;
Your voice, a sweeter call than wooing dove.

But all the dream-grey of your first existence,
Mellowed and lingered, loath to leave, it seemed;
And so it lingers in your eyes, my Dream Maid!
Ah, dreams are really worthy to be dreamed,

AN EASTER STORY

The Choice of Earth

Walter Prichard Eaton

THE usually silent Sabbath air of North Main Street, Boxfield, was vibrating strangely to the blare of a cornet and the wheeze of a parlor organ. Human voices, too, joined in, at various deviations from the pitch. The unmelodious sounds were issuing from a white house set back from the road in an acre of unkempt land. A man, passing on the dusty path beside the highway, paused to listen with a frown between his hard, handsome eyes. He carried a home-made but highly polished hickory stick in his hand and with it he slashed the dusty weeds at his feet more and more energetically as the strains of "Wonderful Words" floated out to him. The juice of the milkweed spattered over his cane unnoticed, and the fat figure of Mrs. Clarissa Jones, puffing home from meeting in Sunday black, came almost upon him before he observed her. Then he touched his hat hastily, reddened and started to walk on.

But when Mrs. Jones was bent on speech there was no escaping her so easily. "Mornin', Luke," she said cheerfully. "Lovely music, ain't it? We git it all day Sundays and Wednesday evenin's besides, since Maria had a new birth."

The man made no reply.

"Ephraim Gleason's the tenor," she went on innocently. "You kin tell him from the cornet 'cause he sings flat. Ned Wayland ain't got any brains, but he's got a good ear."

"Eph—" The man started involuntarily.

"Yes, he got converted after Maria did,

and now he's the high mogul in the church. Didn't you know that?"

"No," said the man shortly and walked rapidly away.

Mrs. Jones watched him swing down the road toward the village. "I reckon that shot about Eph got home," she said aloud. "The Lord's made some queer people in this world!" She crossed the street toward her own neat white house. On the other side she smiled reflectively. "Of course I ain't one of 'em," she added.

Luke Flint's reflections were less philosophical as he walked more and more rapidly toward the village. He was thinking of Ephraim Gleason with a jumble of feelings he could not analyze. This was the second time Ephraim had come into his life. Into his life? Well, into Maria's life; and though he and Maria had parted eighteen years ago and never spoken since, he was grimly faithful in his hard unfaith, and their destinies, he felt, were still bound together. Deep down in his proud heart he loved her, and the presence of Ephraim Gleason in her house had stung that love. The monotony of his life was suddenly shattered. He walked with the step of a nervous boy, the dull remembrance of past years pouring in upon him and rehearsing itself over and over in his brain.

Maria and he had been lovers in the long ago; it seemed ages long ago to him now this quiet Sabbath morning of his thirty-eighth year. They had grown out of boy-and-girlhood lovers, and their wedding was fore-ordained. Then there

had come into the village for a visit a youth whose good looks were even as Luke's own, and whose fascinating manners and his novelty had made him a feather in the cap of the village girl who could win his favor. It had all happened in a moment. Maria's girlish vanity had yielded to the charm of the newcomer and she had gone walking with him down Lovers' Lane, the village trysting place, a forest road by the banks of Birch meadow, and the stranger had kissed her. That was all; but Lem Bachelder's boy Sandy, coming home from the swimming hole, had followed behind, his bare feet making no noise on the pine needles, and the next day all the village knew.

Luke Flint's mouth twitched even after the years that had passed as he recalled his sensations when he heard the news, his wrath and shame and pain. He had gone at once to Maria and demanded to know if it were true. And she, lifting her small, pretty, girlish face, covered with tears and blushes, had confessed that it was. Then she saw his mouth tighten and his jaw set, and she pleaded desperately for his forgiveness. Was a moment's foolishness, a moment's infatuation, a girlish whim—for she was only a girl and like other girls, he should remember that!—to count against a lifetime of devotion? She loved but him, then and always, and never, never would she do the slightest thing again to violate his confidence. And he listened in silence till she was done, clinging at last to his hand, kneeling on a hassock by his side. Then he raised her to her

feet and said quite calmly, "Good-bye."

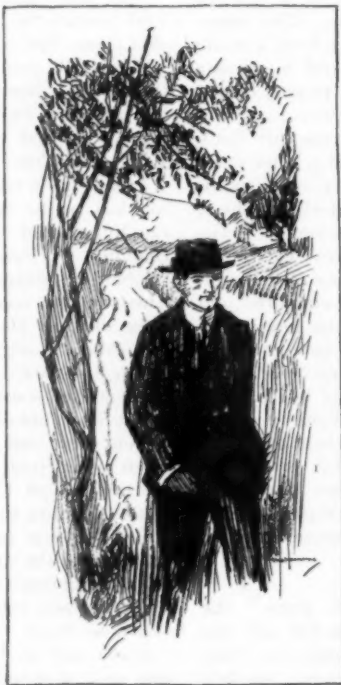
At that she drew herself erect—he remembered still the pride of her eyes and her lily face grown suddenly old—and cried out, "Luke Flint, you're a hard man! I never want to speak to you again!"

And so they had parted eighteen years ago, and neither had spoken to the other since.

LUKE paused by the white church at the head of the common. "Eighteen years; my God, we're old now!" he thought so intently that he almost spoke the words. "If she'd loved me she'd have—" But a dim realization of his own stubborn pride choked back the rest and he walked on frowning.

His memory took up the shock which had come to him a year before, when he heard that Maria was to be married to Ephraim

Gleason, startling him out of his dull rut of life and filling him not so much with anger at Maria or jealousy of Ephraim, but with a stern desire to save her from the man. For Ephraim Gleason was a sort of unclassified rogue, if that word is not too strong, contemptible, yet exempt from any actual rebuke. He had no home, boarding here and there; he paid no taxes, yet his voice was always loudest in town meeting, arguing the appropriation of the town's money; he had not a spark of religious feeling in his smug, hypocritical soul, yet he went regularly to church; his income, left to him by some relative, was infinitesimal, yet it was enough to keep him from working. Everybody detested him, yet his oily, insinuating smile



He walked with the step of a nervous boy, the dull remembrance of past years pouring in upon him and rehearsing itself over and over in his brain

beamed on all, and his small face that looked forty, but was more probably fifty, poked into every assemblage possible. And this man was going to marry Maria! Luke could scarcely believe it when he set out to investigate. And, indeed, he found the story to have been founded on the fact that Ephraim had called three Sunday nights in succession at Maria's house. He did not call a fourth time, and soon the rumor got abroad that Maria had rejected him, hotly, angrily, going with him to the very door and telling him never to come up her path again. Then Luke's new fanned ardor suddenly flashed out and he settled down into the old, monotonous rut.

But now, on this spring Sabbath, the monotony had again broken. Why had Maria become a New Birther? Why had Ephraim Gleason become a New Birther? Was there any connection between the two conversions? Why did she let him into her house again? These questions began to ask themselves insistently between Luke's contracted eyebrows. He summoned to memory all he had heard about the New Birth movement. It had originated down in Maine somewhere, in the brain of a revivalist unbalanced by religious fervor (or else a clever crank, Luke thought to himself) and had spread through many country communities. There were tales of women giving up their jewels, tearing the rings off their fingers, of men tossing their watches and purses upon the preacher's table, in a frenzy of excitement at some of the meetings. In Boxfield the first meetings had been more moderate—Boxfield did not let go of its wallet so easily! But several converts had been made, none the less. Luke had heard how the two Damon boys had been converted and had since received orders directly from the Lord. One of them, in fact, had been ordered to take his father's overcoat, and had fallen to his knees in front of Daniel Sanborn's barn and prayed for his father's soul when the latter had followed him down the road and forcibly exerted his mundane counter authority. There seemed to be nothing new and nothing definite about the doctrine of the sect. Considerable talk about a new birth of the soul gave it its name, the Church of the New Birth, and there was old-fashioned

brimstone burning in plenty. But what was there in all this to attract Maria? She had never manifested any particular zeal in church work, indeed, for some years she had not been to church at all, not since her parents died. And here she was lending her house for the meetings of a band of religious fanatics.

"She must be getting daft," Luke muttered as he walked up the path to his front door. It did not occur to him that when a woman's heart is lonely her soul takes up strange traffickings.

Then he thought again of Ephraim Gleason. There was surely some object behind his conversion, some hypocritical purpose in his sneaky mind. "But what, what? Damn him!" Luke burst out aloud, as he opened his door and tossed his stick into its corner.

Later, as he was filling his pipe, he paused with the lighted match suspended over the bowl. "Maria's got to be saved both from religion and the devil," he exclaimed. And a sudden smile broke through his tense lips, a dangerous smile. But he looked very handsome at that moment.

AND he was suddenly aware that an interest outside himself had come into his life again. It disturbed him. He walked restlessly from one room to another and the house seemed strangely lonely. When evening came he could bear the vacant rooms no longer, and went out into his little garden patch, under the stars, pulling hard at his pipe. A couple came strolling by down the village street, boy and girl lovers, their voices low and confidential, their bodies leaning each to each with sweet, irresistible attraction. Luke suddenly hated them, grew bitterly envious of their happiness. The old ache, almost healed by the balm of time, throbbed hard, a reopened wound of the heart. He saw Maria's face, not as he now knew it to be, but as it was in the days of their courtship, flowerlike, girlish. He felt her kiss on his lips. He stopped his pacing to and fro, smiling in the darkness. He had almost, at that instant, forgiven. If Maria had entered the garden, he would have taken her into his arms.

But instead there came into the garden the sound of a piano, jingling none too

harmoniously a sentimental tune. Luke knew that the Prentiss girl was playing in the house next door, probably to young Elmer Capen, whom she would some day marry, when he had earned enough money to buy the cooking utensils and a carpet. Luke strolled over toward the fence, suddenly taking an interest in the pair. He glanced in at the unshaded window, but though the Prentiss girl was playing, a strange youth was bending over her, whom Luke had never seen before. When she finished, looking up into his face, he bent still closer and tried to kiss her. She dodged away from him off the piano stool, but she laughed as she did so, and there was no rebuke in her laughter. Then she ran to the window and quickly drew the shade. Luke Flint's lips tightened into their habitual thin lines. A frown gathered between his brows. He went into his house immediately and climbed to bed. The mood of forgiveness had gone out like a candle in a sudden draught. Yet the loneliness remained. The deadly foe of pride is loneliness.

Monday noon, a week later, Mrs. Clarissa Jones met him at the post-office and walked with him up the street. She evidently had something to tell, and he did not attempt to escape. Maria—Mrs. Jones had heard it direct from her husband's second cousin, who was one of the New Birthers—was about to give over the deeds of her house and land to the New Birth Church. The church, in return, would allow her to remain in the house as caretaker. According to the agreement she would not be without her home.

"But," added Mrs. Jones, in real excitement and indignation, "what's an agreement, when half of it's made by Ephraim Gleason? Maria mustn't be let do this."

"I suppose the deeds will be held by a board of trustees?" said Luke.

"Yes, and Eph's chairman of the board! Somebody's got to—"

"I suppose the reason Ephraim wanted to marry Ma—Maria was to get hold of her property?" Luke fumbled with the name.

"Of course it was! Don't you see somethin's got to be—"

"I suppose he could find it in his sneaky soul to turn Ma—her out of house and

home once he got control, just for revenge?"

"Of course," cried Mrs. Jones, her indignation mounting. "And if nobody else goes to see Maria, I will. It's none o' my business, but I'll make it so!"

"You needn't go," said Luke calmly.

"I got ter drop in here to Atkinson's and git some butter," said Mrs. Jones.

THAT evening for the first time in eighteen years Luke Flint walked up the path to Maria Perkins' door. He did not know if she would receive him, but yet he felt that she would, that in some strange way his weakening of pride had had its counterpart in her. However, she was a long time in responding to his knock. When she was a girl she had a curious habit of pressing the knuckles of her middle fingers into her cheeks in moments of great excitement, and when she finally did come, Luke noticed a bright dot of red in either faded cheek. His greeting sprang from this, and was wholly unpremeditated.

"You still press your knuckles into your cheeks in the old way, don't you?" he said.

Maria put her hands up quickly to her face and her color flamed. "I've not done that since the last time I saw you coming up this path," she said, and he knew it was not what she had made up her mind to say. For both of them the ice had broken suddenly. The plunge was taken.

And then Luke looked at the thin, faded woman before him, a touch of her former prettiness restored by the blush on her face, and she looked at him. In the silence he felt an invisible net closing about him, the net of sex, and instinctively he rebelled, the hard habits of unforgiveness and bachelorhood still holding him in counter grip. He walked into the entry and turned to enter the parlor, Maria following behind him. But the parlor door was closed and on its center panel was painted a cross with clumsily designed lilies twining about it.

"We will go into the sitting room," said Maria. "That room is consecrated."

"It's what?" said Luke.

"Consecrated," she replied. Then, with sudden eagerness, with a strange, unnatural fervor, she broke out, "Oh, why don't you receive the light, be born again, and then you could enter in with us and

worship! Won't you accept the Holy Spirit, please, won't you?"

Luke Flint sank down on an old hair-cloth sofa in the sitting-room in mute astonishment. Maria moved the oil lamp on the center table to shield the light from his face, and waited for his answer. Luke studied the features of the green and yellow puppy-dog embroidered on the pulled rug at his feet before he spoke. "You know me too well to expect me to become one of you," he finally said.

"I was afraid so," she replied sadly. "But it has been my dream to have you one of us."

"It has!" exclaimed Luke in still greater astonishment.

"Yes," she went on, apparently with none of the embarrassment he felt, "I am so happy now that I have given up thinking about this world and living for the next that I wanted you to be happy that way, too."

"Why not be happy in this world?" said Luke, speaking thoughtlessly, from an instinct to debate.

"Because I never can be happy in this world," said Maria simply.

LUKE was silent. He knew it was his moment to speak if he were ready to say the one word that could prove Maria wrong. Yet he did not speak. So Maria had prayed for his soul! So she had dreamed to make a New Birther of him! So she still loved him! A thrill went down to his heart and he half rose from the sofa. Then he sank back again, the image of the Prentiss girl flashing before his eyes and after it remembrance of that ancient infidelity. Even now, with this faded, faithful, pathetic woman before him, he could not quite forgive, or else his stubborn pride had ploughed so deep the paths of habit that he could not climb from them at a leap. He opened his mouth twice to speak. What he finally said was, "Maria, you mustn't give up your house to these people."

It was Maria's turn to be astonished. "Why not?" she finally asked.

"Because you know you need it to live in. You cannot afford to give it away."

"I cannot afford to keep it if it's for my soul's good to give it to God," said Maria.

"Besides, I shall be allowed to stay in it as long as I live."

"How do you know you will?" asked Luke.

Maria faced him with heightened color. "What do you mean by that?" she said.

"I mean that Ephraim Gleason's a vile man," he retorted, "and he'll try to get the house for himself, and put you out."

"I'm giving the house to God, not to Ephraim Gleason," said Maria.

"There is a difference," Luke cut in grimly.

"Besides," she said with spirit, "he's a good man now. He's had a new birth."

"New humbug!" Luke exclaimed. "He's what he always was and always will be. He's in your church for what he can get out of it, and you're playing into his hands. What do you, or any of your people, know about law and property? He'll do you somehow. And I came here tonight to beg you not to commit this folly."

"Is that all?" said Maria.

"It's a good deal—apparently," Luke answered.

"Then I'm sorry you've failed in your errand," Maria said with dignity, rising from her chair. "I have promised to give over the deeds at the meeting next Sunday morning—Easter. The legal part will be done the next day. I always keep my promises. Good-night."

"Maria—" Luke cried, as if to continue his pleading.

"Good-night," she repeated, her face and figure calm, though her fingers were gripping the chair back desperately.

"Good-night," said Luke, and walked alone through the entry, by the clumsily painted cross, out of the door. When he reached the steps he fancied he heard a smothered sob within, and he started to go back. But he checked himself hastily, telling himself it was in his fancy, which was the most soothing excuse.

But the sound of that sob, was it real or fancied, dwelt with him all the week. He heard it as he labored, he heard it as he walked in his garden after supper, pulling hard at his pipe, he heard it as he lay in bed, waiting for sleep. He grew red at the sound of it with dumb shame. Then on Saturday night, as he was undressing for bed, the odd reflection came

to him that he had not shaken hands with Maria. He was suddenly filled with a great desire to feel the touch of her hand, which had once been so soft and caressing. Like the proper chemical added to a solution, this desire dropped into his mind to precipitate his wavering moods into the crystal of a resolve. The resolve took the form of a plan of action. It might be too

of Luke's voice, exclaiming, "Well, I'll be damned!" the words trailing off into a chuckle.

THERE was no smile on his face, however, when he walked up Maria's path the following morning. The Easter sun was glorious in the heavens, and all Boxfield seemed to be bent churchward. The New Birthers had all assembled in Maria's consecrated front room and the sounds of the cornet were blaring forth. Scarcely in harmony, Luke felt, with the spirit of the day. A team or two stood hitched to trees in the yard and a small child, too restive to attend the service, was playing with the cat near the wood pile. Luke stood by the door, unobserved by those within, and waited till the hymn was over. At the closing notes he started to enter, but stopped at the sound of a voice, praying. It was Maria's voice, lifted in piteous appeal for forgiveness, for mercy, begging that her sins might be washed out and her gift prove acceptable to the Lord. Luke listened with dry eyes that burned. Then his compassion for her gave way to anger at the men and women who had so worked upon her mind, and if he had felt any doubts about his coming action, they were banished now.

Presently he heard the smug voice of Ephraim Gleason, with a craftily simulated



"I have promised to give over the deeds at the meeting next Sunday morning—Easter. The legal part will be done the next day. I always keep my promises. Good night."

late, it might make him ridiculous in the eyes of the entire town, but done it should be! The idea came to him so quickly, was adopted so undeliberately, that Luke was at first astonished at himself. Then the humor of the situation dawned on him and a smile spread over his face. The smile became a grin as he continued to play with the picture. He put out the light and climbed into bed. Presently the stillness of the chamber was broken by the sound

revival twang, rising in exhortation. He spoke of the "beauty" and "saintliness" of Maria's act in giving her property to the New Birth Church, and concluded by saying, "And now, if our sister in grace will step forward, we, as chairman of the trustees of this society, will receive from her the deeds, and bestow upon her the blessing of our Lord and Master."

"One moment!" cried Luke, striding suddenly into the room.

If a sixty horse-power touring car had exploded through the door it would have caused no greater consternation. Ephraim Gleason, who was standing in front of a small table that bore a Bible and a glass of water, staggered back against this fragile piece of furniture, which fell over with a crash, shattering the glass and sending the water in splashes over the floor and the best black skirt of Mrs. Jones' husband's second cousin. Ned Wayland, the cornet player, whose wits were only half present at any time, opened his mouth wide, looking as if the remaining half had suddenly escaped by that capacious outlet. A woman screamed. The two Damon boys leaped to their feet, adding to the confusion. But Maria, who had advanced to a point almost in front of Ephraim Gleason, went deadly pale and sank back into a chair, her eyes dilated and fixed on Luke Flint's face.

Ephraim Gleason was the first to recover himself and speak.

"Who dares interrupt this sacred meeting in such a fashion?" he cried hotly, forgetting his sanctimonious tone.

Luke towered a head and shoulders above him. "I think you know who I am," he replied, his voice quivering a little with excitement, but controlled and compelling in spite of that.

"I do," cried Ephraim, "and unless you leave this house instantly you will be thrown out."

"No, I shall not be thrown out," said Luke. "And I shall not leave till I have settled the matter which brought me here."

"This is a pretty time to settle it!" cried Mrs. Jones' husband's second cousin in a sudden, shrill voice, "breakin' up a sacred meetin' like a Rooshian anarchist!"

"I beg your pardons, all of you," Luke said, facing the assembly. "But there was no other way. I came here last night and asked the owner of this house not to give it to you, but she would not listen. So I have come again, though I have to break in upon your meeting, to make her one last appeal not to commit this folly."

He ended, looking only at Maria. She had not spoken nor moved since his entrance; and, her eyes still fixed on his face, but whether in anger or grief or stupefac-

tion he could not tell, she uttered no sound now. The two regarded each other in strange oblivion to their surroundings.

"But why should she not give it to us?" cried the wrathful voice of Ephraim Gleason.

"Yes, why not?" others chorused.

"Because she cannot afford to give it to you," Luke replied. "It is all she has and she should keep it as long as she has need of it."

"It seems to me that is a matter for her to decide," said Ephraim with a sneer.

"I should think it wa'n't nothin' for *you* to decide, anyway, after the way you've acted all these years, Luke Flint!" added a female voice from the corner.

AT this Maria's face went still more deathly pale and Luke's thin mouth tightened convulsively. "And because I do not wish her to give it to you," he said in a hard, dry tone.

"What have you got to do with it, pray?" asked Ephraim Gleason, the corners of his mouth drooping sarcastically as he looked to the rest of the room for approval of his remark.

Luke turned on him. "What I have to do with it remains to be seen," he said. "I ask Maria Perkins, in the presence of this audience, whether she will keep her house and me forever, or whether she will let us both go, the one to you, the other it matters little where. The choice is hers, not yours or mine. Let her make it!"

And Luke, drawing himself still more erect, as if the burst of speech had removed a weight from his very body, stepped suddenly to a point by Ephraim Gleason's side and stood by the other man as it were on terms of even rivalry, looking no longer at any face but Maria's.

"Sister Perkins," said Ephraim, his voice now assuming a pleading tone, with none of its former anger and much of its former unctuous whine, "you have heard what has been said. When our service was so sacrilegiously interrupted, you were about to give to God this earthly house of yours to be consecrated as a holy temple. I cannot doubt that you will now arise and complete the offering. The Church of the New Birth awaits your act."

There was a deadly hush in the room.

All eyes were turned on Maria. But she made no motion, nor removed her gaze from Luke Flint's face. Someone raised the fallen table. Another placed the Bible in Ephraim Gleason's hands. Still she made no sound nor sign.

"It is for your soul's salvation," said Ephraim again, and he assumed the prophetic tone. "There is offered you the chance to purge away your mortal sins, there is offered you a heavenly reward. You have promised, and a promise is a sacred thing. Woman, endless torments, burnings everlasting, await you if you break a promise to the Lord! We offer you now the chance to keep your pledge."

"I offer you my love, Maria, and my prayer for your forgiveness!" cried Luke suddenly, carried out of himself, his voice breaking, his arms rocking out toward the death-still figure in the chair.

Maria's face suddenly flamed, and she pressed her knuckles convulsively against either cheek. The strained, expectant hush was broken by no sound from her lips, but slowly she rose, staggered, and

fell toward Luke Flint's waiting arms. They closed around her and held her fast. Still holding her, he faced upon Ephraim Gleason.

"Go!" he cried. "And you," he added more mildly to the rest, "go also. I came unwelcome to your Easter meeting. Forgive me now by leaving us unmolested in ours."

Slowly, with a subdued and wondering buzz of whispered speech, the worshippers filed from the room, Ned Wayland going last, his cornet dragging in his loose grasp, his mouth still wide open as he stared with uncomprehending wonderment back over his shoulder at the two who stood in fast embrace in the center of the room, the shattered fragments of a tumbler at their feet, the disordered camp chairs encircling them.

Presently the rattle of carriage wheels was heard on the drive, growing fainter up the highway. Then Maria awoke as from a swoon and lifting up her face, felt two lips folded down upon her own like a passionate dream from the past.

CROWNING THE JESTER

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THEY wore on life's great stage the cap and bells,
And played a happy fool's low comic parts;
About them waited the battle's solemn knells,
And lovers fought to win their maidens' hearts.

The tumult echoes far, the banners wave
No more with silken song o'er plumed head,
No more in sounding charge the war-horns rave,
And kingdoms mingle with the ancient dead.

The dusty pages tell the kingly tale
Of crowns and honors bartered for a kiss;
On tombs the sculptured praise begins to fail—
Death buries all from sight in night's abyss.

And who has wisdom now—the king or fool?
Which sweeter is—steel's clang or rolic song?
From kings and conquerors of ages cruel
Time lifts the wreaths and crowns the motley throng!

In Mother's Darning Basket

by
Elizabeth Armstrong

MOTHER sat near the sitting-room table with her darning basket on a chair beside her. Without hurry she pulled them forth, a pair at a time, long and short, big and little. And without impatience she surveyed the ravages wrought by hasty feet and set about repairing them. The lamplight yellow and steady brought into relief each wrinkle on the careworn face, each callous on the work-hardened hands.

Father rested in his easy chair between the table and the huge baseburner with its rosy glow of burning coal. He was ostensibly reading his evening paper and smoking, but tired nature was being restored to normal by short and frequent naps taken surreptitiously and thus having all the glamor of stolen sweets.

Johnnie played with his blocks on the shining oilcloth that surrounded the stove. Great castles he built and forts and battleships, crooning the while a little story to himself of wonderful deeds that flourished with the building.

Mother took first from the basket the substantial hose that marked the deliberate daily march of father to and fro from home to work and back again, steady and dependable. It was something to be ever thankful for that father's feet walked not in forbidden paths, nor followed any lure save that of home.

THEN mother searched out Johnnie's pudgy stockings and filled in holes made by restless feet as they played here and there day by day. But never far away, never where her love could not shield and protect. She smiled serenely and broodingly as she worked.

Came next the gray lisle belonging to Bob, the oldest boy. These were his Sunday "best," and mother could trace the path they always sought, for it ended where shy Mary Casey was waiting at the door to welcome Bob with blue-eyed glances that thrilled his honest heart. Tonight he was working overtime that he might save against the day when he and Mary should commence the long path together. Mother's face was tender as in thought she followed her eldest born with his betrothed to the church door and on to the little home that they were dreaming of.

Royal purple was Harry's choice of "something classy in footwear," and Mother must take a new needle and lean closely to the lamp to see that she had found darning cotton that matched exactly. Harry was most particular about his wardrobe, and his salary at the soda fountain of a downtown drug store could hardly be stretched over his tastes as a "swell dresser." So Mother was very careful that her work should please her



Without impatience she surveyed the ravages wrought by hasty feet and set about repairing them. The lamplight, yellow and steady, brought into relief each wrinkle on the careworn face, each callous on the work-hardened hands

fastidious son and so save him money in spite of himself. After all, there was no harm in Harry. It was only a boy's bump-tiousness, according to Mother, and would be outgrown all in good time.

And so she took them out, a pair at a time, long and short, big and little. And the hour grew late. Johnnie had long been dreaming in his small bed, and Father had betaken himself to heavy slumber, after grumbling that Mother should insist upon staying up to finish her work.

FINALLY Mother pulled forth the last pair. They were long and silken and brown and belonged to Carrie, the only daughter. Did Mother's face grow sad as she wove the soft silk backward and forward with her shining needle, or was it a

shadow thrown by the lamp? And did she sigh as she looked musingly at the tall old clock on the wall? Carrie was a little flighty, maybe, and inclined to be impatient and discontented with commonplace things, but surely, surely Carrie would come to no harm nor wrench herself free from Mother's enfolding thought and love.

And at that moment Carrie stood outside a theater with a group of her young companions, and to their entreaties she replied with a toss of her flaxen head:

"No, no, I tell you I am not going to Mordani's. You know it's a swift place. Besides," with a laugh, half ashamed, yet tender, too, "this is Mother's night for darning stockings, and she'll be up waiting for me. So come on, Jim, I'm going home."

ENTER—THE SPRING

(Old Stage Direction)

By HELEN COALE CREW

SPLENDOR and pomp of an army fleet—

The grass growing!

Soft gusts laden with odors sweet—

The wind blowing!

Filmy veil of tenderest green.

Gossamer-light, a shimmering sheen.

Ah, who cometh? A king, I ween,

Or a queen!

Two battalions hastening by,

Green o' the earth, gray o' the sky.

Gray steel shafts of sudden rain

Lashing the hillsides and the plain.

Peace again, and the shining face

Of the sun once more in his wonted place.

Peace; and a noiseless birth—

Green o' the earth!

Tender urge of the hidden sap—

The flowers growing!

Tremulous stir on earth's green lap—

The streams flowing!

Drift of snow where the blossoms fling

Their petals, flash of a whirling wing;

The meadows laugh, the woodlands sing!

Enter—the Spring!

Once In Jeopardy

by
George W. Mannix, Jr.

GET a sensational case, Dick. Hire a press agent. Let people know you are here. Obscurity always means failure. Publicity often spells success. Crawl out of your hole. If opportunity doesn't come, create it."

"Archie, it's no use. I'm briefless and broke. I can't live on hope. I guess I'll have to take the count."

"You must get into the papers, Dick. You've got the makings of a great lawyer in you. Brace up. Let the people find you out. The public never uses a lantern to search for brains. Get a sensational case, my boy."

"That's easily said, Archie, but lack of opportunity assassinates more men than war. I'd like a big fight if I could get it. I'd like to try my mettle on something worth while. Somehow, I feel it's in me."

"But how in the world one can get to be known in this great human beehive passes my understanding. I'm lost here in this wilderness of people. I seem, after all, to live in a desert. People are counted here like money, in quantity and numbers. I'm only one of a multitude. I could live here a thousand years undiscovered."

"Why not discover yourself?"

Carr's voice was slow and unsteady.

For a long time, Archie looked from the window of his friend's law office and out upon the great city. Over his face came a strange look. Dick watched him narrowly. Was it fear, or what was it? What was hidden behind the murky mass of that extraordinary personality?

Finally, with a bright little smile forcing

itself through the gloom of that mysterious depression, Carr leaped to his feet and threw his cigar far out of the window, as if to emphasize the force of his sudden idea.

"I have it, Dick! I have it! Suppose I get you into a big murder case? Get you a press agent and all that? After weeks of an exciting trial in which you have an opportunity to exploit those splendid talents of yours and have every word you speak read by thousands, then—then have your man triumphantly acquitted?"

Dick looked at him with half-tolerant incredulity—

"Vapor!" He tossed back with a shrug.

CARR hesitated a moment longer, seeming to make a mental survey of desperate issues. Thornton saw the clenching of his fingers—the short, hard breath which struggled through his lips. The lines of his cloudy face hardened with a grim, settled determination.

"Listen, old man," Carr shot out. "Keep still until I tell you what is on my mind. I have a scheme to put your shoulders above the crowd and make you the most talked-of man in the city, and your success as a lawyer will surely follow."

"You've read of that Carleton murder, haven't you? Margaret Carleton, I think. A beautiful young dramatic student was found murdered in a private room of a fashionable cafe. She had been strangled, I guess. After a week of hard work on the part of the entire police and detective

force, not the slightest clue of the murderer can be found. They can't dig him up from that human ant-hill out there.

"No, don't talk. Let me finish. This is my plan. We'll work it out, you and I, together. We will fix it up all beforehand. It can't fail. Listen. I'll do a few suspicious things which will draw attention to me and connect me with that Carleton affair. I'll make some ill-advised remarks, supply some incriminating evidence or something like that, to make myself suspected as the murderer. You know how to fix it up. Then I'll be arrested for murder. Then I'll get you to—"

"In the name of heaven," cired Dick in alarm, "stop that infernal rot!"

"No, don't interrupt me," continued Carr. "You see, we'll plan it out in advance. Then on the trial, all evidence against me can either be disproved or explained. Dick, you're a lawyer. You can easily build up a false case, then you can tear it down. The District Attorney will prove all the things you tell me to do and say; then you can easily meet them in court. You see, I'll only do and say the very things you tell me to do now—just enough to get arrested and put on trial. You'll have to make it strong enough so it won't look like a 'fake case.' Make it pretty strong. Then get busy and push it over.

"You can win out. You can destroy it because you created it. Then your picture and speech will be on the first page and I'll be acquitted in a blaze of glory.

"And then," looking around his friend's meager quarters, "you'll have to get more imposing offices to accommodate your clients.

"It won't hurt me. I'll be a hero and as popular as my attorney, with the jury's vindication to hold me up as a martyr of mistaken justice gone mad. I tell you, it can be done. Dick. Let's go to work. Make out my itinerary now. I'll follow it carefully. Put it up pretty solid. The glory will be the greater. I'll act it out, and then I'll watch you smash it to pieces in the court room."

Thornton, half dumb with amazement while Carr was talking, was stunned and horrified when the full import of the proposal forced itself upon his mind. He spoke with dry lips and shaking voice.

"Archie, you are mad, crazy, idiotic! You would not do this terrible thing for me, would you, old fellow? Think of the scandal, the notoriety, and the—the prison. No, my boy. I won't buy fame at such a price. I'd rather starve."

"Dick," pleaded Carr in an anxious voice. "Dick, let me do it. You helped me through college. You protected me from insult when everyone hated me and finally saved my life—that night, you know. I'm alone in the world. I've no friend but you. I've made a mess of life. I want to do something worth while, Dick. I want to pay you back."

"No, no, Archie, I'm desperate enough, but I can't do it. Your proposal is a compact of the devil. I'm in bad straits, but I won't make a fiend out of myself."

"It'll work," persisted Carr. "It's your chance to make good. The opportunity may not return again. As a lawyer, you know there's not a flaw in it. You've got a right to be somebody. You'll make your old folks happy, and, and—you'll make me happy, too."

AND so they talked, Carr urging, Dick refusing, then hesitating and then half yielding. But the temptation was too alluring for his starving activity, and finally he exclaimed:

"Archie, I've got to do it. You've fired my blood. I'll see it through. If anything goes wrong, I'll blow out my useless brains. If you've got the nerve, I'm not afraid."

The Carr murder trial was the sensation of the year. The wealth and social standing of the accused, together with the romance which the public wove around the story of the young and beautiful girl coming out of the West to study art in the city was rare food for the newspaper writers. Each day's events in the court-room were featured by the press in detail.

The District Attorney's office sent out its best men, detectives eager to make a reputation, and gathered in every scrap of evidence that could be procured by any art or artifice. The District Attorney was an able lawyer and a terror to law-breakers.

For a month Carr sat in his cell, gloomy and inscrutable. Thornton plunged into the preparation of the case with fervor

and left a trail of fire behind him. In the preliminaries, he was alert, eager and brilliant. He attracted wide attention. The accused was universally denounced. The public had convicted him. But Thornton knew him to be innocent and was impatient for the end.

The court-room was crowded long before the hour for opening court. After three tedious days the jury was finally selected. The District Attorney arose and made his opening statement.

"Finally, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "we are satisfied that this defendant foully slew this unfortunate young girl. The proof will be overwhelming. I have only sketched a part of the evidence. The motive will appear in the defendant's midnight search for the girl's missing locket a few nights after the murder. This locket contained his picture, and he was eager to secure it.

"Gentlemen, take this in connection with his statement while drunk in a downtown saloon some days after, when he declared, 'I've killed her and she won't bother me any more,' and the inference is irresistible. The motive will be shown. You will understand that perhaps he killed her only to conceal a greater villainy. Archibald Carr is guilty. He is an enemy of society. The outlawry of Cain is his heritage. He has outraged public and private morals. He has defied the most sacred law of man. He has broken the most sublime commandment of God. The people demand his conviction in the name of every virtuous daughter of this commonwealth.

"He saw this slip of a flower full of the wild, fresh beauty of the Golden West. He dazzled her eyes with the glittering sheen of a newer but falser life. He took this rose in his unholy hands, his sin-laden breath blasted its petals and casting it upon the ground, he crushed it beneath his feet.

"Gentle and trusting, her untutored soul bubbling with the ideals of that free-hearted country where honest women are always safe, she thought him a half-god. This gilded youth dipped his brush deep into the slime of a great city and foully defaced God's noblest masterpiece—a pure woman."

A MURMUR passed over the room.

The jurors were nervous and agitated. One idea, one thought, pervaded all. The defendant's cause was hopeless. Thornton was calm, alert and dignified, but his manner was confident. He knew that his hour would come. Carr was silent as usual, his face as expressionless as marble.

After proving the venue of the crime and calling relatives of the dead girl to show the identification of the body, the District Attorney called a young waiter of a Broadway restaurant. Witness said that he had seen Carr many times at the eating house with a young lady answering to the description of Miss Carleton. She cried once when there with Carr, who spoke crossly to her. Witness could not remember the dates. Thought he saw them some time previous to or immediately after the date fixed in the indictment.

The next witness was a bartender. He saw Carr in the saloon just before his arrest. Friends were with him. Carr was drunk. He called his companions into a stall open at the top. They talked mysteriously. Witness listened and heard Carr say, "I killed her. She won't bother me any more."

A detective then took the stand. He had watched Carr. Saw him a few nights after the murder in an alley in the rear of the building where Miss Carleton's body was found. Carr had two men with him. Witness recognized Carr. Saw him strike a match and look around on the ground near the rear entrance. Finally, he picked up something bright. The object looked like a gold locket. Could see it plainly as Carr examined it by the light of a match, then they hurried away.

Thornton's cross-examination of these witnesses did not materially affect their stories. Yet he did not come out the loser. He was taking care of himself. He knew his ground, every inch of it. He knew that he would disprove the waiter's story by showing that the girl who visited the restaurant with Carr was another girl, that it was all after the murder and that they had acted a part which he had planned.

Thornton also knew that the saloon talk of Carr's was a fake that he had fixed up. That the finding of the locket was a part of his plan. He would show that Carr



"The glory will be the greater. I'll act it out, and then I'll watch you smash it to pieces in the court room. No, my boy, I won't buy fame at such a price, I'd rather starve"

while in the saloon referred to his dog "Fanny" who had become affected with rabies and Carr had to kill her and that the finding of the locket would be explained when he proved that the dog had lost her gold name plate in the alley where Carr had found it. He had safeguarded all these things. In fact, he had caused them all to happen.

"It's all right, Archie. I'll smash it," whispered Thornton to his silent and uncommunicative client.

"Mary Howard! Take the stand."

Thornton looked quickly at the witness and then inquiringly his gaze wandered to Carr. His client simply shrugged his shoulders. The District Attorney began.

"What is your business?"

"I am a janitress. I clean rooms."

"Tell me where you have been employed?"

"I've been taking care of a lot of rooms. I've worked for Margaret Carleton."

"Where were you on the night of this murder? Now, Miss Howard, tell all about it in your own way."

WELL," said the woman nervously, "on the night that Miss Carleton was killed, I was at her room. She told me that she was going out for the evening and would be back at about nine o'clock. She wanted me to wait until she came back. She wasn't well. She looked white and was crying a little. I worked until ten and she wasn't back yet.

"Then my cousin came. She is a janitress, too. She had promised to clean the rooms of a gentleman on the other street, but she wanted to go to the show with her friend. She asked me to go and clean the rooms. I didn't want to go, but she coaxed me and I went. She gave me the keys and directed me.

"The rooms were Mr. Carr's there. My cousin said he would be out all night. I went and worked until after midnight. Then Mr. Carr came in. He looked like a ghost. His hair was ruffled up and his collar was loose. His cheek was scratched and bleeding. He looked scared when he saw me and told me to go. I knew him and had seen him with Miss Carleton many times. I saw the note where he asked her to meet him that night and she cried a

little when she burned it. I can't be mistaken. I—"

"That is all for the present, Miss Howard," said the District Attorney with a smile.

Thornton leaped to his feet. He looked wildly around. He turned to Carr. His client was also standing. His face, drawn and black, was an enigma—the same old look which Dick could never fathom.

"Lies! Archie, all lies! They're trying to swear you to the chair with perjury—those cursed man-hunters. Heavens! Old man, we went too far," whispered Thornton hoarsely into his client's ear.

"Fight for me, Dick, fight, I tell you," urged Carr, grasping his friend's arm.

Thornton straightened up. His eyes blazed. His nostrils dilated. He was alive. He had been looking for a fight, and here it was. He turned with anger to the witness. He raised his arm. The battle was on in earnest now. The first question came like a projectile from a catapult.

"Who fixed this story up for you?"

"No one," answered the witness.

"Do you know any of these detectives?"

"No—yes, one of them," was the somewhat confused reply.

Then came the fusillade. The witness was the ordinary type of her class. She was a slow thinker. Thornton took her over the story again and again. She finally grew defiant, then angry and then lied or disputed herself about an unimportant detail. Thornton grasped the straw. He hurled question after question in rapid fire. She was growing tired. He kept at her. He gave her no rest.

He was determined to tear the lie from her heart. The questions came now like flashes of lightning, quick and short like whip-cuts. It developed into a mental and physical contest. He was far superior in both. He had another advantage. He was right. She was wrong—lying. Hours passed. She tripped again. He struck her with a troublesome question full in the face. She stammered, stumbled, looked distractedly around and shrieked out:

"I don't know. Let me go. You're right. I don't know anything. I—"

She stopped. She shook like a leaf. Her eyes stared. She collapsed. Thornton

dropped into a chair. He was exhausted, but he was victorious. The District Attorney vainly tried to rally his witness. She was utterly broken, discredited. He dismissed her in disgust.

The trial proceeded. Thornton trembled with fear as he thought of the awful consequences of his own folly. He fought with the desperate courage of a cornered coward. While he had to meet propositions which were not a part of his original plan, yet all marvelled at the acumen and force of the unknown young lawyer.

Night after night he spent over his books and papers and returned to the fray in the morning hollow-eyed, but grim, defiant and even heroic. He must win. He must shake off this phantom which haunted his every thought. He must destroy this monster his scheming had brought into being. It was too late for anything but fight. No one would believe such an incredible story even if he confessed to it. And he did fight.

His closing speech—the court loungers talked of it long afterward—astounded the veterans of the bar. It was a panegyric. It swept the jurors from their seats. He saw the hideous structure his own hands had wrought up closing around his friend. He tore it down piece by piece. He fastened his absolute knowledge of Carr's innocence upon the jurors by sheer force of his earnestness and magic potency of speech. He knew the truth. He made them feel it.

"There is one thing," he said, "more important than the death of this girl, more weighty in the scales of human destiny than the life of this man. That thing is the right of every citizen to demand proof of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt—the right of a fair trial according to the laws of the land. Circumstantial evidence is but little more than suspicion. It is a partner of the guillotine. In the hands of the wicked or prejudiced, it means the flagellation of the guiltless—the crucifixion of innocence.

"All the incriminating circumstances in this case have been fully explained, and the District Attorney asks you to send this man to his death upon the perjured oath of Mary Howard. Lies! All lies! This

man is not guilty. God sees it. I know it. This girl's shocking death is not so unspeakable a crime against an outraged heaven, as the legalized murder of an absolutely innocent man. This trial is a maddening mockery. Can't you see it? I'm in hell," he cried, with tears streaming down his face.

"You will not let this terrible thing come to pass! You will not enshroud a spectre of error that will haunt the watches of your conscience until the end of your days—a mistake that will come like a spirit of evil to your pillows in the night-time, and mock your unrest—an unceasing, ever-present, gnawing, torturing mistake—a Gethsemane of Horror!"

When he closed the jury and audience were dumb. They had witnessed a strange spectacle. Thornton's strongest story had been acted, not told in words. His was the language of a tortured soul. An indefinable air of weirdness cast its spell over all. Men looked at one another in silent wonder. Something had happened. None knew exactly what. Emotion was rampant. The District Attorney knew. This old practitioner saw his case falling. He fumed and raged in his closing argument. It was too late. Thornton had won his battle. In an hour the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

TIED in body and mind, Thornton rushed to his office. He flung himself into his chair. He was dazed, utterly exhausted. He could hardly realize it all. But one thing was clear—at last the Great City knew him. It had felt his power. He had come into his own. Soon Carr rushed in.

"Hello, Dick! Wake up. Quit dreaming. Here's your picture and speech in full on the first page. Don't be so modest. Come out and enjoy some of this new fame of yours!"

Standing up, Thornton looked his client in the face.

"Archie," he said quietly and tensely, "why did you do this thing for me? How could you endure it all—the arrest, the prison and all that? Tell me, I want to know."

Carr walked over to the same window where the plan of it was formed in his

mind. Again he looked out in silence upon the roofs of the city. Over his face came that same indescribable expression which Dick had seen before. He seemed to be suffering, or in fear, or both. His appearance was almost uncanny.

"Archie, tell me. Why did you go through this hell for me? I know how monstrous it was now. Yet, I was only scorched. Tell me," murmured Dick, his voice trembling into a caress.

Carr looked up with a sort of sardonic smile.

"That's all right, Dickey, boy. That's all right. Perhaps you're the only human being I love, anyhow. And then—then—well, you've a right to know. I heard you

say once that when a man had been regularly and legally tried for a crime and acquitted, even if he were in fact guilty, he could not be tried again. Once in jeopardy, I think you called it."

"Yes, Archie. That is the law. But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, Dick. It has everything to do with it. The whole city will know it some day. Boy, it hasn't been all selfishness. I took a risk. Yet, I gave myself the one fighting chance—as well as you.

"You believed in me. It was the only way to make you fight—like hell. Yet—"

His voice hardened.

"I killed Margaret Carleton."

SHIPS OF MY SOUL

By JOHN CARL PARISH

I COME each night to a quiet shore
My thoughts slip out to sea.
Without a goal these ships of my soul
Sail out of the reach of me.

They fade so quick to the skyline dim
And many are lost in the deep.
But some come back from their outward track
And into my visions creep.

My soul is tortured by the wrecks
Where gallant sailors die;
But I love the song of the happy throng
When the pleasure boats come by.

From yonder ship a brother speaks,
I see my father smile.
Across the sea they call to me
And the years turn back awhile.

With sudden ache of empty arms
I stand on the shore and pray
That the ship may last till the night is past
And at dawn ride into the bay.

But the ships of my soul are fated ships
Whatever their freight may be.
There is never a dawn but finds them gone
For they all go down at sea.

The Dramatic Critic Acts

by
Allan Updegraff

Author of "Between Towns," "Taming the Terror," etc.

IT must be some natural perversity that makes men take a special interest in the private affairs of a man who keeps his private affairs strictly to himself. I have in mind Henry Bradbury, sometime cable and literary editor of the old *Morning Post*. Any other member of the staff might have become engaged, married and a father without exciting more interest than did Bradbury by a slight show of emotion upon first glancing at Miss Hartley, the new society editor.

The only witness of the first glance that passed from Bradbury to Miss Hartley was young Pinkum, the dramatic critic, whose desk stood just opposite Bradbury's. Pinkum, being still kittenish from his college days, interpreted Bradbury's glance according to his own dialectics, and regaled the staff with the information that the cable editor was "mashed" on Miss Hartley.

"Love at first sight," said Pinkum, "immediate, electric. I was quite dazzled by the C. D. Q. waves from his eyes. He was startled, you know, enthralled—'Love's Awakening,' and all that. I believe he's one of those 'Starved Lives' you read about; solitary because bashful—adores the sex at a distance. A common type. Now Augier, in his play—" And he proceeded to prove his point by a considerable show of dramatic erudition.

The staff, moved by that natural perversity mentioned above, showed interest in his theories, which inspired Pinkum to concern himself with them rather more

than was polite. Occasion offering, he volunteered to Bradbury to introduce him to Miss Hartley. With politeness that was a trifle edged, Bradbury declined to be introduced. This caused the rebuffed Pinkum to deliver himself of a few twits, aimed at Bradbury, on the occasion of the midnight recess a few nights later. Bradbury responded with a little practical joke. This joke, being of a subtle nature, would take several paragraphs to tell, and as only its effect concerns this story anyway, it will be sufficient to remark that Pinkum was made thereby to appear much in the light of an ass who has mistaken a cactus for a thistle. The dramatic editor included pride and temper among his other ingenuousnesses, and he swore to get even. Bradbury, by the gentlest of reproofs, rubbed salt in the wounds he had made and resumed the even tenor of his ways.

THE tenor of Bradbury's ways was remarkably even, even for a middle-aged bachelor of exemplary habits. The residents of Dunlap Place might have set their clocks by his morning descent, cane in hand, hat precisely level on his close-cropped grayish head, from the stoop of his lodging house, on his way to Petaud's for breakfast. His comings-in were almost as predictable as his goings-out, and the evenness of his temper not less so. He was something of a scholar, something of a philosopher, a level-looking, gentle, considerate man. By a process of natural

selection, he had become a sort of father confessor to the younger men, and many a newspaper grind drank less and looked higher because of him. Except that he had been taken on as cable and literary editor some fifteen years before and had been the best cable and literary editor the paper had ever had, no one knew anything further about him. For these several reasons he was respected, liked and conjectured about; and the Hartley-Pinkum incident was welcomed as a peg on which to hang fresh conjectures.

So ready was everybody to believe something nice and interesting about Bradbury that, even before his introduction to Miss Hartley, Pinkum's word was pretty generally accepted for it that there was "something between them," and the most was made of any sign pointing in that direction. For instance, if the cable editor was noticed to be looking steadily in Miss Hartley's direction—and, to tell the truth, he was noticed to do that a good deal—the one who noticed treasured it up. There was nothing intrusive about our interest; a sort of respect kept us from speaking much of the matter, even among ourselves. We were glad, all of us, for his sake, lovable, tight-mouthed, aging solitary that he was, as well as for Miss Hartley's; we wanted to believe in his romance, and we ended by believing in it heartily. We got to believe in it as if it were a thing proved and tested. It became a sort of tradition of the office, one of those pleasant under-traditions that everybody knows about and enjoys, though seldom mentioning.

BRADBURY'S introduction to Miss Hartley, which came about unexpectedly some three weeks after she had been taken on, was quite an occasion for us.

The cable editor happened to reach the "old man's" desk coincidentally with Miss Hartley, and the O. M., no doubt feeling a certain awkwardness in the air, made them acquainted with each other. The baker's dozen of desk men, the sporting

editor, the night city editor, and Pinkum poised pencils and more or less openly looked on. Bradbury chatted a moment in his courtly, non-committal manner, before going back to his desk. There was noticeable a certain wrinkling of his right eye, a habit he had when he considered anything intently. He looked as he often did when he was trying to reconstruct some foreign name that had got balled up in transmission. Everybody agreed that that was exactly the way he looked, and a theory that he might have met Miss Hartley before arose to dispute with Pinkum's theory of love at first sight.

Miss Hartley also seemed a little more tense about the eyes than the occasion warranted. Perhaps, we reasoned, some of the office gossip had reached her; and, again, perhaps the cause had come more direct. She was a splendid type of the newspaper woman, of an age that might have been guessed twenty-five as readily as thirty-five, a pronounced brunette, clear-cut, mobile of expression, and inclined to have a dimple in one cheek. Taking all these facts into consideration, the romance

theory emerged with renewed prestige. Nothing further happened to strengthen it, but it rapidly assumed the imperturbability of the obelisk in Central Park. It is amazing how easily such theories become beliefs, and how likely they are to be worthy of belief. We actually began to be irritated with Bradbury because he seemed to avoid any sign that he knew we knew. Like the modern reader, we demanded action, and immediately the action came.



The residents of Dunlap Place might have set their clocks by his morning descent, cane in hand, hat precisely level on his close-cropped grayish head, from the stoop of his lodging house, on his way to Petaud's for breakfast

I DON'T know how it is now, but in the good old days the staff of the *Post* used to have a little communal luncheon about midnight. The "old man" went out for his bite at that time, and the others sent down for fruit or something and ate it together, clustering around the big desk where the desk men grouped in a semi-circle before the night city editor. On the particular night, a Saturday night, when Bradbury's romance was interrupted, the fruit was raw tomatoes. Bradbury had introduced us to the glory of a ripe tomato sucked through a hole in its side, and it was another reason for our admiring him and wishing him well. Except the O. M. and Pinkum and Miss Hartley, the whole office force was there, each with his tomato glued to his mouth. The O. M. had gone out to get his bite, Miss Hartley was very busy at her desk in a far corner of the room—being the only woman on the staff, she always made it a point to be very busy at the lunch hour—and Pinkum hadn't come in yet from his nightly stunt at the theaters.

It was an era of peace and good will. Shaded electric lights, green above and yellow beneath, dotted the gloom of the big room in a comfortable, cozy manner. The air was genial with the smell of ink and print paper and tobacco smoke and hot radiators; and soothingly tremulous with the pulsations of the presses in the basement, running off the last of the "bulldog" edition. Timed to the minute came the interruption. It came just as we were finishing our tomatoes and beginning to cast about for something to enliven the few minutes before the O. M.'s return.

There was the sound of the boy in the ante-room knocking over his chair. He always knocked over his chair when his sleep was disturbed, and we pricked up our ears. Then came a woman's voice, hoarse and shaky with emotion: "But I must see him at once! He's my husband!"

In the dead silence that followed, two or three men dropped their tomato rinds on the floor. There was a sound of swishing skirts in the anteroom, mingled with sleepy protests from the boy, the door was thrown backward, and a tall woman appeared on the threshold.

SHE poised like a tragedienne, one hand at her heart, while her eyes flashed from one to another of the staring faces before her. She was beautiful, and she was bending forward with an emotional tension that made the very air electric. With a sudden sharp start of recognition she flung out her arms—toward Henry Bradbury.

"Harry!" she choked. "You—after all these years!"

Well, it was rather terrific; Virginia Harned couldn't have done it any better. Besides, it carried a dash of reality that sent it home to us like a bucket of cold water and left us twitching. Remember, too, we were certain as certainty that Bradbury was moored to Miss Hartley. There was our nice little romance looking like a toy aeroplane that has been run over by a truck. As if our heads had been moved by a single lever, we turned to look at Bradbury.

Bradbury, Bradbury the philosopher, the imperturbable, was staring with the fierce resentment of a big gentlemanly mastiff caught in a skunk-trap. But our eyes roused his pride. His head came up from between his shoulders and his face changed as if he had masked. In his left hand he still held his sucked-out tomato, and he tapped with it on the desk beside him as the woman came forward.

She advanced with a little tripping gait, made necessary by the narrowness of her hobble skirt and the height of her heels. As she came into the light we could admire the modishness of her clothes, the willowy perfection of her figure, and the beautiful, tragic set of her face. It was a face striking in its rich coloring and big dark eyes, shadowed and made mysterious by a clustering wealth of dark hair and a low-sitting peachbasket hat. Her expression was almost doglike in its plea for Bradbury's kindness and pardon. We were men enough to sympathize with her a little, just at that moment, flashy bundle of emotions though she plainly was. We looked from her to Bradbury, and the man's expressionless face alienated us still more. We were all ready for somebody to throw the first stone.

"You'll forgive me for coming like this?" she pleaded, hesitating a scant six feet from him. "When I heard you were here,

I just couldn't wait—I forgot everything! O Harry!" Bradbury remained imperturbable; her face changed with the suddenness of a pantomimist's. "So you mean to deny me?" she demanded.

FOR answer Bradbury got steadily to his feet. As he did so, he glanced, for the hundredth part of a second, in the direction of Miss Hartley's desk. We followed his glance, of course. Miss Hartley

whiteness of her face, and her big dark eyes looked like holes in cardboard.

"Oh-o-o-o-o-h!"

The sound came from the woman who said she was Bradbury's wife; she made it sepulchral by uttering it with an in-drawn breath. We stared at her. She had drawn herself up to her considerable height and her eyes flashed significantly between Bradbury and Miss Hartley. We found time to notice that there was a startling resemblance between her and Miss Hartley, especially as regarded the eyes.

"I—see-ee-ee-ee-ee!"

No arrangement of dashes can express the elocutionary effect of her words. They might have been Brynhilda's defiance of Siegfried; they damned Bradbury for a cur of the first water; they transfixed his faithlessness like a dagger; they fairly made us shiver. And yet I think we had already begun to feel that she was just a little too good. Her acting would have "got over" splendidly from a stage, but from the floor of a newspaper office it was a trifle thick. She could hold our sympathies better as a forsaken and pleading wife than as an outraged and avenging one. We looked to Bradbury to clear himself; even if the woman had a true bill, many men have made mistakes in their youth.

But his way of clearing himself was peculiar. "You did that very well," he said. He had himself in hand still, although his voice might have been the better for a little propping. "It seems a pity that you ever left the stage—granting that my information about you is correct. But may I suggest that this is a poor place for your theatricals?"

In spite of his show of calmness we felt that inwardly he was wearing sackcloth. His words and emotions seemed to release the woman's tension spring. For a moment she was limp with surprise. But she gathered her hatred together and returned to the attack.



One of her hands rested on back of her revolving chair as she leaned a little forward, staring with all her might. The shade of her desk lamp added a greenish tinge to the chalky whiteness of her face, and her big dark eyes looked like holes in cardboard.

had arisen, apparently to see better. One of her hands rested on back of her revolving chair as she leaned a little forward, staring with all her might. The shade of her desk lamp added a greenish tinge to the chalky

"I suppose," she sneered, "all this is preliminary to calling me an impostor! But I expected that—you see I know you from of old! And I call Heaven to witness —"

"That's quite unnecessary," interrupted Bradbury. "In spite of the fact that I

dark hair, and the visage of young Pinkum, the dramatic critic—smeared a good deal with grease paint, but still undeniably the visage of young Pinkum—blinked up at us. His trousers were rolled up high above his ridiculous high-heeled slippers and transparent socks, and his legs were



Pinkum, too fussed and sorry even to try to explain his joke, was in the midst of us, looking very comical with the sweat bands glistening through the grease paint on his face

haven't seen you for—sixteen years, isn't it?—your way of renewing my acquaintance leaves me in no doubt whatever as to your identity. Gentlemen, permit me—my wife! And now, if you will allow me—" He bowed to her. "Shall we not adjourn the consideration of our private affairs to a more suitable—" His voice husked and broke; he waved his hand toward the door.

HE was plainly on the verge of losing self-control. The woman stepped backward with a "My Lord!" in purest masculine bass, got her high heels and her narrow skirt mixed up together, and sprawled awkwardly to the floor. Her peach-basket hat rolled off, so did her clustering mass of

drawn back into a position of defense, as if he expected somebody to try to kick him.

For a few seconds we were simply numb-minded with surprise; I know exactly how the passengers feel just after a railroad wreck. Bradbury was the first to get his bearings. His face cleared and lighted up until he almost smiled. But he took little notice of Pinkum and of our round-eyed interest none at all. Leaving us to stare at the wreck of the former Mrs. Bradbury, he turned across the room toward Miss Hartley.

Things were moving with such kaleidoscopic swiftness and our attention was so divided that reports differ as to just what he said to her. One report has it that he

said: "Can you forgive me—even after this?" Another that he begged her to excuse him for his frightful mistake. Still a third that he said merely, "Come—let's get out of here!" At any rate, they brushed past the paralyzed office boy and disappeared together.

When the O. M. came in, a few minutes later, he found us sitting around as blank as a collection of wooden Buddhas. Pinkum, too fussed and sorry even to try to explain his joke, was in the midst of us, looking very comical with the sweat beads glistening through the grease paint on his face. Bradbury didn't come back for two months. Neither did Miss Hartley. We found out afterwards that she was his wife—had been all along. After their separation she had left the stage and taken another name for her newspaper work.

It was little wonder that Bradbury couldn't positively identify her; he hadn't seen her for sixteen years—and Pinkum's acting was something wonderful, not to mention his startling resemblance, as made up, to Miss Hartley. The ingenious devil had reasoned that the effectiveness of his little drama would be heightened by making himself as near a flashy edition of Miss Hartley as he could. Of course he was perfectly right in that, although not precisely in the way he had intended.

So the Bradburys resumed their romance just where it had been interrupted, sixteen years before, both, apparently, having learned a good deal in the meantime. We were delighted with that consummation, of course, but it was some time before we forgave young Pinkum, direct cause though he was of bringing it about.

THE BALLAD OF THE FLY

IT was a jaunty, gay young fly,
Sat by the river's side,
And ardently besought a worm
To come and be his bride.

"Oh, dearest, spurn me not," said he,
"I swear I'll love you true,
In all the world there's not a maid
As sweet and fair as you.

"You shall have chains and rings and things;
I'll love you night and day.
Ah, scorn me not!" but Mistress Worm
Turned softly on her way.

Then Master Fly was frantic quite;
And cried, "I'll suicide!"
And straight he spread his feathered wings,
And dashed into the tide.

But, oh, alas! he could not drown!
He dove nine times, or ten,
But each time, to his great disgust,
He floated up again.

"Why can I not stay down," he said,
"When for sad death I pine?"
Alas! he was a feathered fly
Upon a fishing-line!

—Amy Beal.



Courtesy of Prof. Campbell

LLAMAS ON THE HIGH VALLEYS OF THE ANDES AT 14,000 FEET ELEVATION IN BOLIVIA,
SOUTH AMERICA

Bolivia

The Mountain Republic

by

PETER MAC QUEEN

BOLIVIA is the Switzerland of South America. The simple manners of its inhabitants, their sturdiness, their good faith, their industry, the fact that they first established permanent principles of republicanism and earliest suffered martyrdom for the cause of freedom in South America, as well as the steepness and irregular grouping of their many mountains and the fertility of their valleys, favor the comparison. Like Switzerland, too, Bolivia is a country without a sea-

coast, shut in on all sides by other nations. It lies midway of the continent, just where the great Andean range spreads out to its widest breadth. It is the third largest political division south of Panama.

But though conspicuous on a map for size, Bolivia is less populous in proportion than any other South American republic. The entire toll of its inhabitants is but two millions, of whom scarcely thirteen per cent are pure white. It is essentially an Indian republic—Aymará, Quichua,

Mojos, and a score of minor tribes,—“a commonwealth of savages,” one of the educated Aymará Indians remarked to me; but I add, of “savages” who are lineal descendants of those grand old Incas who ruled this land since the dawn of time, and they are returning in these passing decades to the fine civilization of which they are capable. Pizarro and his ruthless followers did their fathers a terrible wrong, but time and justice are readjusting their affairs.

Bolivia divides with Peru the treasures of archaeological remains that have engaged

Washington of South America, fathered the cause of his oppressed fellow-countrymen, and led them through bitter and difficult battles to victory. The independence of Alto Peru was declared and articles of a sound federal constitution adopted, creating a united free nation in the high Andes earlier than in any other part of South America. For though certain provinces of Colombia, Ecuador and Peru were sooner delivered from the power of the royalists, they remained but provinces for many months after Bolivia was



HOUSE OF MR. BLAISDELL, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE BOLIVIAN RAILWAYS

the attention of scientists throughout the world. In the old days, the Bolivian plateau was an important part of Huayna Capac's vast realm, the kingdom of the Children of the Sun. Afterwards in the empire of Spain, it was the Provinces of Charcas, Upper or El Alto Peru, for two centuries part of the vice-royalty of Lima, and then under the patriot jurisdiction of Buenos Aires. But provinces so isolated had distinct needs and interests which made it expedient to unite them into a separate nation when independence from the Old World came. That occurred in 1821-25, when Simon Bolivar, the George

exercising republican government of an ideal type.

Bolivia was named in honor of its liberator, and was called for some time The Republic of Bolivar, a title too long for modern patience, even in 1823, to retain. Its people furnish the keynote today to a true interpretation of the Spanish-American character. The colonists of Alto Peru became Americanized earlier than in any of the other Spanish possessions in the New World. Though the Criollo retained many inherited sympathies and characteristics, he quickly acquired those others which developed an unconquerable

spirit of freedom—the spell of the West working upon heart and life—that led inevitably to national independence. So Bolivians taught South America the fine art of liberty, just as Switzerland taught it to Europe, by splendid example.

Bolivia contains about 640,000 square miles today. She has lost more than a hundred thousand in the numerous boundary dispute epidemics that have swept through South America, and in the war over the nitrate fields in 1879–83, when Chile and Peru wrangled over the provinces, originally Bolivian, of Arica-Tacna. That conflict was the result of a secret treaty with Peru entered into by Bolivia under President Ballivian in 1872–74. The compact concerned itself with the nitrate fields and guano deposits, upon which Chile had long been looking with greedy eyes, which indeed were already worked by Chilean capital. Chile knew of the existence of the treaty, and instead of making public talk of her knowledge, contrived with much diplomacy to secure from Bolivia and Peru repeated concessions that practically placed absolute control of the territory in her hands. Then Bolivia woke up. She asked Peru to stand by the compact. Peru was herself interested, and she loyally upheld Bolivia. In the war that followed, however, the actual fighting was left to Chile and Peru, Bolivia being generally inactive except as her own territory was invaded and devastated.

Next, Chile entered into a treaty with Bolivia by which she agreed to turn over Arica-Tacna if she should obtain them from Peru. But during the years of recovery she forgot her agreement, and later, when Bolivia began secret negotiations with Argentina, Chile's famous part in the great Andean boundary decision ended forever Bolivia's hope of regaining her forfeited seaports.

But there has been a compensation. Chile had to bind herself by a treaty in 1904, as Brazil had already done in 1903, to bring the imprisoned land of Bolivia into closer communication with the out-

side world. In consequence, an excellent railway line connects La Paz directly with the Pacific Ocean at Arica, and today the Bolivian business man sends his commodities free of any tariff across the nitrate fields to the sea and the lands beyond. Brazil is building a line to save the costly portage around successive falls and rapids near Villa Bella beside the Beni, Mamoré and Madeira rivers. This will open



GENERAL SEVER
Bolivian Commander-in-Chief

Amazon navigation for Bolivia to the Atlantic. Brazil closed the Perús and Acré rivers years ago to all foreign vessels, and in 1903 acquired possession of Puerto Acré, the port near the old Bolivian border to which ocean craft could ascend from Pará. Very likely this waterway will be opened again sometime in the progressive future.

Fortunately for Bolivia, its geographic position easily makes it the natural

distributing point for traffic across the South American continent. That fact is to mean much to the republic in decades yet to be. Rivalry for control of her trade promises to solve satisfactorily this transportation problem of Bolivia, now apparently so troublesome. Little else is needed to hasten the development of her mighty resources, and to establish substantial manufacturing and commerce.



MASSIVE STONE AT TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA

And business, with education, is the key to national greatness.

If a traveler may speak his mind where statesmen keep silence, I might suggest that Bolivia, like Switzerland in Europe, should be made for South America the semi-neutral ground that holds the surrounding nations within their own bounds.

Certainly the South American republics will begin to realize by and by, indeed are now beginning to realize, that envy and restrictions of trade are retrogressive principles. They will evolve some kind of international South American legislation which will unify for their mutual benefit the rates and conditions of all forms of transportation throughout their continent. Then the world will see developed the most intricate and extensive system of inland natural waterways that exists. Fifty years from now one should be able to travel almost anywhere *inside* of South America by magnificent steamboats. Hardly a

South American river but is navigable a good part of its length, and every large river has a host of broad, deep tributaries that penetrate the heart of the continent. Moreover, the river channels lie so close to each other that short canals would easily connect many of them.

The topography of Bolivia is far more diversified than most people have been accustomed to suppose. Only about two-

fifths of its entire area is mountain-region; the other three-fifths comprise vast stretches of swampy bottomlands, forest, plain, and low hills called the Chiquitos region, which lies in the eastern border near Brazil and Paraguay. The Gran Chaco is partly in Bolivia—a very rich asset. The mountains abound in exceedingly valuable ores, especially silver, tin and copper. The swamps need only irrigation to make them rich in semi-tropic crops of every kind.

The plains are splendid grazing lands where cattle as fine as those of the Argentine are being raised, though not yet in large numbers. The forests contain many beautiful hardwoods, medicinal plants, fruits and spice-trees. In the deep valleys cereals are cultivated and other products of the temperate zone, as well as semi-tropical fruits. From its varied altitudes and because Bolivia lies entirely within the tropics, the country can produce practically everything that grows upon the earth. The transition from a cold to a warm climate is very abrupt. Thus, a person living in La Paz could send a servant in the morning down the valleys to get pineapples and oranges, and in the afternoon could send the same servant up to Illimani for a load of ice, wherewith to cool the fruit, which he might eat upon his table in the evening. In the market-place at La Paz one day, I saw a train of llamas coming from the mountains laden with ice and alongside of them a

train of mules loaded with oranges and limes. This was perhaps the most remarkable thing I witnessed in South America.

LA PAZ is the capital of Bolivia, 12,500 feet above the sea and 1,500 feet below the railway station. I came thither from Guaqui on Lake Titicaca, a two hours' ride across a high plateau with Illimani shimmering in pristine splendor against a sky of blue. Suddenly a great chasm yawns before the traveler, walled in on three sides by the shining heights and opening on the fourth into a deep *quebrada* or canon. We descend by an

colors of Europeans and Spanish-Americans. A clear stream brings a loitering tribute of crystal waters from the melting snows. The Aymará women are washing clothes, and when the laundry is spread out on the green banks of the stream, it looks like a field of poppies in the month of June.

La Paz has been the capital of Bolivia since 1898. Before that the capital was in various places, now in Sucre, now in Cochabamba, until a mystified Englishman asked a Bolivian: "Where is really the capital of Bolivia?" to which the Bolivian replied: "The capital of Bolivia



Courtesy of Prof. Campbell

A TYPICAL AYMARA INDIAN OF BOLIVIA, SOUTH AMERICA

electric car line, the work of an American. The car sweeps down like a bird alighting, and we find ourselves at the bottom of the canon in a city of 80,000 people. Think of it, a great capital almost at the height of Pike's Peak! The streets are narrow and badly paved, but there is a good hotel at the center of the city—the Hotel Guilbert. From the veranda of the hotel I watched the distant glimmer of white snow; while to and fro along the street beneath my window moved a crowd of brightly dressed Aymará Indians mingling with the sombre

is the back of the horse which the President of the Republic rides."

I attended a festival in a beautiful cathedral of La Paz which stands near the market-place. There was a splendid array of women in silks and satins from Parisian milliners and dressmakers. Aymará Indians with bright-colored shawls, high-heeled French boots, and funny little round hats, helped to make the audience. I am told that the Aymará Indians adapt the teachings of the Catholic church to the pantheistic ideas of their forefathers who

lived so many centuries under the Inca kings. The old city of Tiahuanacu near Guaqui is supposed to be the city that Cain built. If we could imagine this, the fire-worship and nature-worship of the earliest times is then naturally reproduced in the people of La Paz today.

The round hats of the Aymará women are very curious. They are in shape between a derby hat and a panama, and they contain the lady's work-basket, her needles, thread and darners, with rouge and rats, and similar things so necessary to a young woman's happiness. In the mountain regions the Quichuas and Aymarás are careful to wrap their shoulders in *ponchos* and their heads in *gorions*, but are careless about their feet and legs. They will lie down in a hut at night and let the snow drift about their bare feet without any apparent inconvenience.

AT the center of La Paz is the stately Plaza Murillo, the only level portion of the city. A beautiful garden has been laid out and at the heart of the garden there is a handsome national monument to the great men of the country.

There are fine electric lights, and a military band plays among the flowers every evening. On one side of the square is the presidential palace; on the other, the impressive congressional building of the republic. Near at hand is the unfinished new cathedral, begun in 1835. The work has been done mostly by the Indians, who were apt pupils of European masters brought here in 1843 by President Ballivian. I watched the stone-cutters, and they were using the same kind of sharp-pointed chisels that I had seen in the museum at Cuzco, which were used by the Incas, centuries before the face of the white man had blossomed like a flower in the western forests. Walking here in the rarefied air amid the sunshine and the bird-songs around me, and looking above me at the snows of eternal

winter, I seemed to be in an enchanted land. I was as remote from New York and Paris as I was from the builders of the canals of Mars, as far removed from the haunts of the modern world as from the inhabitants of yonder gleaming planet. As the sun set, the policemen at the street corners blew a note on a curious whistle, the same kind that was used by the soldiers of the Inca kings. In fact, the people play in the meadows the same tunes that the ancient Peruvians heard when they brought in the yellow sheaves at harvest time. I noted that the whistles blew every half hour all through the night—very disturbing to sleep.

There are plenty of fine shops in La Paz, where they sell garments made from fine alpaca wool and rugs of rich vicuna furs. The alpaca sheep thrive by the thousand in the cold upland valleys, and the timorous vicuna lives up to the region of eternal snow. Of course, the patient llamas are seen on every side. The llama is not so gentle as he looks; he has a hard, padded hoof fitted to carry him safely across Andean ice-caps and

beside dangerous precipices, and if a white man gets too near that hoof, he may have an experience similar to that which he would meet in the same proximity to a mule.

Bolivia is a country abounding in minerals, as we have said. The cities of Potosi, Oruro, Sucre and Cochabamba are all great mining centers. Potosi received its first boom years ago when a stroke of lightning detached a mass of solid gold from a cliff on the mountainside and dropped it at the feet of a group of miners. For a long time this great nugget was the wonder of the world. It was finally sold at a fabulous price to the Royal Museum at Madrid, where it may still be seen. To this day a wandering prospector may sometimes pick up a nugget of pure gold



BOLIVIAN TYPE OF BEAUTY
Showing Aymara Influence



LLAMAS GRAZING IN THE FIELDS, BOLIVIA

in the hills near Potosi. But Potosi has won its great fame from silver. It is sometimes called "the peak of silver." In three hundred years two billion ounces of this precious metal have been taken from the mines of Potosi. At one time the entire world depended for its silver coinage upon these mines. Bolivia itself is called "the land of ten thousand silver mines."

Cochabamba is the garden city of the republic. It is also the center of the great tin mines. Much American and English

capital is invested in the various holdings throughout the country. Great inducements are held out by the government to bring in foreign manufacturers, but thus far tariffs and transportation charges have been so high that manufacturing has been impeded. The opening of the Panama Canal and the Arica-La Paz railway will doubtless bring a revolution in this matter.

Sucre is like a city of old Spain, though with modern improvements. Like Oruro and Uyuni, Sucre has a mining population



BALSAS ON LAKE TITICACA, BOLIVIA

Balsas are boats made of reeds, since there are few trees growing on the high uplands of the Andes

of many nationalities with a strong mixture of North Americans. In fact, Bolivia, like other South American republics, is offering great inducements to people from the United States to come and settle in its boundaries. One thing, however, should be remarked in connection with such an emigration, namely, that Americans going to Bolivia or to any part of South America would require five or ten thousand dollars capital, to keep them till they got fairly started. The difficulties of the language and of the strange surroundings necessitate more or less sacrifice at the first, for people from our country. But once started in business, I think South America would offer them unusual opportunities. In fact, I think this is the way South America would be best redeemed: namely, by an infusion of Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic-Celtic races to wake up the languor of these great Spanish-Indian communities.

IT might be well to remark here that Bolivia has been the burning hearthstone of liberty and freedom in Latin-American lands. "America for the Americans" was the watchword of Antonio Gallardo, the patriot martyr of Bolivia, a hundred and fifty years before Monroe was elected President of the United States. In the first Act of Independence for Bolivia were the words: "Upper Peru was the altar on which the first blood was shed for liberty in the land where the last tyrant perished." The liberty of this mountain republic was gained after the barbarous burning of whole villages, and the deaths of thousands of tortured natives, who suffered torments that would have made even the rude Caribs shudder. Here the sacred fire of liberty has burned longer

than in any other portion of the two Americas; and there are unmistakable signs today of latent force and fire in this ancient race.

It is significant that Gallardo was almost a full-blooded Indian, and that his veins were warmed from the blood of the Inca race. Bolivia will depend in the future on the Indian race. And when the brain of the nation awakens from the torpor of four hundred years to the value of free and compulsory education, the real nation of Bolivia will be born.

Thus we see a virile people in the Andean Mountains of Bolivia. The white citizens are enthusiastic about their country, and the mixed race is patriotic. The government is quite sound financially, not having any navy and only a small standing army to support. Until recently it had no debt, but now has a small one well within the limits of its resources, assumed through investments in railroad building. Bolivia has been foremost in promoting each of the great trunk lines operating into her territory, and has herself constructed most of the local lines. There are some nine hundred miles of railway either already in operation or nearly completed within this republic, all aided by the government, either by guarantee of bond or cash subsidy or large land grants. The great Argentina line is to be ready for rolling stock before another year. That will open the inland capital and republic to the Atlantic two thousand miles away at Buenos Aires by all rail. No country anywhere is doing more at present to "be on the map" than Bolivia, and with her great area and remarkable variety of products, she must become a powerful factor in the Latin-American world.





GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AND FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "MICE AND MEN"

FORBES ~ ROBERTSON'S *Farewell* by Ann Randolph

THE greatest actor of our day is making a farewell tour of America, before retiring to private life. Already he has played his last performance to London audiences, and thus far in America he has visited New York, Boston and other eastern cities for the last time as an actor. He is just past his sixtieth year, though he looks twenty years younger; he is in the glorious prime of a wonderful career;

he is a force whose importance to the young actor and playwright can scarcely be estimated.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will go down to history as the most notable Hamlet since Booth. Aside from this role, which is his greatest, either his Othello, or his Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" would rank with the greatest Shakespearean performances of all time. Yet



SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

Forbes-Robertson will not be remembered for Shakespearian interpretation alone. Modern plays have inspired some of his best acting. Indeed, he said to me, almost at the beginning of a little talk

which I was privileged to have with him during his last days in Boston, that he felt that the greatest work of an actor lay in portraying the character and life of his own time. "Shakespearian plays always

have an appeal," he said, "and I have found by experience that Shakespearian repertory can be made successful. But the modern playwright must have his chance." Thus the modern dramas included in the budget of plays, carefully selected for the farewell tour, were chosen not to make possible the Shakespearian productions, but to give the present-day writer "his chance." As a matter of fact, the older plays seemed to appeal most strongly to the public. This was forcibly realized by those who were obliged to stand at the back of the theater in order to see "Hamlet," "Othello" or "Merchant of Venice." Seats for these plays had to be ordered weeks ahead, and even standing room was gratefully accepted. In the box-office at the Shubert Theater, where Forbes-Robertson played in Boston, it was said that nothing in the history of the theater had ever so taxed its seating capacity. A bit of sentiment was connected with the great actor's farewell visit to this theater. Several years before, he had presented "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at the Shubert, then a new playhouse, and as a special favor he asked to play his last engagement there. It was an unusual request, and especially gratifying to the associates of this theater.

FIVE plays by modern writers were presented—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Light that Failed," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Mice and Men" and a one-act sketch, "The Sacrament of Judas." The parts played by Forbes-Robertson in these dramas were as widely different as the three roles Hamlet, Othello and Shylock. His acting of each was a superb artistic achievement. In "The Light that Failed" he was the successful young artist Dick Helder, who had to face blindness, the loss of love, fame and all that makes life worth living. In "Mice and Men" he was the bachelor scholar, scientist and philanthropist, Mark Embury, who gave up the girl he loved to a younger man. In "Caesar and Cleopatra" he was the war-like Roman general in his fifty-fourth year, worshipped by the untamed little Egyptian queen, barely sixteen years of age. In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" he was the saintly "Passer-by"

who brought godliness into the jaded atmosphere of a city lodging-house. To all of these roles Forbes-Robertson gave sympathy, scholarship and sincerity—to all, prolonging the alliteration, he gave spirituality.

Forbes-Robertson has many times expressed his views on the value of an actor's training. "It is very well," he says, "to be an artist, a musician, a poet or a philosopher. But, when it comes to a part like Hamlet, this is all no good unless one is an actor as well. I am certain I should never have made any success in it without the groundwork of a hard and sound schooling that my dear old master gave me.

"Perhaps it would be well to emphasize this. Nothing worth doing will ever be done upon our stage if young actors get the idea into their heads that they can rub along without the most thorough and painstaking study and practice—in elocution, in gesture, in all the thousand things that afford the actor his means of expression. You may talk of grace, but it is only the ease that comes after complete competence has been achieved. You may talk of imagination; but what is the use of imagination if you have not trained your physique to express what you imagine? I am happy enough to have been praised for my voice, but every inflection is the result of training."

This training dates from the very beginning of Forbes-Robertson's stage career. The son of an eminent English art critic and journalist, the young man set out to study painting, and in his seventeenth year was admitted to the Royal Academy of Arts, London. He became an actor at his father's instance. W. S. Wills, the author of "Mary Stuart," in talking to the elder Forbes-Robertson of the play, complained about a young actor in one of the smaller roles. "Why not try Johnston?" suggested Forbes-Robertson's father. The young man went into rehearsal, and soon made his first appearance before the footlights.

"It was a terrible night!" he says of his opening. "I shall never forget it. Coming down the rickety, creaking staircase of the old Princess' Theater in London, very nervous about my make-up (the manager had insisted upon having my hair curled), I heard a stage-hand cry out, 'Bill, 'ere



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "DESDEMONA"

comes the ghost of Hamlet's father!' How I ever lived through that night I don't know."

From this part Forbes-Robertson entered the support of Ellen Terry, who was then beginning to star. Subsequently he became associated with Samuel Phelps, the great tragedian, whose pupil he remained for six years. Before his first appearance in America, in 1885, Forbes-Robertson had played with Modjeska, with Wilson Bar-

rett and with Sir Henry Irving. It is interesting to note that Irving commissioned him to paint the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing." The canvas was successfully completed, and now hangs in the Players' Club, New York.

Forbes-Robertson came to America as leading man with Mary Anderson, whom he greatly admired as an actress. In speaking of her, he said, "I do not think the void she left when she retired from the

stage has ever been filled. Miss Anderson was one of the most intelligent and cultured women I ever met. She was always studying. "She was very beautiful and had a most charming personality. Combining so many qualities, her success was not surprising."

Following his next engagement, as leading man for Miss Wallis, at the Shaftesbury Theater, London, Forbes-Robertson appeared with Sir John Hare, Sir Henry Irving and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As early as 1895, he inaugurated his own management, and made his first appearance as "Hamlet." He toured Germany and Holland with this play and others, and upon his return to England produced both Shakespearian and modern drama.

THE marriage of Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, in 1900, was the beginning of an association that has been one of the most delightful in stage history. This charming lady has fulfilled with perfect fitness the duties of leading woman in the theater, and wife and mother in the home. In a word, she has been the perfect companion; and with her youth and beauty, her rare talent and womanly charm, she has contributed no small part to her husband's success. She has accompanied him on his farewell tour, playing the leading feminine parts in the entire repertory. Her Desdemona, Portia and Ophelia have been especially admired by audiences. It is good news to lovers

of the stage that Gertrude Elliott will continue her career even after her husband has said his last farewell before the footlights. It is probable, however, that she will for the most part appear in London productions, where she will be near her husband and their three children.

And what of Forbes-Robertson's future plans? His farewell tour continues this season and next in American cities. His retirement will be followed by a period of rest and perhaps of travel. Then he looks forward to leisure time for his painting, and for closer association with his little girls, all of whom show remarkable talent with the brush. Nor will the theater lose him entirely. He is earnestly interested in the progress of the stage, in the young playwright, in the young actor. He believes firmly in the municipal theater; another project which claims his attention is the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, to be erected in London.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has given forty years of his life to the best interests of the theater. His acting has been witnessed by millions of people, from the orchestra stall to the gallery and pit. And of these millions who have seen him, how few have ever left one of his performances, in whatever part, or whatever play, without a profound respect for the stage and what it stands for? The stage and what it stands for—what a homely but apt figure for Forbes-Robertson himself!

REVERIE

WITH purpling folds night shrouds the weary, toil-worn earth;
Hushed both the wail of sorrow and the chime of mirth;
The fevered eyelids, by the soothing breeze caressed,
With heart and mind yield to the spell of tranquil rest.

In dreamy meditation then how sweet to gaze,
Half hesitant, upon life's varied yesterdays—
To dwell with fond regret alike on joy and care,
To view, 'mid hope and fear, the mystic otherwhere.

—Charles Albert Fuessle.

You Never Can Tell

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

YOU never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend.
Tipped with its poison or balm,
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil.
You may not know, but the tree shall grow,
With shelter for those who toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

From "Poems of Power,"
Published by the W. B. Conkey Co.



NINE NATIONALITIES ATTENDING ONE SCHOOL IN HAWAII
From left to right they stand in the following order (front row): Filipino, Chinese, Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, (back row) Norwegian, German, French

Hawaii, Land of Peace

by Frank S. Scudder

MIDWAY between America and Asia, the Territory of Hawaii stands in a peculiarly favorable location for a meeting-ground of the west and the east, an experiment station for the mingling of the races.

The census of 1910 shows that out of a population of 191,909 there were 21,698 Chinese and 79,663 Japanese. With a vastly predominant foreign population in an area about the size of the state of Massachusetts, it is evident that the experiment of the mingling of the races is here being carried out on a magnificent scale, and the question as to whether the East and the West can successfully inter-

mingle should find in the experience of Hawaii one of its strongest arguments.

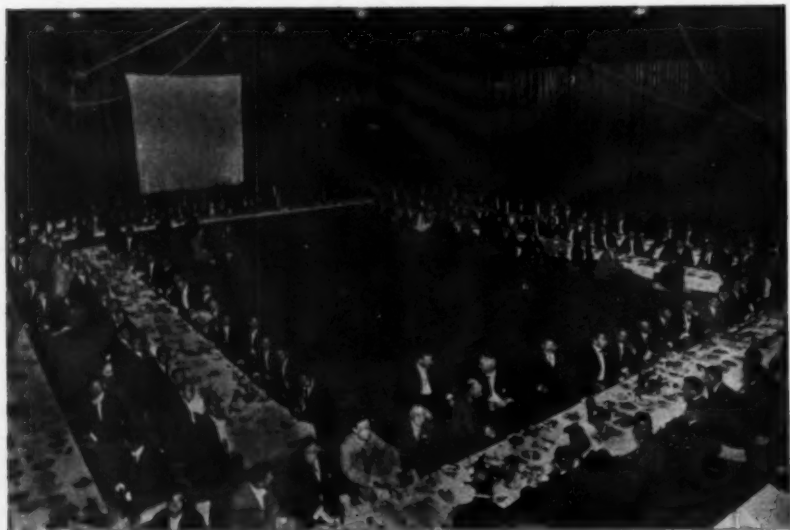
Rumors are sometimes circulated about the menace of the eighty thousand Japanese in the island; for example, that there are thirty-five thousand armed emissaries of the Mikado ready to strike a blow in case of misunderstanding between the nations. This is untrue. Nowhere is there a more peaceable and industrious people than the Japanese of Hawaii. Arms they have—yes, but of flesh, not of steel, and by their brawn they have added greatly to the wealth of Hawaii's industries, while by their genius for landscape gardening they have done much to add to

the scenic charms of this beautiful country. For efficiency in domestic service the homes of the islands are put under daily obligation to them. An incident in 1910 evoked much admiration for their law-abiding disposition; following the lead of a professional agitator the Japanese laborers on the island of Oahu were induced to strike for higher wages. Several thousands of them withdrew from the plantations and were quartered in Honolulu for two months, yet despite all the stress of feeling and argument and financial loss incurred on both sides, there was no boisterous conduct displayed. If ever there was a model strike, this was the occasion.

The celebration of one of our national holidays in Hawaii presents a remarkable picture—a veritable kaleidoscope of humanity. Here are people attired in the costumes of various nations talking together by means of a polyglot vocabulary containing more or less English, helped out by gesticulation; a band composed of Hawaiians led by a German bandmaster, playing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," answered by a Portuguese band rendering "Maryland, My Maryland"; an oration delivered in choice English by a Chinese pupil from one of our public schools, and

the general populace uniting in cheers for America.

It is often objected that the Oriental, desiring only to accumulate a fortune and return to spend it in his native land, will never settle down among us as do the people of other nationalities. In answer to this it is a significant fact that when twenty-six homesteads were recently opened, being the first lot of homesteads offered to Hawaiian-born foreigners, eleven of the applicants were Japanese, an equal number Portuguese, while only four were of other nationalities. As a matter of course, people born in foreign lands tend to return thither. Ignorance of the English language, lack of amusement or diversion leads them, when too old for work on the plantations, to look back with longing eyes to the mother country. But for the children the advantages are all on this side of the ocean. Oriental children are often among the brightest in our schools. English becomes their native language, and they are better fitted to enter social and business life here than in the land of their fathers. For this reason, concern for the welfare of their children tends to bind them more and more closely to America, and self-interest



A JAPANESE FEAST IN HAWAII, ATTENDED BY MANY AMERICANS

makes them realize the importance of maintaining peaceful and friendly relations between the countries. Thus we regard that the eighty thousand Japanese in these islands, instead of being a menace, are exerting a constant influence in behalf of international peace.

WHAT amounts to a Peace measure in Hawaii, however, becomes on the mainland an irritating complication of the labor situation and hence a disturbing factor in international relations, and Japan's attitude of cordial co-operation with the United States in restricting emigration of her subjects to our shores should meet with the high appreciation of the American people. For several years, under the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement," she has so strictly guarded the passport privilege that the number of her subjects on American soil is constantly on the decrease. Even white people in Japan frequently find it impossible to secure a passport for a Japanese maid to accompany them on furlough, though the servant has been in the family for years. Japan should also have our gratitude for the counsels given by her representative men to those of her people who are already within our borders. Visiting statesmen and educators are constantly reminding them of their unique opportunity for service in cementing the historic friendship between the two countries; that such service can be rendered by becoming the best class of immigrants America has known, law-abiding, industrious and loyal to American ideals; that they can best honor their mother country by being valuable to the country to which they have come, by becoming assimilated to its people and bringing up their children as American citizens. As a specimen of such advice we quote from a remarkable address by Hon. A. Hattori, before an audience of a thousand Japanese in Honolulu, on May 13, 1913. Advising his countrymen in Hawaii to secure American citizenship if the way should ever be opened, he said: "Some Japanese think this would be disloyalty to Japan and that they would sacrifice their national individuality by becoming American citizens. On the contrary they would enlarge their national

individuality, becoming in effect world citizens. This need not interfere with loyalty to one's mother country. Mr. Carnegie in becoming an American citizen does not lose his loyalty to Scotland. Did he not give to Scotland the most magnificent of all the libraries he has endowed? Indeed by loyalty to his mother country does not a man prove his fitness for citizenship in a new country? But in case of war, what? What would be the duty of a loyal Japanese in case of war between America and Japan? Let me answer this by an illustration from our own history. The retainer of a Daimyo became the adopted son of the Daimyo of another province by marrying into his family, and

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according to custom assumed allegiance to the new lord. Later on war arose between the two clans. The young Samurai was in a quandary. How could he take up arms against his former lord? How fight his own father? Yet, on the other hand how could he be untrue to his new lord? He fought it out thus: 'To be untrue to my new lord would be an act of treachery unworthy of the respect and name of my former master. I will fight for my present chief and by my valor add to the glory of the Daimyo who trained me in the principles of the samurai.' Japan has ever applauded that hero as true to the spirit of Bushido."

This is not new teaching for the Japanese, though it is a new application of it. It is the time-honored spirit of Bushido—the Way of the Soldier—applied to present-day conditions. Is there any other nation that so sedulously cultivates in its subjects abroad high ideals of world-citizenship as

Japan is doing? And when the chance is given to them they will prove themselves worthy citizens. It becomes us to take note of the ideals of this people, and to observe that complaints against them are often based on fear of their habits of industry and frugality, their thrift and self-respect.

IN Hawaii, confidence in the adaptability of the Oriental for citizenship is not the sentiment of the majority of the American population, but it is the sentiment of a large number of people who come into contact with them industrially, educationally and socially, and thus come to understand them better. This confidence has found expression in a petition recently forwarded to the President of the United States, signed by many persons influential in educational and business circles, who, after specifying grounds therefor, say:

If China, at her present low standard of living, should become a manufacturing nation she could flood our markets with articles at less than their cost of production in America. Sooner or later competition with the East will be forced upon us, and when it comes it is bound to be strenuous. To protect ourselves from disastrous competition with the cheap-living and industrious hordes of the Orient, we must make haste to teach them to want the things we want, to buy the things we produce, until their standard of living is raised approximately to our own. Our industrial salvation depends on our bringing the East, before that time, up to our standard of living so that the Oriental producer will have all he can do to supply the increasing demands of the Oriental consumer.

"Your petitioners, therefore, respectfully pray that the influence of your administration may be thrown in favor of the enactment of such legislation in Congress as may be required to do away with race barriers to naturalization, even while it may increase and add other qualifications necessary to be met prior to admitting any person of any nationality to citizenship under our laws."

The petition advocates, not freer immigration, but one standard for the acquirement of citizenship, preferably more strict in its conditions but open to every man on equal terms.

To persons who have not observed the

intermingling of races on such friendly terms as it exists in Hawaii, this may appear inexplicable, yet it is testimony that calls for recognition and should have weight in considering the problems that are involved in our relations with the Orient. In these days, when all men are beginning to acquire a world-consciousness and the idea of the Brotherhood of Man, to perpetuate discrimination on the ground of race distinction will become more and more a cause of irritation. Japan feels it now. When China awakes to national consciousness, she too will feel it; and either of these nations without going to the inconvenient expense of war, could embarrass us exceedingly if it felt disposed to retaliate. Japan, for instance, might politely decline to continue the expense and trouble of preventing her subjects from emigrating to America. There would be considerable humor in such a retaliation. Or suppose that long-suffering China should carry into effect the threat to boycott American goods. She might know how to be obstinate. These nations may tire of keeping open house to those who taboo them and who show the door to every representative of their race.

IT may be that the Orient will never retaliate, but we cannot escape the oncoming industrial problem. Sooner or later competition with the East will be forced upon us, and when it comes it is bound to be strenuous. To protect ourselves from disastrous competition with the cheap-living and industrious hordes of the Orient, we must make haste to teach them to want the things we want, to buy the things we produce, until their standard of living is raised approximately to our own. If China, at her present low standard of living, should become a manufacturing nation she could flood our markets with articles at less than their cost of production in America. Our industrial salvation depends on our bringing the East, before that time, up to our standard of living so that the Oriental producer will have all he can do to supply the increasing demands of the Oriental consumer.

How is this to be accomplished? In Hawaii the elbow-touch of the races is so

close that we clearly notice the rising standard of living in the Orientals who live among us and easily trace their influence over the people of their native lands. Here there are about twenty thousand Chinese and eighty thousand Japanese. Of these no less than twenty-five thousand, having been born in these islands, are prospective citizens of the United States. On the Pacific coast there are about fifty thousand Chinese and sixty thousand Japanese. These people through contact with us are doing for the Far East what the Crusaders did for the enlightenment and transformation of the West. They have acquired new tastes and a more expensive style of living. Every Oriental returning to his native land becomes a walking advertisement of American standards and a free drummer for American goods. He introduces there new desires in the line of foods and various other articles which can be supplied only by Western producers. His house must be provided with the conveniences he has enjoyed in America. Where he travels he sets the style for all who have the means to imitate him; ten years ago Japanese traveled second class, carried silver watches and wore shoes of Japanese manufacture; today travelers of the same class carry gold watches and wear American made shoes. The rising standard is helped forward by everyone who has come into contact with American life.

Thus, while the man from the far east inevitably disturbs our local industrial conditions, he is nevertheless operating to ameliorate, gradually and naturally, the greater industrial problem that is ahead of us. Nor is his presence among us with-

out its compensations even now. While on the one hand he may lower the standard of wages, on the other hand he furnishes the wage-earner with many articles he could not otherwise afford, and for society at large he cheerfully renders service in positions which others are with difficulty persuaded to enter.

Every new invention causes a disturbance in the industrial situation, and the regrettable thing about it is that it throws some people out of work, causing temporary suffering until society can adjust itself to the change. In its final result it becomes a benefit to all. Similarly, and for much the

The impact of the Orient upon the Occident works present hardship to many, but the issue is unavoidable, inevitable, and the more the spirit of human brotherhood is exercised in the period of transition, the more tolerable will be the present inconvenience and the more speedy the attainment of the final benefit.

same reasons, the impact of the Orient upon the Occident works present hardship to many, but the issue is unavoidable, inevitable, and the more the spirit of human brotherhood is exercised in the period of transition, the more tolerable will be the present inconvenience and the more speedy the attainment of the final benefit.

The Chinese have a saying, "Within the Four Seas all are Brothers."

With its friendly intermingling of many races Hawaii is proving that this ideal is capable of realization. This is her special contribution to the discussion as to what can be done when East meets West.

Fortunes of arms may change from hour to hour,
And a wise warrior ne'er will scorn his foe
Not helpless against empery of right
Has nature left the weak; she giveth craft
And pleasure in its use. She teacheth arts—
To seem to yield, delay, and circumvent;
Brute force deserves to have such weapons used.

—Goethe.

The Dream of the Cross*

By RUSSELL KELSO CARTER

THE Kingdom of Sound gave up its mysteries. I dreamed of notes and chords, of dissonance, of melody and harmony, of progression and resolution; but there was no joy in harmony alone, no pleasure in endless melody, no perfection in sweetened cadences. Discord was needed, absolutely. After the rounded harmony, the crashing storm of conflicting sounds prepared the way for the development of new combinations, and ushered in the outbursting magnificence of a mighty chorus. But always accord and discord went hand in hand.

THE Kingdom of Color opened before my vision. I saw lines and forms, plan and drawing, light and shade. Seven colors mingled in the white; combinations that were endless presented their varied beauties. But I saw that the picture which was all high lights was naught; without contrast there was no color. Shadows were needed, absolutely.

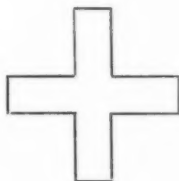
THE Kingdom of Mechanical Force bewildered my gaze. I saw rod and bar, wheel and spring, crank and valve, applied power and resistance. If there were no friction, there was no motion; and motion that was always straight was worse than useless. Power, to be effective, must be under control, and friction controlled power.

I TURNED to the Kingdom of Nature and scanned the heavens. I traced the devious course of the comets, mapped out the planetary orbits, studied mighty suns, double and triple stars, and all the wonders of the spheres. But everywhere motion was bent by opposition; the centripetal drew

* This interpretation of the sign of the cross was especially prepared by Dr. Carter for the Easter National. It is the result of an inspired thought, and carries with it a beautiful message for the Easter-tide.

toward the center, while the centrifugal impelled away from the center. One was needed quite as much as the other. Slowly the Plan dawned upon my mind.

I TURNED to the Moral Spiritual Kingdoms, and therein I saw good and evil, drawing to the center and impelling away. What had seemed a hopeless contradiction began to take formative shape. Two paths, like giant bars, straight as arrows, lay before me. Glancing along one path or bar I saw all good, all fruit, all truth. Gazing along the other, I saw all bad, all sin, all pain. An Almighty Grasp seized both and turned one athwart the other, and immediately I occupied a Point Of View, a vantage ground, whence both could be seen at once. The one path or bar traverses the other, and we have The



FROM the Cross we welcome harmony and melody, but also clash and discord. From The Cross we see light and color, but also shadow and gloom. From The Cross we behold a mighty marching Force in the Creation; mighty because opposed, marching because hindered, accomplishing because contending. From The Cross Victory means Battle, Triumph signifies Struggle, Conquest suggest Defeat. Joy implies Sorrow. Pleasure indicates Pain.

WELCOME suffering! Beyond is release. Welcome toil! Beyond is rest. Welcome the smoke of battle! Beyond, from that smoke, behold the white wings of peace. Amid the crash of worlds is heard the music of the spheres. The morning stars sing together. The Cross—The Opposition Of Forces—The Plan Of The Universe.

Who will essay to better it?

The Lard Man's Daughter

The story of "Jim's Marriage," a wholesome, human comedy of American family life, in which the daughter of a Western "Lard King" marries the son of an eastern aristocrat, and by her own charm and her father's common-sense teaching, brings harmony into a home of discord

BREAKFAST in the Ellerby family was always a pitched battle. The Ellerby sisters, Miss Angelica and Mrs. Lawton, quarreled first with their brother Thornton; when he fled they turned upon each other, only to attack later with increased sharpness their elder brother Bushrod, who was left to finish the quarrel when their mother came down. A pleasant scene over a well-ordered breakfast table! One hardly knew which to blame most, or to pity most, for they all seemed able to hold their own—even to the helpless little mother, who always sought refuge behind her tears and years.

Was ever a family so miscast? Mrs. Ellerby had never been fitted to "manage" either a family or its finances; Miss Angelica should not have become a faded spinster, with a fancy for dog hospitals, and Mrs. Lawton—the divorced Catherine Ellerby and the family "bully"—might have converted her bullying into worthy channels. Even Dorothea, the youngest sister, now happily married to wealthy Tom Fosdick, used the popular family weapons when she came home for a visit.

Of the Ellerby boys, young Thornton found diversion from the grind of his law office training in questionable celebrations at the Country Club or worse resorts; and Bushrod, the manly elder brother and head of the family, was not without his faults. He had a fondness for paying

court to the fair sex, and his sister Angelica used to prophesy: "If he goes on kissing strange women he will get in trouble some day."

Mrs. Lawton saw the truth of that prediction when the morning's mail arrived with a letter from their sister Dorothea. She devoted several pages to enthusiastic descriptions of Jemima Manson, the famous Lard King's only daughter and heiress, who Dorothea declared, "is deeply in love with brother Bushrod." The irrepressible Dot further wrote that she was bringing Miss Manson to call on the family. Little Mrs. Ellerby, left alone with her son, attempted to find out how far the affair had gone.

MRS. ELLERBY. Bush, Dorothea wrote me that she had such a pleasant time on Long Island.

ELLERBY (without looking off his paper). Um—

MRS. ELLERBY. She says that she met such an attractive girl—everyone is charmed with her. (Slight pause. He pays no attention). Her name is Miss Manson. (He continues absorbed in his reading. After another pause she continues). Dorothea said that you knew her.

ELLERBY (indifferently and without raising his eyes from the paper). Oh, yes, I know her. She is on all the fences.

MRS. ELLERBY (shocked). An actress!

ELLERBY. No—Manson's Lard; "This size one dollar."

MRS. ELLERBY (reaches out and lays her hand on his arm). Oh, I am so glad.

ELLERBY (surprised). What is the matter?

MRS. ELLERBY (in obvious relief and delight). Because I know that you would not speak like that of a lady you thought of courting.

ELLERBY (laughs heartily). Oh, mother! MRS. ELLERBY. Of course I want you to marry, Bush—of course. But I want you to marry a lady.

ELLERBY (laughs again more quietly). Mother, you are old-fashioned. We have only women nowadays, and they resent being called ladies.

MRS. ELLERBY. I can't understand these Northern people—

ELLERBY (laughing heartily again, with whimsical affection). Little Southerner, you belong "befo' the war." But make your mind easy. I care not for ladies whose family names are on fences. (Seriously). Though that is unjust to the girl. I liked her. She is the breezy, open-air kind, and has a sense of humor. I showed her over the jumps at Meadowbrook, or rather started to, but she showed me. However, rest easy, for I am not in love with her and never shall be.

BUSHROD is called to interview two men and after helping his mother to her room he calls in his younger brother, while Jackson, the proprietor of a saloon and gambling resort, and his bartender, Oss, join them. Jackson holds a check for \$500, signed by Thornton, Ellerby, which he claims to be a forgery of Mrs. Ellerby's name. The boy owed him that amount for liquor and card debts, and admits that he must have signed the check while intoxicated. Jackson demands five thousand dollars to hush the matter up, and gives Bushrod a few hours to arrange payment. The Ellerbys are heavily indebted at the banks, and Bushrod is almost in despair when his sister Dorothea bursts in. She and her husband and Miss Manson have just come from an automobile race. She informally presents the heiress to her mother.

DOROTHEA. Mother, this is Jim. (Mrs. Ellerby, much bewildered by the masculine name, holds out welcoming hands).

JIM (cordially, but not without a touch of self-conscious shyness). The rest of my name is Manson, Mrs. Ellerby—Jemima Manson, but the Jemima is a deep secret, never to be mentioned. (She shakes hands with Mrs. Ellerby.)

DOROTHEA. And Bush—I think you know Bush—(Jim looks at him, but does not say a word).

ELLERBY (goes to her and speaks in a low voice that bespeaks former acquaintance of a more than casual character). I hope my face is familiar. (Takes her hand).

JIM (with a half smile). Yes. (Ellerby remains near her).

MRS. ELLERBY. What are you people doing up so early? It must have been hours since you left the Wilkes'.

DOROTHEA. Three o'clock this morning. (Mrs. Ellerby gasps astonishment).

JIM. The automobile race, Mrs. Ellerby. Tom took us. Oh, it was marvelous! I shall never forget it.

ELLERBY. Who won?

JIM AND DOROTHEA. A dear little Frenchman.

ELLERBY. What car?

JIM AND DOROTHEA (to each other). What was the name of the car?

FOSDICK (from outside). Hurry up, girls! I tell you the motor is getting cold. In the devil's name, hurry up those girls, Bush!

DOROTHEA (leaning out the window). We will come when we get damn good and ready. (Closes the window).

MRS. ELLERBY (shocked immeasurably). Oh—! (drops her shawl. Ellerby restores it).

JIM. Don't be shocked, Mrs. Ellerby. She is curing her husband of swearing. Every time he says anything, she says the same, only worse. I cured my father that way.

BRIDGET (appearing in the door down left). Mother most blessed! It's the baby! (strides toward Dorothea).

DOROTHEA. Hello, Bridget. (Bridget engulfs her in huge arms). Are you married yet?

BRIDGET. Go 'long with you, darlin'. How could Bridget and Nora git married and leave the poor lady, your mother. Come, me joy, 'tis old Nora will be crazy to see you. (She bears away Dorothea to the pantry door).

MRS. ELLERBY (who has been standing at the window bowing and bobbing to her son-in-law outside, now turns in alarm). Dorothea, you must go. He is shaking his fist. (She sees with astonishment that Dorothea has disappeared.)

ELLERBY. She is in the kitchen, mother. (To Jim, smiling) Our servants have been with us for thirty years—that is, two of them, Bridget and Nora.

MRS. ELLERBY. But she must go (peeks out the window). Tom's mother told me that Tom must never be crossed because of his heart—and he is so dreadfully excitable.

JIM (expostulating). His heart! Why, Tom is one of the best athletes I ever saw.

MRS. ELLERBY. I know, but his mother says that he must never be crossed. When he was a baby he used to stop his breath when he was crossed, and she has always been afraid he would do it again. Excuse me. Dorothea must come. (She flutters out into the region of the kitchen). (Left alone, Ellerby and Jim look at each other for a few seconds of silence, then he exhibits just the slightest touch of puzzled uneasiness).

JIM. You see, I followed you. Do you think you should have made me do that? (She looks at him frankly, but there is some-

thing restrained and shy in her smile. Ellerby is utterly bewildered at the intimacy of her manner, for he had regarded their previous acquaintance as the most trifling flirtation, the amusement of an hour. He becomes obviously embarrassed, but this only leads her on.) You have your pride, I know, but you are merciless in it—so much so that you allow me none.

ELLERBY (looks at her a long time, then takes a step nearer and says in a low voice, slowly). I do not understand.

JIM. But I do. I knew it when I found you had gone that morning (hesitates, then changes the form of her statement). You are letting my wretched money be a bar between us. (Instantly as she says this, Ellerby sees the vision of escape from the disaster threatening the family, but almost as instantly dismisses it. He appears utterly bewildered, while the girl, studying his face and mistaking its expression for embarrassment, lets a whimsical tenderness appear in her own eyes and voice). But I knew—I saw that night—when you—kissed me, dear. (Ellerby is like one dumb, with dry lips and throat, too overwhelmed at the situation to find suitable words to say to her. There is misery in his heart, and it shows in his face, which drives the girl on to show him unmistakably the state of her own feelings. She moves near to him). That is why you went away, isn't it? Your sister says it was—and I—I thought so too—and that is why I came. My happiness is worth some sacrifice, if yours is not.

ELLERBY (in a voice husky and barely audible). I have never posed as a—fortune hunter—

DOROTHEA (bursting in through the pantry door). Get me some brandy! Tom drank it all up. (Ellerby goes to the closet down right. When Ellerby's back is turned, Dorothea hisses in Jim's ear). Did he do it?

JIM (hisses back furiously). He is going to. Will you get out! (Without waiting for the brandy Dorothea flees precipitately back to the region of the kitchen. Ellerby comes back with a brown quart bottle and looks rather bewildered at not seeing his sister. Jim speaks softly as if there had been no interruption). You were saying?—(Ellerby hesitates. He has forgotten what he was saying. She repeats with the suspicion of annoyance in her tone) You were saying that you never posed as a fortune hunter. That is why you went away, I suppose—which shows, Bush Ellerby what a fool you are. Just because of your nasty pride I have to do the disgraceful thing of racing after the man who has told me he loves me to find out if he meant it. Oh, if you did not mean it, say so, and I will go away. It makes no difference to me what you meant, anyway!

ELLERBY. I realized that I must seem like all the rest who have been after you—How could I know that you cared for me—Jim?

JIM. How could you know? Because I

let you kiss me—that's why. When a man tells me he loves me and kisses me, and I let him—let him—let him—do you suppose it—that I—(he tries to embrace her). Stop! You shall not kiss me—Bush! Not with the brandy bottle in your hand!—I won't have you anyway—(the bottle falls to the floor and rolls on the thick rug). I will not—You are such a fool!

ELLERBY (with genuine feeling). Then have pity on a fool! (he takes her in his arms and kisses her. At first she resists, then gradually yields and meets his lips. There is now genuine feeling in Ellerby's caress. The auto horn outside begins to honk savagely. They pay no attention. Mrs. Ellerby re-enters from down left, followed by Dorothea, and immediately behind Dorothea, Bridget looms into view).

MRS. ELLERBY (astonished at the sight that meets her eyes). Oh—Bush!

ELLERBY (releasing Jim from his embrace, but retaining her hand). Mother, this is my—promised wife.

Mrs. Ellerby is overwhelmed but offers her congratulations, in which the rest of the family join. Fosdick hurries the two girls off, and when Bush is left alone again, he telephones Jackson.

ELLERBY (lowers his voice). Jackson, I want you to take my note for three months with interest for that money. I shall be in need of all the money I can use till then. Just one moment. I am going to be married to Miss Manson. You have heard of her father, the head of the—Yes, I thought you did. That's the one, Manson's Lard.

THREE months later, Jim is found living with the Ellerbys, awaiting the completion of her own home. She tries to become part of the family and remains bright and cheerful, though snubbed by Mrs. Lawton and treated by the others somewhat as an outsider. Young Thornton, however, has become her warm friend, and to his question, "How can you stand us?" she answers warmly: "Because I happen to love my husband, and I simply adore your mother, and because I have always wanted a younger brother, and I think that some day you will be that to me—and because, whatever you all are, you are not hypocrites."

Jim is really working wonders with young Thornton, and has also won her way into her mother-in-law's heart. When her husband comes home, this tender scene takes place as they talk over the plans for their new home.

JIM (leading him to the architectural plans on the table and pointing to a particular spot). Do you see that window?

ELLERBY. Yes.

JIM. That is our room, the one that looks down the valley toward the sunset. We are going to stand there, you and I, year in and year out. It was at sunset that I met you. Do you remember?

ELLERBY (bending over the plan and not looking at her, he speaks slowly, recalling now with deep feeling the scene that had meant little to him then). Yes, we were all about the fire in the big hall. They were telling me of the girl who had ridden so well to hounds that day. Then—every dog about that fireplace suddenly rushed and cast itself upon someone (raises his head and looks at her). Then you laughed, and I saw you standing there in the open doorway with the sunset behind you. You were just from the saddle, and the mud was on your boots and your skirt, and yet—you seemed the cleanest thing I had ever looked at—

JIM. Stop it! You stop at once, Bushrod Ellerby. You have no business to be so insidiously perfect in your love making.

ELLERBY (with wide-eyed surprise). I? Why, Jim, I wasn't making love—I was just telling you an ordinary thing that I remembered (vaguely bewildered, manlike, he changes the subject). I shall be glad when this house is done, and you will not have to put up with all the annoyances and inconveniences here.

JIM. What annoyances and inconveniences?

ELLERBY. You are used to the perfect machinery of a big house—footmen, servants of all kinds. Here your poor maid is not even able to have a cup of tea without an explosion. And then (hesitates)—

JIM. And then?

ELLERBY. Well—er—

JIM. Well, er—Catherine—Mrs. Lawton?

ELLERBY. I hope she has not been insulting you.

JIM. My boy, don't look like that. If there is one thing you have got to learn it is that I am not afraid of glares. I love you to glare—it seems more like being married. Yes, smile, but I mean it. That everlasting attitude of gentle consideration to which you have treated me since we were married is getting on my nerves, because I know that it is too perfect for a mere man. And I also know that you can row. I just hate to think of what happened when Mrs. Lawton was told you were going to marry me. (Her slow amused smile breaks into a little laugh).

ELLERBY (seriously). Still, Jim, I will not have you made uncomfortable.

JIM. Uncomfortable, my dear man? This is the first comfortable day I have had in this house.

ELLERBY. What!

JIM. Yes, I had a lovely row with Catherine, and I am going to have another, a bigger one.

ELLERBY. Shall I say that I am growing alarmed at your idea of happiness?

JIM. You will say what you please. Now, sire, my husband and lord, tell me what worries you? Is it—me? Because if it is, I'll stop it—perhaps.

ELLERBY. It is not you, Jim.

JIM. Then what is it? (Very delicately) Money?

ELLERBY (sets his lips and battles with himself). No! It is only a business worry—which I have been able to arrange (adds hoarsely) or at least I am sure I can.

JIM. Then that ends it. If I can help you, say so. If I can't, don't. I hate a female Paul Pry.

ELLERBY. Oh, that doesn't bother me—I mean the business annoyance (he hesitates and halts in his speech, all his suave self-possession gone). I want you to know and remember always that—that—I wonder (he looks at her, his face drawn and miserable). I wonder if you know what kind of a man I was before you met me?

JIM. I know that if the Lord had wanted only angels he would not have made Adam—if that is what you mean (soberly). Dear, I can forgive anything I think, except—

ELLERBY. Except what?

JIM. Something of which you could never be guilty.

ELLERBY. And what is that?

JIM. Of taking from a woman her honor, when, understand me, it really means honor to her. Or for a man to sell his own. I could not forgive that. More than the woman that sells herself, I hate, loathe, and despise the man who does. You know the kind of man I mean. He has always been my fear. I loved you from the very first moment I saw you because there was no mistaking your manhood, your honor. Why, your pride was so high you forced me to woo you, and I am not ashamed of it.

The force of this statement to Bushrod, whose conscience is heavy, makes him feel utterly wretched. He can say nothing.

LATER in the evening Jackson comes again, to try his hand at blackmailing Bushrod into paying the full amount of his indebtedness, which is divided up into notes. He hints that Bushrod might use his wife's money, but is immediately silenced. "Not one cent from my wife's money," says the young man coldly. "Is that clear?" Jackson sullenly retires, making the demand that Thornton remain in town until the last cent is paid. Meanwhile Jim, who knows nothing of Jackson, is making other plans for her young brother-in-law. She secretly packs him off to the West, where her father is work-

ing on a great truck farm project. There he will have work to interest him, but one thing Jim foresees—"What a lovely row I am going to have with Catherine!"

She has not long to wait. At this last blow, Mrs. Lawton feeling that mother, sisters and brothers have turned against her for Jim, she breaks out furiously:

MRS. LAWTON. Well! I perceive this family is acting just like any other when somebody marries—(does not finish her statement).

JIM (good-naturedly). Marries money? I can't agree with you. If there is one thing they do not act like, it is that. But then, you see, nobody here has married for money. (Mrs. Lawton stares at her incredulously). Then you wonder why your brother did marry such an utterly unattractive and common person? Come, you must admit that once in a while my kind does get married.

MRS. LAWTON. I consider that remark vulgar. Well, I have always said—

JIM. Please don't. I always dislike people to tell me before my face what they should say behind my back. I'm glad I did as it gives me the right to tell you what I think of you. Mrs. Lawton, you are a bully, and because no one has knocked you down you think everyone is afraid to stand up to you.

MRS. LAWTON. I'm not surprised that he deceived you. A great many women have mistaken the fact that he kissed them the first time he met them for the fact that he was in love with them. He always said, you know, that no introduction was complete without a kiss.

JIM. Mrs. Lawton, don't let the fact that you were successful in breaking up your own home encourage you to try your hand on mine. You are not dealing with a man who is scared to death, but with a woman who is not in the least afraid of you.

MRS. LAWTON. But I must say I was surprised when I heard of the engagement. Only that morning he said that he did not care for a girl whose name was on all the fences.

JIM. Needless to say, I don't believe you. I know the man you are talking about much better than you do.

MRS. LAWTON. He always said that he who kissed and ran away would last to kiss another day. But he got caught as I always told him he would. You know they used to say that of him.

JIM. You stop right there! Listen to me, Mrs. Lawton! You have gone through life abusing and insulting men. But there is one you will no longer abuse and insult, and that is Bushrod Ellerby. He is not a lone defenceless man any longer.

MRS. LAWTON. I have said to my mother that I was glad my brother was treating you with proper consideration, but I did not expect it when I heard what he said of

you when he came home after meeting you on Long Island.

JIM (calmly). I am not interested, Mrs. Lawton, because I do not consider that you are in the frame of mind toward me which makes your repetition of what you understood him to say of any interest to me.

MRS. LAWTON. I see that this family has yielded to influence which it is better not to name. I am a woman of strict moral principle, and anybody who deviates in the slightest degree from what I consider a moral principle I shut out of my life. Therefore, I am proud to say that from now on in this family—from now on—I am the outsider. (Exits and slams door).

A man is announced with a message for Jim from her husband. It proves to be Jackson.

JIM. You have a message for me?

JACKSON. Yes, lady.

JIM. Well?

JACKSON (looks at Bridget). Could I see you more private, lady? (Jim hesitates, looks at him, then indicates to Bridget to go.) Mr. Bush is not at home? (He approaches nearer.)

JIM (coldly). The maid misunderstood you. She thought you said you had a message from Mr. Ellerby. You doubtless told her it was for him (she sweeps behind him and over to the bell in the right wall).

JACKSON (understanding her action). Just a minute, lady. It is you I want to see.

JIM (keeps her hand over the bell, but does not ring). Well?

JACKSON (hesitates). Is this room private?

JIM (commandingly). Give me Mr. Ellerby's message at once.

JACKSON (looks at her a moment, then opens his coat and takes from his pocket a large wallet, from which he takes a piece of paper which he hands to her). His note of hand for five thousand dollars.

JIM (studies the piece of paper, then looks at the man. The truth comes to her that her husband is in this man's power and that the man is without scruple, and from this moment she is on her guard, a self-possessed woman, to do what she can for the man she loves—even though she realizes she hasn't his confidence. She speaks in a cold, level tone, moving away from the bell). Mr. Ellerby did not send you with this.

JACKSON. No, lady. But it was the only way I could think of to get to you. He ain't been treating me right. He didn't keep a promise he give me about someone, an' I ain't goin' to stand for it.—An' I guess you know that I got him where I want him or I wouldn't have that. (points to the note in his hand). Just a minute before you ring that bell. Things is goin' to begin that can't be stopped if you t'rew me out of this house. I'll drag this family in the dirt—I can do it—an' I will do it, if I don't get me rights.

JIM. Change your tone at once. I am not accustomed to insolence, nor will I tolerate it!

JACKSON. I ain't meanin' no offense, lady. But I seen my lawyer an' he tells me all I gotta do is to walk down town an' swear out a warrant. I'd be sorry to see Mr. Bush in trouble, right in this town, too, where everybody knows him.

JIM. Has Mr. Ellerby refused to pay?

JACKSON. No, ma'am. He was stallin' me along, offerin' me half his salary. But, lady, that wasn't the agreement when he give me the note. He told he would pay when he give it to me, else I'd never have trusted him. The whole town knew that the family was on its last legs. I never would have taken his note if he hadn't telephoned me he was goin' to marry you. I ain't lyin', lady, honest, I ain't. Do you think a man like me would take a note of hand from him for a big sum like that without a reason? You see (he points to the note which she holds mechanically by her side) it's dated on the very day the engagement was announced. (Her fingers loosen and the slip of paper flutters to the floor. Jackson picks it up quickly and holds it out to her). Look at it, lady. (She does not look—her eyes are fixed on him like a person in a trance or stunned). You were here that day, an' he told the family he was goin' to marry you. I had it from the coachman who had it from Bridget. He told me himself that morning over the telephone, and I found out if it was so, before I took his note that night. See, lady, see. There is the date in his own handwritin' to prove it. And here—(takes out a small sealed envelope) here is what he was payin' for, an' what's gotta be paid for, five thousand dollars, or I put it in the hands of the police. Want to see it, lady?

JIM (in a voice like ice). Put that on the table. (He obeys her and puts both note and envelope on the large table near where he stands). I will pay my husband's note. Wait here.

WHILE Jim is out of the room, Bushrod enters. He has an instinctive fear that something has happened. "Have you seen Mrs. Ellerby?" he demands.

JACKSON (in eager propitiation). Yes, Mr. Bush, an' it's all right, Mr. Bush. See here, she's a lady, she is, an' she promised to pay just as soon as she found out I never would have trusted you if you hadn't told me you was goin' to marry such a rich and lovely—

Bushrod loses all power of restraint, and the two men are struggling when Jim enters, check in hand. The men stop. Jim quietly hands the check to Jackson and bids him go. She puts the promissory note on the mantel, saying to her husband, "That is yours."

BUSH (taking note). Yes, it's mine, and I gave it to protect the honor of the family—and it would have been paid for, with my money, if you hadn't interfered. Why did you?

JIM. Look at the date of the note. You went direct from me to him. That's why you married me. I, too, am a sacrifice to the honor of the family.

BUSH. I don't deny it, but—

JIM. Because you can't. Why should you bother to consider a girl whose name was on all the fences?

BUSH. Jim, if you'd just listen to me.

JIM. I've done that once too often. Never again. You've fooled and fooled and fooled me. But then you had so much experience with women. Kissing them and running away. Fool that I was—fool—

BUSH. If I could only make you understand. I'm not clever, Jim, with you. If I were I could lie out of this. I swear to God I tell you the truth.

JIM. There is the truth (strikes the note). There it is and that is enough. I won't have a word. Now that I know what kind of a man you are, I don't blame you.

BUSH (whispers). Jim!

JIM (moving away and not looking at him). It was my mistake. To save yourself must have been irresistible.

ELLERBY. To save myself? Jim—at least believe that I did not do it to save myself. It was for the boy—and mother. In one of his alcoholic trances he forged or was made to forge a check.

JIM. Please spare us both. Do not explain.

ELLERBY. I can't let you believe that I would use you to save myself!

JIM. Please let the matter drop. It is finished for both of us.

ELLERBY. It is not finished while you believe me a dishonored liar.

JIM. You cannot control what I believe.

ELLERBY. You are quite right. I am not entitled to make any defence.

JIM. But it is still necessary to understand each other, in order that you may never be tempted to think you can change my opinion of you. I have said I do not blame you for taking advantage of my mistake the day I offered to marry you, because you could not help doing what your kind of a man does when a girl shows him that he has succeeded in making a fool of her. I don't know why I should have been such a fool. I was no unsophisticated girl who had never seen a man. But then, you were rather original, don't you think? That withdrawal next day after our first meeting—that showed quite a knowledge of the way to woo an heiress. I don't mean to be harsh. After all there was no reason why I, without birth or beauty, should prove an exception to the fate which always threatens a woman with money.

ELLERBY. What do you wish me to do? Free you?

JIM. You can't free me. (A flash of hope

appears for an instant in his face). Don't mistake me when I say that, but try to understand. That is the only kindness you can show me now. I am the daughter of a man to whom you and yours would refuse the name of gentleman, but he is a man of honor. He went absolutely to ruin once because his word, though gotten from him by trick, was still his word. I have given my word, and do not think I am emotional when I say I have given it, not alone to you, but to God. I come of a class that has found faith a necessity, and if I had it not, I would still be wise enough to realize that by selfishly freeing herself a woman may be preparing unhappiness for others. I am too proud to blazon the fact to the world that I have been a fool, and have only the fool's refuge.

ELLERBY. What do you wish to do?

JIM. I want your name. It will at least protect me from others. I will live in the same house with you, but never as your wife from this moment. You may order your life as you see fit. I will try to make the best of mine. I know that your traditions will prevent you from any outward affront to me as a woman or as your wife. That is all I ask of you. And in return you will find that I am not ungenerous. I will divide with you the money for which you married me.

ELLERBY. In other words, you will make of me your paid husband?

JIM. The term is yours, not mine.

ELLERBY. But that is what you would make of me.

JIM. The low creature who was in this room just now is a better man than you. His game at least takes courage. What courage did it take to play yours? To make a girl sell herself—a girl who believed in you because that art was so perfect that she thought it honesty. Yes, you made me sell myself. And you sold yourself, too. And we are tied together now in a bargain that can't be broken. Do you think that a divorce would free me? I'm tied to you—to the memory of your kisses, of the touch of your hands, of all the perfect, skillful loving that my money paid for!

ELLERBY. Jim!—(His hand goes out to her).

JIM. Don't touch me! If you are ever tempted to touch me again, remember I am thinking of the other times you have done so, and that memory defiles me, because the touch of your hands and your lips was paid for!

ELLERBY. You are right. They were paid for. But not in the way you think. I did marry you for your money. You may think that I needed it to cover a felony if you please. I refuse to defend myself. I had lived as men live, thought as they think, but it seemed to me when I put my arms about you that I shut out the old life, the old

thoughts. I said to myself, here is another life, a fresh one, and please God, you and I shall live it as He meant it to be lived—when he made mothers—You say that I have been paid, and so I have, in shame for the trick I played on the woman I love!

But Jim has been too cruelly hurt even to know what her husband is saying, and the scene closes upon a complete estrangement.

Jim makes her plans to go to London, but before leaving she and Angelica make a visit to the unfinished house which she and Bushrod were to have lived in as their home. The young Fosdicks are there, trying to bring about a reconciliation—in fact, there is real sorrow in the entire Ellerby family, even including Mrs. Lawton, over Jim's unhappiness and departure.

Angelica has a letter from Thornton, who is doing splendidly in the West, in which he begs her to explain to Jim all the circumstances of the forged check. Jim's pride, however, is firm; she was deceived by Bushrod—"fooled," as she bitterly reiterates. All her love for her husband, she declares, has turned to complete indifference.

The scene is strained and one by one the others wander off among the grounds, while Jim talks to Angelica, who suddenly notices her brother Bushrod mounting through an opening, and makes a hurried exit. Husband and wife stare at each other for a moment, then the light of understanding and forgiveness emblazons Jim's eyes. She takes a step toward Bushrod. "Can you ever forgive me?" she begs.

* * *

So the lard king's daughter ended as she began—noble in her generosity and consideration for others, splendid in her complete womanliness.

"Jim's Marriage" was written by Forrest Halsey and Olive Porter, and produced by William A. Brady as a vehicle for Miss Grace George, who in private life is Mrs. Brady. "Jim," as Miss George portrayed her, is a character never to be forgotten. If there were only in real life a thousand prototypes of "The Lard Man's Daughter!"

A Coat Tale

62

LOLA FISHER

This amusing skit was written a few years ago when its young author was a freshman in high school. Miss Fisher is now one of the most successful ingenues on the American stage, but spends her time outside the theatre in work on short stories, poems and painting

WHEN Biddle and the Colonel finally emerged from the bright cafe into the cold, dark, outer world, the hands of the corner drug store clock pointed half way between two and three. Smiling vaguely, and babbling fat nothings to himself, Biddle allowed the Colonel's protecting arm to steer him clear of lamp-posts and culverts that loomed up in the path to the cab-stand.

"For he'sh a jolly g-good f-fellow!" hiccupped Biddle in a husky tenor and affectionately patted his comrade's arm as he hoisted him into the swaying taxi. The tuneless spasm was emphatically repeated, until it seemed to echo down the dark street after they had departed,—
"a jolly g-good f-fellow!"

Henry Nathaniel Biddle, President of the Biddle Button Manufacturing Company, awoke with a start. His fat little eyes blinked stupidly at the flood of golden afternoon sunshine streaming through the window, illuminating the disorderly room.

Finally his dull gaze rested inquiringly on the chandelier. "Who the devil hung my trousers up there?" and over on the dressing table, mid a glitter of silver and glass, stood one lonely muddy shoe! He tried to sit up and figure it out, but his head felt large and queer, so with a dizzy, sigh, he sank heavily back on his pillow and drifted into blissful unconsciousness.

When he again oped his blinking orbs,

the yellow sunlight still filled the room, but his garments were carefully placed across a chair, and, bless him, if there weren't his shoes, side by side on the soft, green rug, shinningly clean! Surely it must have been a nasty dream,—that vision of vulgar disorder! He pressed both pudgy hands to his buzzing head and tried to remember.

M-m-m-let's see,—ah—ah—yes! He and the Colonel had gone to the show together, and then, after the last curtain had shut out the brilliant grand finale on "The Girl from Spain" came the inevitable invitation to have a little supper. Then,—oh, then there were lights, and folks, and music, and tangoing, and much laughter, and a little bubble water, of course, and after that,—well, after that things were blissfully vague. But what did it matter! He was comfortably in bed at home with several perfect hours of indolence before him! Even if it was as late as ten o'clock, he still would have ample time to take forty winks, a good stretch, then a cold tub, dress, breakfast, and arrive at the office in good time for the big discussion.

His dreamy reverie was broken by the turning of the door-knob, and he looked up to see two bright, incredulous eyes gazing at him from under a crown of smooth, brown hair. Then a trim figure in becoming blue entered firmly. There was a freshness, a briskness about her, that his laziness resented.

The crown was slightly streaked with gray, and her pleasant eyes matched her gown. There was a sarcastic little light in them now, as she said:

"If you're quite rested, Henry, it might interest you to know that it is after three."

Did it interest him? His jaw dropped in undisguised amazement, as he sat up and stared pop-eyed at his wife. After seven seconds, he shut his mouth, swallowed quickly, and began in little gasps, "Great Scott!—important meeting—must be there—committee—half past three—," and drew a fat, trembling hand across his perspiring brow.

Although it sounded rather mysterious to Mrs. Biddle, that keen little person grasped enough of the jumble to understand without demanding further explanation and hurried from the room with this parting encouragement called back over her pretty, plump shoulder:

"If you hurry you'll be only a trifle late. I'll have Fannie get some breakfast for you. Your hat and cravanette are in the lower hall."

Then the door clicked, and simultaneously Biddle, regardless of his bulky head, bounced from bed like a rubber-ball. His toilet showed extreme lack of respect for exertion. The lightning change would have made any first lady of the chorus green with envy.

Only a few precious moments had elapsed when Mrs. Biddle helped her panting husband into his cravanette. This done, she handed him his derby, and opened the door, anxious to see him on his way.

But a sudden pause had come in the rush of things, for there stood the button king with the blankest of blank expressions on his ample countenance, and wildly clutching at the inside breast-pocket of his coat where an important document *should* have been. What he *did* find there, in his mad search, and pull slowly forth, was a wonderful scarlet hose, silk in texture, and long and shapely as to proportion! Mrs. Biddle's horrified blue eyes expressed much, but before she could summon her speech the agitated Henry forestalled her by yelping, "Great Caesar, I've got the wrong coat!" and held out a handful of tobacco and withered violets which he had scooped from one of the outer pockets.

Then followed a rapid inspection of the coat in hopes of finding some clew as to the merry owner, but they were doomed to disappointment. Suddenly, cunning inspiration gleamed in Biddle's beady eyes.

"Where's Betty?" he inquired, dangerously calm.

"Why, in her room, I believe, writing letters," his wife replied. Then she added rather nervously:

"I'm sure I don't see what Betty could know of this, but I'll call her."

Biddle succeeded in frowning quite fiercely at his young and extremely pretty daughter, as she smilingly and daintily descended the stairs, but stopped surprised at her father's dark scowl.

"Why, Dad, what's happened? You look so ruffled!" Mrs. Biddle forestalled her husband by hurriedly explaining:

"My dear, your father is late for an important meeting, and at the last moment is further delayed by the discovery that this is someone else's coat; while his own, containing a valuable letter, is missing. He seems to think you can—" But with an elaborate clearing of his throat and contracting of his brows, Biddle dramatically waved the trim, blue figure aside, and took the stage.

"Have any of those young college bantams been here today?" he began cuttingly. Then, as this was received with puzzled dignity,—

"I mean one that hung around long enough to remove his overcoat?" and the foxy scowl deepened.

FOR a moment Betty was a living picture of beautiful innocence; then blushing she remembered, and said, with some hesitation:

"Why, no one except Billy,—Billy Carter, you know."

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Biddle protectingly. "He took Betty to the dance last night. They came home so late, and Billy lives such a distance, that I urged him to take advantage of the empty guest room and remain over night. He stayed, but had to leave early this morning for college, and was gone before I came down stairs."

A flash of painful understanding swept Betty's countenance.

"Oh, Dad, then you think that Billy's

walked off with *your* cravanette by mistake, and that *this* one belongs to *him*?"

Biddle nodded emphatically, highly pleased with his sleuth-like tactics, and excitedly dangling the crimson shame before his daughter's astonished eyes, bellowed:

"No self-respecting gentleman could decently be the possessor of a-a-thing like this! I'll have no low-browed pup of this Carter breed frequenting my home and trying to worm his way into my daughter's affections! I'll see that he gets his miserable coat, but as for you, young lady, don't ever let him show his impudent face here again!"

The dark eyes of Betty flashed. Then they filled with tears, and, not trusting herself to more than a muffled "Oh!"—which may have meant horror, vexation or misery, or all three, she fled blindly up the stairs. The pathetic sobbing heard dimly through the closed door above convinced Mrs. Biddle that it was misery; but she could only stare at her husband in pained surprise, not knowing what to believe or say. Biddle stared back sullenly, but having delivered himself of his wrath, and fearing to weaken under the spell of those distant sobs, he prepared to leave, first gingerly tucking the length of red in an outer pocket, and accompanying the embarrassing act with little muttered bursts of smouldering rage that grew feebler, as, unexpectedly, his fingers came in contact with something that crackled and proved, on removing, to be a soiled and rumpled card bearing a neatly engraved name across its unclean surface.

Mrs. Biddle was deeply interested now in the unaccountable change that came over the "manufacturing president." The victorious, threatening and foxy expression of his ruddy face gave place to one of incredulous amazement and baffling defeat.

Unable to bear the suspense any longer, she rushed up behind the bewildered Mr. Biddle and read over his broad expanse of shoulder:

MISS HAZEL LOVE
"Girl from Spain" company

"There!" she exclaimed happily—"I knew Billy didn't deserve your tirade! You see, it isn't his coat!"

But Mr. Biddle, oblivious to all about

him, was trying to attach some significance to the card in connection with his last night's entertainment. All in vain,—his brain refused to work on that score. Hang it! Why couldn't he remember;—what was his wife saying,—

"Perhaps, Henry, if you inquire at the theatre and restaurant where you were last night, either one place or the other would be able to throw light on the subject. You can present the card as a clew for them to work on."

If Henry thought his wife's voice a trifle cold and suspicious, he said nothing, but glad to escape the scene of his undoing, mumbled something about having lost enough precious time, and waddled forth into the street as fast as his rotund legs would permit him.

THREE hours later, his fat little shoes were twinkling along the downtown thoroughfare, headed for the cafe of the previous night's revel. Inquiries at the theatre had been disappointing, which left only the cafe for the scene of recovery and explanation.

Arriving there, panting from his exertion, he tackled the head waiter first, and was turned over to the coat-room. The languid beauty in that quarter patted her original coiffure, raised her eyebrows haughtily, and after shifting her chewing-gum to a resting place in the back of her mouth, inquired tolerantly, "Did you want something?"

After explanations had been made in vain, Biddle began expostulation, and then threat. He was thoroughly aroused, and in spite of the fact that the entire management (including Mr. Waverly, the proprietor) shook their heads only after considerable retrospection and earnest effort, Biddle was furious. Perhaps the chewing-gum lady should not have smirked when, in pulling out his handkerchief to indignantly blow his nose, the entire foot and ankle part of the scarlet silk shame was unhappily revealed.

"Well, you're responsible for the coat," blustered Biddle, coloring angrily as he jabbed back the dangling silk length. "And if you can't trace it by tomorrow, why, you'll have to square it with a check for the value!"

Then followed sarcasm about the carelessness and inefficiency of the establishment, and lastly, a parting thrust, a repetition of his former threat,—

"So you may expect me again shortly, for either my coat or the check!"

Highly pleased with the way in which he had dealt with a pack of idiots, he strutted out and masterfully pushed his way through the hurrying crowds, turning up the collar of the despised coat and cursing the blind fool that, somewhere in the chilly city, was comfortably wearing his own cosy cravanette.

WHAT'S eating the boss?" thought the corpulent stenographer the following day, as she ventured sidelong glances at Biddle, who sat at his big roll-top, gazing abstractedly at nothing, his pudgy hands folded listlessly over a late luncheon. Only a few moments before, he had excitedly and angrily ejaculated and gesticulated into the telephone, but since the lady of the ivory digits could hear nothing through the closed door of the booth, strain her ears as she might, she could only conclude that he was either losing his mind, or that some secret sorrow was weighing on him.

As a matter of fact, the button king was agitated. The situation was annoying, to say the least. Although the stray cravanette had not turned up as yet, there was a more serious worry than this,—his wife's attitude of cold suspicion.

"But, isn't she rather justified?" urged a still, small voice, deep within the disturbed Mr. Biddle.

"Here's a faithful, little wife, who, knowing that her husband had been mildly dissipating, sees, taken from the pocket of the coat he has evidently mistaken for his own (in a semi-unconscious condition), a most incriminating thing,—a scarlet, silk—"

Really the voice was becoming annoying, like a troublesome fly. He tried mentally to brush it away, but the thing persisted:

"You see," it continued, "this questions the sort of company you were in that evening, and—"

He squirmed uneasily, and shifted the position of his thumbs. Then, there was

Betty, too. She was sorry for Carter, because, well,—because, hang it, she was fond of the young fool, and angry at her father.

"But it would be foolish and weak to vindicate the fellow," thought Biddle doggedly, "until the whole affair clears." So, domestic ties not having been the most peaceful of late, Biddle had left his unhappy domicile early that morning for the office. Half the afternoon had slipped by, and he had accomplished—nothing. Hence the vacant stare in his pale blue eyes and the air of mental abstraction about him.

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, the monotonous click-click-click of the typewriter was broken by a breezy bursting in of the "Private" door, and the inward rush of young college life in the form of Billy Carter.

He came forward with a sheepish, apologetic grin, and held out his hand. But Biddle neglected the proffered grasp in his joyful recognition of the folded coat which hung jauntily over the boy's arm. With recognition, however, came realization, so, letting the joy freeze on his face, Biddle took on an "I-demand-an-explanation" expression, clearing his throat preparatory to speaking. But Billy forestalled him with:

"I'm no end sorry, Mr. Biddle, for having inconvenienced you through this blunder of mine. I certainly owe you an apology and I—well, I came to crawl and beg your pardon for the whole affair!"

The unrelenting face of Biddle offered no encouragement, so Billy shifted his weight nervously and stammered,

"Co-could—I mean, er—would you-er—have you Johnson's coat with you?"

The button king, being taken rather off his guard, lost for a moment his frigid dignity.

"What's that?" he jerked. "Who's Johnson?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Biddle, my new overcoat was delayed at the tailor's the other evening, but I couldn't go to the dance minus one, so, in the rush, 'Beauty' (that's Johnson) called down to me to take his and fly, as he had to stay at the 'frat' house that evening and burn the midnight electric."

Biddle took mental note of the smart

lines and newness of Carter's raiment, and decided that the tale was plausible. However, there was that scandalous possession found in Johnson's coat-pocket, and Biddle mentioned the fact to Billy, with an insinuating quotation which began, "Birds of a feather." Strange to say the thrust caused an understanding grin to grow and flourish on Carter's genial face as he pleasantly said:

"It's plain to me now, Mr. Biddle, why you looked at me so darkly, and all that sort of thing; but, after all, I can vindicate myself. Have you ever heard of the 'White Knights,' Mr. Biddle?" Encouraged by a curt nod, Billy continued:

"Well, 'Beauty' Johnson, being all that his name implies, has always taken the leading feminine roles in the 'White Knights' theatricals,—and I wish you could see what a pippin he makes! In our new production the heroine is a dashing, vampire-ish sort of a creature, and her get-up gay and flaming red. 'Beauty's' been carrying one of the stockings in his pocket for the last couple of days, trying to match it in slippers. He's awfully fussy about his costumes, and always makes a big hit." Here Billy paused a moment in pleasant reminiscence of a past performance.

But Biddle, though slowly thawing, did not want to melt too easily. Suddenly he remembered the card, and produced it with a sort of grim satisfaction.

"Oh, *that!*" laughed Billy, easily. "That's a one-time school-mate of 'Beauty's,' who's gone in for musical comedy. He met her at the costumer's the other day where he went to order wigs and things. Of course she was interested, and being a 'professional,' was quite a help to 'Beauty' in his shopping."

Emboldened by the unmistakable look

of surrender in Biddle's eyes, the boy drew himself up and cordially extended his hand, with the remark, "Well, Mr. Biddle, I hope you will accept my apology, and show you've forgiven me by allowing me to run out your way some evening."

If the strong young hand of Carter was grasped rather loosely and limply, it was not because of any doubt or dislike that lingered in the button king's mind, but rather an overwhelming astonishment at the simple explanation of it all. Slowly, however, his grasp grew firmer, and his tone was very sincere as he smiled and said:

"Carter, I believe you, and I'm sorry I misjudged you. Now, to prove that I mean it, I want you to call for me here tomorrow evening at, say, six o'clock, and come out to the house for dinner. My wife and Betty will be pleased to see you, I know."

At these last words Billy grew pink with pleasure and wrung the "manufacturing president's" hand so gratefully that that benevolent gentleman winced.

* * *

Five minutes later the buxom stenographer rose to answer the persistent ringing of the 'phone, when Biddle intercepted her.

"I'll answer that, Miss Speck," he said, waving her back to her corner.

"Hello—who?—Oh! Mr. Waverly of the 'Little Cafe'?—What's that?—No, I wouldn't expect you to. No, don't bother continuing to trace it.—Well, mistakes will happen.—Yes, I know.—That's all right.—Not at all.—Good-by, Mr. Waverly."

Then, as he hung up the receiver, with a huge sigh of relief, Biddle thought of his wife. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"H-m," she always was fond of roses," he murmured reminiscently,—"big, red roses, with great long stems—an' lots of 'em!"



Uncle Sam's Big Business Twins

by

THE EDITOR.

THE other day I dropped in to see Postmaster-General Burleson and ask him, "How's business?" He is the man who deals with the immense activities of the largest institution in the world directly transacting business with the people. The magnitude of the United States Mail Service, with its Parcels Post and Postal Savings attachments, is almost beyond comprehension. I found Mr. Burleson busy dispatching some Post Office appointments. He seemed relieved to meet one visitor who did not come to query, "By-the-way, how about that appointment?" The modest side-whiskers which in the early days of Congress distinguished him as "the good-natured member from Texas," have renewed their youth, and once more adorn the countenance of the Postmaster-General. He beams as benignly as a prosperous business man receiving his customers. Albert Sydney Burleson is looking for more business for Uncle Sam, and seeking more worlds to conquer, by achieving federal control of the telephone and telegraph lines. He feels that now, while the people are disposed to favor anything that looks like smashing the corporations, is an opportune time to push the matter.

But now for facts. I was courteously "referred," as they say of a new bill, to Mr. Carter Keene, and in his office I

learned something of the progress of the postal savings department and the wonderful development of this popular innovation. From its very inception, Mr. Keene has made a practical study of this subject. Postal Savings was the result of long-continued discussion, said Mr. Keene, and did not evolve in a day. For nearly fifty years the subject was discussed, and in June, 1910, it became an accomplished fact, so that between the recently established parcels post and postal savings the parties are about evenly entitled to credit. The Republicans passed the postal savings, and the Democrats the parcels post,

Postal Savings have already turned back into business millions of dollars and done much to quiet financial unrest. With a bank of his own, Uncle Sam now speaks with authority and quells needless alarm. While at first the postal savings' system was looked upon as competing with the banks, it has proven a positive advantage to all federal institutions, for the depositors are largely those who would not trust the banks under any circumstances

and at many conventions both propositions have had a snug niche near but not in political platforms. The postal savings project was launched with some apprehension, in January, 1911, and although it was expected to be a money-making adjunct to the Post Office Department, yet the savings system has been a

profitable success. The specific aim was to promote economy among all classes, and to aid people who had confidence in the government to save their money and at the same time to keep it in circulation.

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speaks with authority and quells needless alarm. While at first the postal savings' system was looked upon as competing with the banks, it has proven a positive advantage to all federal institutions, for the depositors are largely those who would not trust the banks under any circumstances, and yet the balances of the postal savings deposits are rapidly transferred from the Post Office department to the local banks with good results. The most gratifying outcome has been the confidence shown by hundreds of thousands of our

The younger postoffice twin, Parcels Post, is also blossoming out. With the package-weight limit raised to fifty pounds, the classification extended, and provision made for transportation on interurban lines, there is a feeling that Parcels Post is going to meet the demand of a greatly increased traffic. The express companies have reduced their rates, maintaining a keen rivalry.

adopted citizens in our financial institutions and also the elimination of many of the foreign-born crooks and grafters who have preyed upon the unsuspecting for many years, thus deterring them from depositing their earnings in the regular banks and trust companies.

From sixty thousand to fifty million dollars is the progress made in the first three years, and the record of half a million depositors is nearly reached. One-fifth of the depositors were foreign born, owning fifty-one per cent of all the deposits—an eloquent story in itself. The system has kept enormous sums of money on this side of the Atlantic that were previously sent abroad for safe-keeping.

The emergency credit accounts of postmasters have been abolished, which means that thirteen thousand accounts with postmasters, involving much detail and bookkeeping, have been eliminated. A large variety of bonds now come before the department for approval for investment, and in the Postal Savings Department, a practically new form of government paper has been evolved. Papers concerning the regulations are printed in all languages, and Governor Dockery—the present Third Assistant Postmaster,

many years a banker, sixteen years a member of Congress and four years Governor of his state—has brought to the Postal Savings system many ideas resulting from his long experience.

THE younger postoffice twin, Parcels Post, is also blossoming out. With the package-weight limit raised to fifty pounds, the classification extended, and provision made for transportation on interurban lines, there is a feeling that Parcels Post is going to meet the demand of a greatly increased traffic. The express companies have reduced their rates, maintaining a keen rivalry. The masses of parcel post material piling up on the platforms in the various stations, indicate that there is yet much to be done to take care of the business of the Parcels Post. The question often arises, "Would it be advisable to exterminate the express companies?" for there is no doubt that the express company service, in building up during generations when the Government refused to take hold of it and guarantee deliveries, established a system which has been utilized to advantage in the development of the Parcels Post. The railroad service cannot be expected to handle the increased traffic without increased compensation, but it has been

A year's experience is already conclusive proof that Parcels Post has come to stay, and that Uncle Sam's business executive offices clustering around the great flag hanging in the court of the Post Office Department, will see a handsomely increased volume of business next year.

demonstrated that the easier it is to ship and the lower the rates, the more parcels there are to be moved. The development of transportation teaches that as travel increases per capita, so does the business of the Parcels Post, and while the Parcels Post involves a tremendous expense, and there is much to be done to perfect it, one thing is certain—when Uncle Sam takes a step, he never moves backward, no matter what the losses may be, if the appropriations hold out.

When not so long ago letter postage

was changed from three cents to two, as many people living today remember, the wiseacres regretted the passing of the three-cent green postage—but the next step will be one-cent postage. Whether this will greatly benefit the individual is questionable, but there is no doubt that there will always be deficits in one department of the Postal service and increased revenues in others. A striking example of the disproportion between the cost of handling second-class mail matter and the postage rate of one cent per pound thereon was recently brought prominently before the public by the report of the Hughes Commission transmitted to Congress by the President. The Commission found the cost of handling and transporting second-class matter to be approximately six cents a pound. The Department has made repeated efforts to get

Congress to increase the rate of postage and until some such action shall be taken to readjust rates on second-class matter no serious consideration can be given to a further reduction of the rates on first-class matter. Experimental work is an interesting phase of the trend of business development. The accumulation of lost and missing parcels in every post-office in the country gives somewhat of an idea of what must sooner or later be done to improve the parcels post service, and this must necessarily cost a great deal. However, a whole year's experience is already conclusive proof that Parcels Post has come to stay, and that Uncle Sam's business executive offices clustering around the great flag hanging in the court of the Post Office Department, will see a handsomely increased volume of business next year.

"POPPY-DUST"

By CHART PITT

JUST the languid spells, that the dream-god sells,
In the market-place of sleep;
And the lay he croons, mid the subtle fumes,
Drowns the din of the busy street.
He seals his doom, in the stifling room,
As the poppy-pictures come;
He burdens his rest, with the rainbow's quest,
Till he and his dreams are one.

The wild birds sing, through an endless Spring,
And fadeless flowers bloom
O'er a mystic shrine the roses twine
In the dingy basement-room.
He clasps the hands of ancient clans,
And a buried age returns.
Not a breath of care can reach him there,
While the poppy-poison burns.

The butterflies, from a hundred lives,
Are out on dress-parade:
Then the lights burn dim, and the fogs drift in,
And the poppy pictures fade.
Then the nameless light, of a dreamless night,
And the breathless hush of the tomb.
He is fated to float, a derelict boat,
On an ocean of poppy perfume.

The Soul of a Paris Hat

by Jessie I. Belyea

Have you ever wondered what makes a Paris Hat different from those designed by the milliner in America or in London? Even mere man can recognize Parisian headwear when he sees it. What is the subtle charm of the Paris hat, what is its mystery? Miss Belyea's whimsical little sketch offers a true if shocking solution to this interesting problem.

A PARIS HAT? Beguiling witchery in material form! A combination of feather, fur and flower, maybe. Perchance all of these, or none, or one or two. But in whatever garb she comes to us, and she changes as does the New England climate, with every wind that blows, description is not easy. Who can define personality? Who describe a Paris hat?

In the crown is the inimitable knot or clasp; in tilt of brim just suited to the contour of face there nestles an elusive charm, a "something" that sisters of earth, and discerning brothers, too, recognize and worship afar off or near. Juxtaposition depending upon the readings on the tape reeled from the stock ticker. Recognize just as an art connoisseur recognizes a Raphael, a Rembrandt, a Holbein, or a music lover Beethoven, Mozart or Mendelssohn.

A hat may look New Yorky, and milady may feel reasonably comfortable with such a crown, but with a Paris hat upon her well-coiffured head she may walk forth to victory, secure in the feeling that her sisters may look but not criticize. So secure is she that she may forget that part of her toilet. Conscious perfection breeds forgetfulness, and as we forget self so do our manners improve. Awkwardness, sister of self-consciousness, vanishes with forgetfulness of self. True, some few souls rise above the physical, but to the earth-bound a perfect adjustment of externals lifts the tone of the mind by casting out the unimportant and

leaving nothing but essentials. Chaff chokes wheat; petty details, big thoughts.

CAN it be that this wonder worker, this thing of beauty has aught to render unto Caesar or to God? Will it, if weighed in the balance, be found wanting? Surely no sweat shop crosses its fair loveliness with bar sinister. Surely the creator found joy in its creation. The handling of the beautiful material and the chic product must compensate for any discomfort. Surely milady may wear her Paris hat with nothing but happy thoughts. Surely she need take no thought of her sister whose deft fingers fashioned the thing of beauty. As judge and jury let us arraign the Paris hat and this day require her soul.

America may well be proud of her women. Many support by hands or head not only themselves, but also their parents, brothers, sisters, children and frequently a husband. Nor do they do it as "dumb driven cattle," but daily go to their labor, making of it a joy, a play, the greatest interest in life.

The professions are open to her, and the keen little business woman is making her way up the ladder of success unassisted by aught save her own cleverness and fixed purpose to succeed.

To the latter intrepid women belonged Mary O'Neill, a pretty alert little woman—shall we say once removed from the Emerald Isle? She began gainful occupations as an errand girl in a millinery shop. Day by day she grew in knowledge of her chosen work. Month by month saw

her slowly making toward success. At the end of ten years and at the age of twenty-six she was conducting her own business, employed two helpers, and had reason to be greatly pleased with her patronage and secretly proud of the "Annette Millinery Parlours."

Just how to put her foot on the next round of the ladder success, was the problem she now had to face. She was not willing to stop short of her highest ambitions and dreams. She looked with envy upon the French importers, but how join their ranks? She needed money to buy in Paris and money to pay customs. She needed experience to know how to buy and where and what. Her fundamental education she finally decided was blocking her way. As she worked, ate and slept she pondered her problem. The little wrinkle between her brows deepened, but one day disappeared and into her eyes came a look of steadfast purpose. She had solved her problem. She would go to Paris and work on the benches, side by side with the designers, doing the menial work if need be. She would listen to the gossip of the green room, so to speak. Perhaps if she sat and worked and listened attentively she might catch the "elusive something" which would perfect her art.

Quietly she made her plans, and when the slack season in summer came she smilingly posted a neat placard—"Gone to Paris"—upon her door and sailed away, not without some inward quakes, for the gay, much-talked-of Paris.

She sought work and found it easily enough in one of the largest exporting houses, a name to conjure with. One afternoon saw her seated upon a bench with gay, chattering companions who radiated joy and sparkle on every side of her. Deft fingers flew with chattering tongues,

confusing her by the bewildering creations called into being with breathless haste.

WHEN night came the loneliness she dreaded did not come, so filled was her solitude by thoughts of all she had seen and heard, and so hard did her brain work to digest all the wonders. Would she, could she, in two months grasp the "something" and take it home to America and in so doing reach another stepping stone in her career? The following morning found her seated upon her assigned bench. She had been told to come at eight o'clock, and every clock and watch said eight—but she was alone. In half an hour her companions of yesterday began to stray in casually. Dull of eye and listlessly they came. No bubbling laugh, no gay chatter filled the room, and what was more surprising no work was attempted. Some great calamity must have occurred! The whole nation must be suffering death and facing calamity. Questions failed to bring forth answers and the puzzle grew. Were all her dreams to vanish with the night? The "House" must have failed, was her final thought.

Around ten or eleven o'clock the party broke up for *dejeuner* and with their return came a breath of the spirit of the afternoon before. Increasing gayety and brilliant ideas grew with the hours, and the wonder of it was more and more inexplicable. The mornings were one long torture, the afternoons a joy. One day all was revealed. A tiny hypodermic needle filled with the stuff that dreams are made of is the spirit of the Paris hat!

The workers until sufficiently "doped" cannot work, cannot produce, and listlessly idle the morning hours till hypodermic needle and absinthe create the gay chattering designer, who brings forth the joy-giving Paris hat.



Unsolved Mysteries of American Antiquity

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

Here are some problems for the American student who is interested in the past of his own hemisphere

THOUGHTFUL Americans are inveighing against the constant and immense drain of American money, and what is worse American interest, and artistic and professional investigation, through the age-worn and multitudinously described and discussed pilgrimage into Europe and the borders of Asia and Africa and overlooking America, with its wealth of interest, discoveries concerning the ancient peoples of this hemisphere.

Who built the "dry-stane dyke" walls of Tiryns? What more can be dug up at immense cost on the site of age-plundered Carthage? What can be done by impressionist-water-colorists with the melancholy wastes of the French Lands? What are the exact facts of the regrettable taking-off of Agamemnon? What is the exact reading of that ill-cut, century-worn, Hittite inscription in Palestine? Things, like this—most of them the theme of many essays and discussion and expensive excavating expeditions—are perennially before the public, and there seems to be no limit to the interest or the expenditure lavished upon them by Americans, who know scarcely anything about the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of their own country; the vast variety of physique, costume, and home surround-

ings of the many races here in our own land, or the mysteries of a mighty past which must soon become unsolvable, unless the present generation takes more interest in native problems and ethnological remains, than has in previous years. Let us know something more about America—ancient and modern. Here are already the fruits of research.

Recent publicity has been given to the wonders of the cliff-villages of the Gila Canyon in New Mexico, where the lofty pumice or tufa walls of the box canyon are honeycombed with the excavated dwellings of a nation of dwarfs, whose mummies here and there found, preserved by the stone-dust for centuries, are clad in woven clothes, and ornamented with gay feathers at neck and waist.

The remains of an adult man of this people measured only twenty-three inches in height, and the doors and windows of their "homes in the rock," are hardly passable by a half-grown girl. Like the dwarf-temples of Yucatan—of which Le Plongeon wrote so entertainingly—hovel, mansion, fortress, and temple, seem like toys made with infinite pains for the children of a remote past; indeed an antiquity fixed by the best authorities at least as far back as six thousand years ago.

These cave-dwellers were not ape-men, nor even big-jawed, low-browed meat-eaters like the alleged associates of the famous albeit anonymous owner of the "Neanderthal Skull." Corn and squash seeds, three kinds of gourds, the stone metate, and the slender bones of birds, tell of the largely vegetarian diet of these primeval Cave-dwellers.

Evidences of religious worship abound; little estufas, with places for the sacred fire among the dwellings, and larger ones in the open canyon, where circles of communal huts enclose the central floor hardened by the feet of thousands of dancers.

Here, still unexplored, are hundreds of tiny, cavern-houses burrowed in cliffs five and six hundred feet high, colored in maroon, ochre, sober gray and gypsum white—hues that in the sunset glow in furnace-reds and Royal purple and deep lavender.

Not far away, at Casca Grande, a race of tall men lived in larger caves, and left their mummied dead to tell of six-foot braves and broad-hipped women; while at Frioles, the bodies swathed in woven clothes, were of medium height with here and there a taller warrior. Reservoirs to

impound water for siege or drought; ditches for irrigation; pictographs that are a melange of bird and reptile, beasts and weird imitations of the human form divine; pottery in shards and unbroken; splintered bows and featherless arrows; fibre-soled sandals, and blankets thickened with rabbit fur, are found in some of these ancient cavern houses.

Nor is the Atlantic coast without its unsolved mysteries. What is the history of the final conflict in which the Indian from the South and West, drove the Esquimaux from New England to Acadia and from Acadia to Labrador and Greenland; there to dispossess the Norse settlers of the western coast? What was the fate of the Boethick, the Red Indians of Newfoundland—tall, warlike, untamable, who differed so widely from both white man and Indian, that they faded away, exiles from their own land, into the wilds of Labrador?

When will a more patriotic and broader interest in American scenery, and antiquities, replace the conventional fetishism, which finds in worn-out, old-world scenes the only worthy subjects of intelligent interest and extended travel?

THE BREATH OF SPRING

HOW sweet is life that follows after death!
 A bird upon the tree with rapture long
 Clothes all the leafless bough with leaves of song,
 And wakes the world to glory of new faith;
 The south wind catching magic in its breath
 Bears with its silver wings through all the skies
 The wondrous tones, as clouds of paradise
 Their pearls of rain in passing scattereth.

The clods awaken, breathing the soft air
 Put on their gala robes of grass and flower,
 And from the heavens of celestial birth
 The radiant spirit of the springtime fair
 Lured by the magic spell of sun and shower
 Comes back like Proserpine to mother earth!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

George Eastman, the Creator of Kodakdom

By The Editor

TENDER memories cluster about the photograph—whether in the old plush album, in the vacation book or in the baby-book. The man who created the democracy of the photograph still lives with his own likeness scarcely known in public print. In all its present day perfection, no photograph could fully portray my impressions of George Eastman amid the scenes of his triumph. Smooth-faced, keen-eyed, alert and yet perfectly poised, the wizard of modern photography has seldom indulged himself in having his "picture took."

The Eastman Kodak plant in Rochester, New York, has been built up and developed through many important patents in photography. The name of the inventor of the kodak is known the world over, but his life-work varies from the usual experiences of the world's great inventors in the past, for he knew how to exploit as well as to invent, and early recognized the essential distinction between the two.

Born at Waterville, New York, in 1854, he moved with his parents to Rochester at an early age, where his father established the well-known Eastman Commercial College, the premier institution of its kind in America. The elder Eastman originated the basic plan of the thousands of business colleges now flourishing in all parts of the world in teaching young men commercial science by actual experience. This has proven a vital factor in the modern conduct of business, which the son has mastered. The elder Eastman died before the outbreak of the Civil War, leaving Mrs. Eastman without property, but she kept her boy in school until he was fourteen. What an interesting snapshot it would be to see young George Eastman when he obtained his first position as an office boy in an insurance office. In 1874 he entered the Rochester Savings Bank as

bookkeeper and became a real bank clerk with Saturday afternoons off—the envy of the boys in the grocery store. During these seven years he perfected a process of making photographic dry plates which later led to the invention of the film roll system, the basis of the wonderful development of the world-famous kodak.

One could not fancy the energetic George Eastman of today as a man who could adjust himself to mere routine work: he saw visions when work was over. He has many of the personal characteristics and mannerisms of Thomas A. Edison, in his simple ways of mastering great things.

During President Grant's administration occurred an incident which led to the development of the kodak. Young Eastman was planning a vacation trip to Santo Domingo, the country which the President had ardently planned to annex to the United States. With the same eagerness as when planning a fishing trip or any outing in later years, he confided his plans to an engineer at the bank. The engineer suggested that he take a photographic outfit with him and bring back pictures to show his friends. This was before the days of the souvenir postal card, an outgrowth of the omnipresent kodak. The impulse of early years to "bring home pictures for mother and the folks at home" has through Mr. Eastman's inventions been imparted to millions of others in later days, for who could think of a vacation tour without taking pictures in these pictorial, kodak times? Young Eastman set about preparing to take real pictures, at Santo Domingo, as Brady had taken them during the Civil War. Late at night the young man could be found studying the rudiments of photography, hiring a local photographer to teach him the wet

plate process before even a thought was given to packing his trunk. Glass plates had to be used in the ponderous camera the size of a cracker box, and each plate had to be sensitized in the field, making it necessary to carry along a silver bath and a dark tent in which to carry out the delicate process of making plates capable of receiving the image.

But despite the handicaps encountered, Mr. Eastman returned thoroughly enthusiastic over his hobby, and he took another trip to Lake Superior. This further impressed him with the difficulties of transporting the simplest photographic outfit, containing a solution of nitrate of silver and water, and carrying a glass tank with a watertight cover. These experiences induced the amateur to make a special tank, but alas, the cover leaked and the result was disastrous when the bottled "bait" the worms for fishing enmeshed in the chemicals. One picture taken by Mr. Eastman at Mackinac Straits tells the story of the early days when he set up his dark tent, crawling in on his hands and knees to immerse the plate in the silver bath. When ready with his camera he hailed a party of ladies and gentlemen passing, and offered to "take their pictures." It was a long and arduous process for the amateur in preparing his plates and adjusting the tripod, and the "party" became peppery in temper standing in the hot sun and making themselves a victim of an amateur photographer—just to be "took" in a picture—and they "took" the perspiring amateur photographer severely to task.

With this exasperating experience fresh in his mind Mr. Eastman returned to Rochester in 1878 and continued experimenting with the gelatin, dry plate process. A year later, he felt that he had a process perfected and launched a commercial enterprise to make dry plates, in a small room over a music store. He also invented a machine for coating plates with gelatin emulsion and took it to Europe on one of his holiday jaunts and sold the patents for a sum that netted him twelve hundred dollars after the expenses of the trip had been deducted. With his meagre savings and this amount of money he started in business. A young man assisted him

during the day, and after banking hours Mr. Eastman worked night after night laying the foundation for the marvelous photographic development which followed. An old friend, Mr. Henry A. Strong, helped him with capital and organized the firm of the Eastman Dry Plate Company, "Strong & Eastman, Proprietors" was the way it read in the advertisement. The business was new and hazardous and it was a struggle of "the survival of the fittest." Profits were swallowed up in experiments and the cost of selling. Two years later the Company received complaints concerning the quality of the plates. All the outstanding stock was called in and replaced with new and perfected material. This wiped out all profits of the firm at that time, and it had to make a fresh start, but the reputation of the kodak was placed on the secure and enduring foundation as an institution, and not a plaything, following the evolution of the telephone. The business was overdone in early days, but Mr. Eastman and Mr. Walker invented a roll holder and a machine for applying emulsion to paper, and the scheme of film photography was launched. Mr. Walker went to Europe and introduced it there, and Mr. Eastman continued his experiments with film photography on which nothing new had been developed since the year of his birth. From his customers came the suggestion of placing paper film in portable boxes. This led to the development of the kodak in 1888, and was the dawn of amateur photography. When the small box containing the film fitted for one hundred blue print exposures was first sent from the factory, the phrase "you press the button and we do the rest" was coined, and soon became known all around the world. Later Mr. Eastman was able to make a film by machinery with a transparent flexible support, which took the place of paper and could be printed without transfer. Then the inventor felt that he was bringing the people closer than ever to photography. This was the device that popularized the art of photography for those who wanted to do their own developing.

At this time Thomas A. Edison, experimenting on motion pictures, utilized



MR. GEORGE EASTMAN

the transparent film and arranged for a supply of the first films turned out, the same as the film used today, so that Mr. Eastman's invention played an important part in developing the moving picture shows. In connection with the photograph business the Eastman Kodak arranged with dealers throughout the country to handle photographic goods at a profit by standardizing goods and prices. There was a systematization of products, a substantial business was created, and the haphazard profits of the dealer in supplies became evolved from the tremendous expansion of the Kodak. From the great factory at Rochester the simplicity of photography was taught everywhere. The little child was able to take a picture, and the sunlight of the world was utilized as never before. Photography began to take a more and more important part in the affairs of men. In the home, fond mothers and fathers were able to "snap" the baby from early infancy in all his best poses. Young men could "take" their sweethearts in winter, fall and summer costume. The affairs and activities of all mankind were harnessed in flashes of sunlight.

Mr. George Eastman has made photography an indispensable art in the home life of America, for what memories are recalled by the little snapshot pictures taken here, there and everywhere? The kodak has stimulated travel, and has furnished equipment for the inquisitive spirit of the American tourist. The main factory of the Eastman plant located at Kodak Park, where these films are made in the acres of dark rooms, present pictures that never can be forgotten. The glow of the ruddy light on the features of the workers, and the darkness itself seemed to have a witchery that was as captivating as a lawn party under Japanese lanterns.

Aside from his achievements in a business way, the one thing that interested me most was George Eastman, the man. His ardent devotion to his mother, for whom he tenderly cared until the day of her death a few years ago, was an inspiring example of filial devotion and American chivalry. In his home he entertains his friends and in the evening turns on the

light, making the vista of long halls like some dimly lighted cathedral. Every room is a picture in itself:—now reminding one of the French salons, and again a gallery for art treasures. In the place of honor is the likeness of the sainted mother. Always an ardent lover of pictures, the most fascinating picture of all was to see him with his mother in the sunset of her life, tenderly considerate of every wish. This is the living picture that even the marvels of Eastman photography could never fully portray. Mr. Eastman is intensely loyal to his home city, and has generously provided for the Rochester Library and given half a million dollars to the Rochester City Hospital, and fifty thousand more to the Hahnemann Hospital, all with characteristic modesty. There is always a feeling when Mr. Eastman goes to Europe that, after he is well on his way, there will be an announcement of some gift or other for some Rochester institution. He joined Dr. H. S. Durand in giving his valuable farm as the nucleus of the park which connects Rochester with Lake Ontario. The Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute were given two hundred thousand dollars to make it one of the great technical institutes of the world.

The genius of the man is apparent to every one who has met him, and there is not only an inventive but also a practical turn in the genius of George Eastman. He is first of all a business man, and has not only enriched himself and his associates, but has also been just to competitors, large and small, in the years of his industry's marvelous growth. His hair is just turning white, after fifty-eight years of arduous struggle in life, and he retains the buoyancy of youth. In the gaze of his quiet, brown eyes one feels the dynamic power of the man. Uniformly courteous and tactful, it is no wonder that Mr. Eastman is loved and admired by all who know him. In talking with him there is never a suggestion of his achievements mentioned by himself. His whole mind and genius have been absorbed in larger plans than self-exploitation. Nearly seven thousand people are employed in the Rochester factories alone. The Kodak Company is incorporated for \$35,000,000

and paid last year the most substantial dividend of 40 per cent on common stock, together with a bonus to Eastman employees in all parts of the world amounting to \$400,000.

* * *

The simple life story of George Eastman stands out as a fascinating narrative of modern American business genius. Kodak Park, with its seventy-two acres, thirteen laid out in lawns and gardens, is a vernal picture in itself. There are seventy-two buildings, most of them fireproof construction, and their entire floor space approximates more than forty acres—a small-sized farm. A special building has been provided by the company for the noonday lunch in which twenty-seven hundred persons can be served at one time. A day at Kodak is an industrial picture, impressive in every detail. During the greater part of the year Mr. Eastman is right at hand in close touch with his work and among his folks. He entertains visitors from all parts of the world, which brings him in close touch with men of social standing and financial influence in Europe and America. One of Mr. Eastman's hobbies is music—real music. A string quintette of rare skill is a part of his household in evenings at home. The members are

connected with the Rochester Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Eastman and his friends enjoy a symphony concert twice a week. For recreation, camping and the life of the woods attract him when "fishing time" comes around. In the summer and fall he goes quail-shooting in the South, where he retires for two or three weeks. He is fond of riding, and he is the proud owner of a farm in Halifax County, North Carolina, containing about twenty-five hundred acres, where he has saddle exercise.

While shunning the public limelight, yet Mr. Eastman recognizes his duty as a citizen, and in 1900 served as presidential elector, casting a vote for McKinley and Roosevelt, although he has never taken an active part in politics. His first concern is the welfare and development of his business and those associated with it. This includes primarily the interests of the millions of customers whom he has so well served during these years of magical development in the photographic art. A world-wide business development with the name of Mr. George Eastman, the creator of the Kodak—a new word coined and added to the vocabulary of the century—marks the pace of commercial, industrial and inventive progress, in memorable times, made by a memorable man.

THE UNCHANGEABLE

I WHO am doomed to love thee, ever stand
A shadow in thy face; the twilight cast
Upon the sunset rose; a trumpet blast
Beside a golden harp. The lovely hand
I press is colder than a sobbing strand
To ghostly feet; and I can see at last
Thine eyes are towards the future, mine the past,—
For you the hills, for me the desert land.

Yet must I love thee, though love be denied
The haven of thy breast; my steadfast eyes
Must follow thee forever from afar
Till death release the bond: then I shall rise
A flame that for the breath of love hath died,
To wait thee, on the heights, a lonely star.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

An Actor as King

by Oscar Frichet

Alfonso XIII of Spain has perhaps received more publicity than any monarch reigning today. Different critics in commenting on his unique reign, often insist that he would have been better fitted for some other pursuit than ruling a kingdom. He has been mentioned as a possible success in such widely different callings as farmer and fashion plate. Mr. Frichet believes that the young King was born to be an actor, and his amusing sketch shows some of Alfonso's theatrical attempts off-stage.

I AM persuaded, after a close study of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, that had he not been born amidst the glamor of the purple he would today be kicking up his heels on the boards of a variety hall or acting Pierrot down by the seashore. His high spirits and profound sense of humor would collect for him a fat audience even in a cyclone, and I daresay he would rake in sufficient shekels in one brief season as a sand comedian to enable him to retire from the business and open a saloon.

I don't think Alfonso finds his present situation uncongenial for the moment, but if one dark night his subjects play the Republican trick on him and he finds it imperative to do a bit of honest labor to prevent his wife and family from sharing the well-advertised privileges of the workhouse, I have every confidence in recommending him to buy a cheap stage rig-out and to imitate the monkey and the goat for plump cash.

I wonder if Alfonso remembers that prank he played in a Madrid street when he was quite old enough to know better? A carriage, containing a famous general and a proud grandee, was standing outside a public building while the coachman was inside transacting business. Alfonso looked at the general, then at the grandee, then at the vacant box-seat. A demon suddenly possessed him, and jumping on the box, he whipped up the horses, and away they dashed at a terrific pace. Everyone was alarmed—for the safety of his Majesty—and a sigh of relief went up when the carriage was brought to a dead stop by a tree. The vehicle was wrecked be-

yond repair, and when Alfonso, the general, and the grandee crawled out of the debris the crowd that had gathered sent up a mighty cheer—for Alfonso.

The subject of my little sketch was born a king, for his father died while he was on the road to life. Alfonso XII had been buried six months before his son came to the world and to the Spanish throne at the same time. He had an income of \$750,000 a year the moment he was cradled, and his features appeared on the postage stamps of his country when he was a child in short frocks. Luck like that gives a man a good opinion of himself, and there isn't a shadow of doubt that Alfonso considers himself the one and only IT. If you ever have occasion to communicate with him, don't forget that, besides being monarch of the land of bull-rings, he is officially styled King of the two Sicilies, King of Jerusalem, King of Navarre, King of Gibraltar, and King of the East and West Indies. The people down Cuba way rather dislike that last title of his.

QUEEN CHRISTINA, the widow of Alfonso XII, and mother of IT, the XIII, will undoubtedly go down in history books as one of the best feminine monarchs the world has ever had. The disastrous war occurred during her Regency—Spain losing thereby the remnants of her great Colonial Empire—yet when she handed over the control of her country to that impetuous boy of hers, it was more secure than even the most optimistic of Spanish politicians could in 1885 have hoped it to be.

Queen Christina was only twenty-seven years of age when, as a widow, she took over the reins of government on behalf of her eldest daughter, who was proclaimed under the title of Queen Mercedes. When Alfonso was born, his sister, of course, had to take a back seat. At that time Spain was in a very disturbed state, but Queen Christina knew how to conciliate the wavering factions and group them loyally round her son.

Alfonso was a self-willed youngster, and even as a mere child, he never allowed anyone to forget his rank. Just after he had reached his eighth year he wandered proudly through the corridors of the palace of Madrid, having given his governess the "slip." A courtier who caught sight of him called, "Baby, come here." The boy monarch marched up to the courtier and, looking him up and down with mingled infantile pity and scorn, piped out in a dignified tone, "Senor, I'm baby only to mother; to you I am the King!"

On another occasion young Alfonso was found by an equerry climbing upstairs on his hands and knees. The equerry informed the lad that there was a guard of honor at the top, and if he (Alfonso) continued his climbing, that gentleman would be astonished and horrified. "Can't help that," said Alfonso. "I'm the king of this country, and if the guard doesn't like it, well—the king dismisses the guard!" And the next moment the Royal boy turned right round and began to progress backwards up the stairs like a crab.

Once a soldier found Alfonso playing in a mud puddle in the palace yard. "Sire, kings don't play with mud," said the man in uniform. "Come out of that puddle, or I shall have to pull you out."

"This king plays with anything he likes," was the reply, "and you daren't touch me because people not of noble birth are forbidden to lay even a finger on his Majesty, the King of Spain."

ALFONSO has been to England many times, and it was there, of course, that he met his wife, Princess Ena, the daughter of Princess Henry of Battenburg. One day, some time before his marriage, he was talking to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra in one of the corridors

of Buckingham Palace, when he suddenly exclaimed to his hosts, "D'ye know, I'm a fair acrobat?" And to prove that he was not a descendant of Anak he proceeded to turn somersaults and do other athletic feats up and down the corridor.

Alfonso and his charming wife possess six or seven magnificent palaces, but they are mostly to be found within the one at Madrid. The decorations of the Throne room there are unequalled by any other Royal apartment in or out of Europe. This chamber has a hand-painted ceiling, depicting the kings of Spain in the costumes of the Provinces, and a series of allegorical groups. In the Throne room the king and queen receive on grand occasions, and here all previous kings of Spain were laid in state after death, before being removed to the Royal tomb at the Excurial Monastery, which is about three thousand feet above sea level.

Alfonso is not afraid of being assassinated and he daily goes about Madrid unarmed, a mark for any man who wishes to aim a blow at Royalty. Everybody remembers the foul outrage which was perpetrated as he and his consort were returning from the marriage ceremony at the Church of San Geronimo, in Madrid. A bomb was thrown at the Royal coach as the procession was nearing the Royal Palace in the Calle Mayor, after having almost completed the return journey across Madrid. The bomb, which was concealed in a bouquet, burst under the front wheels of the carriage. I don't think I shall be wrong in saying that that bomb proved to be a boomerang that gave the enemies of the Throne a blow of an acute kind.

Just after this attempt on his life and that of his wife, Alfonso remarked, "When it pleases God to call me to Him, it will be no use trying to protest against it."

Alfonso may be considered a very accomplished young man, and I believe he thinks himself that he is exceptionally accomplished. Sometimes when he has a few hours to spare he will shut himself up in his private apartments and endeavor to paint a picture that will "knock the stuffing" out of any canvas that has been materialized by the German Emperor. He has a decided talent for music, and he can blow his own trumpet very well indeed.

Being a king, his trumpet blowing isn't christened egotism. He is a dead shot—I never heard of a king who wasn't—and I suppose that is why his servants remain "out of bounds" when he goes out deer stalking. Bullets have an awful knack of ricocheting.

The Queen of Spain converses fluently in Spanish, while her devil-may-care husband is familiar with Italian, French, German, Russian, Portuguese and English, and he has also more than a passing acquaintance with society slang. When he is in London hob-nobbing with princes and millionaires, he declares that everything is "awfully jolly, don't you know. What!"

Alfonso takes the Kaiser as a model in more ways than one, but he doesn't admit the fact. He has fallen into the habit of making unexpected calls upon the barracks in his country, just as his Majesty of Potsdam does in the fatherland. This reminds me that when quite a kid he daily drilled a regiment of boy soldiers, raised especially for his edification. Those boys have grown up now, and I believe they have a never-dying contempt for all things military.

When that regiment of infants existed, Alfonso took lessons in the art of fighting and dodging the enemy from a big general. Once the boy king couldn't understand the working of some heavy ordnance and consequently asked innumerable questions.

"Oh, it will come much easier to you later on," said the officer. "All good artillery men find it easy enough; they simply learn mathematics, trigonometry, and—"

"Yes," interrupted his Majesty; "and shall I have to learn those things?"

"Why, certainly! I am afraid there isn't a Royal road to science."

"I just thought there might be, general."

"What, a Royal road? What does your Majesty mean?"

"Oh, being a king, I always have to do things in the most disagreeable manner that can be found, and I thought there might be some Royal roundabout method of learning gunnery; and if there were, I am pretty sure those ministers of ours would make me learn it that way. And I am jolly glad there isn't!"

Nowadays Alfonso keeps an eye on his ministers, just as they keep an eye on him,

and he presides over them once a week; but we are not told whether the gents finish off with a round at cards. The Prime Minister is always in and out of the palace, sometimes going in with a smiling face and hopping out with a glum one. Alfonso, when he is not picking bones with his fingers, is picking bones with his ministers, and political crises as a consequence are pretty common in Old Madrid.

OF course the average monarch has to figure as a fashion plate, and there is no doubt that Alfonso is a bit of a Beau Brummel in his way. He is very fond of white-starched shirts, patent leather boots, and collars so high that if the average man wore one of the Royal neck-stretchers he would, to use an Irishism, have to climb a fence to see over the brim of it. I don't know what Alfonso does with all his left-off garments, but I do know that he has to pass on one of his old costumes to the Dukes of Hajar once a year. It happens this way. A century or two ago a king of Castile was out shooting in the district of Rivadeo and lost himself as well as the birds. He imitated the Wandering Jew for a spell, and then he spied a cattle-tender's hut. Making his way to it he blundered through the door. As his clothes were sodden with rain, the man inside gave him his own apparel, supplied him with food, and allowed him to sleep in his bed. On the following morning the king offered his host a handful of dollars, and the latter, quite ignorant of his guest's identity, exclaimed proudly, "Sire, you are not a true Castilian if you offer your host a price for his hospitality." The king, touched by the answer, told the man who he was and induced him to trot along to Madrid. A little later the poor cattle-tender was created Duke of Hajar, a title which carried with it the hereditary privilege of receiving a suit of the Spanish monarch's clothes every Epiphany day.

Up to now Alfonso has steered a pretty safe course through the deep undercurrent of Carlist factions, the violence of strike riots and internal disturbances generally. I understand that his wife will be the principal heiress of her godmother and namesake, the former Empress Eugenie of France! Truly, Alfonso might be worse off!



ON THE JOURNEY OF HOPE

A Real Solution of the Immigration Problem

by Benjamin S. Pouzzner

Is any work of more vital importance to the welfare of this country than the giving of a square deal to its immigrants? Upon this depends the maintenance of the spirit of American democracy, the improvement of social conditions in our great cities and industrial communities, and the moulding of our many races into a united nation

THE immense annual increase of our foreign-born population through the strenuous immigration of the last decade raises questions of national, civic and industrial policy which cannot long await a decided and nation-wide solution. Out of our present population one third, say thirty million men, women and children, have come into the country since 1820, and of them sixteen million, over one-sixth of our entire population, since 1880; ten millions within the last ten years.

This last immense wave of westward pressing humanity has poured into our city slums and factory tenements—the overflow of those Mediterranean and Asiatic peoples, whose ignorance, racial feuds, religious hatreds and century-ancient prejudices and traditions, bring with them into our civilization more than fifty alien tongues. Today the bitter hatred of the Turk and the Syrian, of the Albanian and the Bugar, of the Magyar for the peoples of the principalities; of the Armenian for the Kurd, of the Persian for the Russian, and of too many of all of them for those who have acquired wealth, and the restraints of the law add a deeper and darker element to the stress of competition.

And the full brunt of this immigration is not yet accomplished. Probably more than another million immigrants will join us in 1914, to make the struggle for existence harder; to complicate our already perplexing race and labor problems, and to diminish in many an American family

the independent comfort and culture which has hitherto characterized the American people.

Our early immigrants, like our own ancestors, came chiefly from Northern Europe, English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish, French, German, Dutch, Fleming, Dane, Norwegian, Swede and Finn. If they differed from us

Our early immigrants, like our own ancestors, came chiefly from Northern Europe and England. If they differed from us in political, religious, or social views, it was only in degree and not in kind; and they melted into one homogeneous, enterprising, liberty-loving, law-abiding people, marrying and giving in marriage, and except for a generous love for their home-land and its peoples, Americans to the core.

in political, religious or social views, it was only in degree and not in kind; and with scarcely an exception they have melted into one homogeneous, enterprising, liberty-loving, law-abiding people, marrying and giving in marriage, and except for a generous love for their homeland and its peoples, Americans to the core. Their traditions, language, ancestry, history and enduring devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty were the same or at least had blended with ours at so many points that they played an insignificant part in the creation and development of the Anglo-Saxon civilization and peoples.

Intermingling was accordingly free, and ready assimilation naturally followed. The character of our present day immigration renders this impossible. Coming from eastern and southern Europe, with distinctly alien characteristics and strange modes of thought; full of instinctive opposition to all forms of government springing from the tyrannical oppression of

liarities. As a result, we have veritable bits of the old world transplanted into this country, and many of our large cities and industrial communities have become chiefly confederacies of foreign colonies.

Not only do they confine themselves to sharply defined groups within cities, but the entire immigrant population is centering in one particular section of the



NEW CHARGES FOR UNCLE SAM

their mother country, the necessary intercourse for normal assimilation is impeded; and whereas the early immigrants became lost among the American people by becoming Americans themselves, the striking racial differences of our present immigrants tend to gather them together in separate groups of their own and to maintain and emphasize their own pecu-

country. More than seventy per cent of the ten million immigrants who came here during the last ten years have settled in the North Atlantic States, and in many cities in New York State and New England the predominant element of the population is foreign. In Boston, of a population exceeding six hundred thousand, about seventy per cent come from foreign pa-



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Field Secretary



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Industrial Secretary of Greater Boston



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Boston Secretary



JOSEPH SPANO
Italian Secretary

rents, and more than thirty-five per cent are foreign born. So the overwhelming problems arising from immigration are made still more acute by being concentrated into one section of the country.

Yet this excess of colonized immigration has made eastern industrial growth possible, and the evils are the price of profitable manufacturing and the construction of great works, a benefit, nevertheless, bought by the greater masses—the decadence of intelligence and character among a population composed so largely of newly-arrived foreigners. Even among themselves the older people largely find themselves less respected and obeyed than formerly, for their children are exposed to daily experiences encouraging unfilial and immoral life and thought. The immigrant parent, here ignorant of the English language and harassed by new cares and surroundings, finds his parental authority diminishing over his children, who, naturally more adaptable to new influences, soon acquire a few superficial American characteristics, a feeling of superiority to his elders and an erratic freedom, due to his greater earning capacity, which combine together to deprive the parent absolutely of all control over the child. Thus, unrestrained and completely irresponsible, practically without training of any kind, the immigrant child is thrown upon the school of the streets for education and the ideals of the slums to develop character. So while immigration in the North Atlantic States has made possible their wonderful industrial development, it has brought

in its train congestion, lack of sanitation and poverty, undermining the moral strength of the community, and by destroying parental control fostered moral and physical evils which must be eradicated.

Some propose a wider distribution of the immigrants throughout the country, but this is not easy or necessarily a cure. At the best it is a makeshift, simply postponing the solution of a problem which must be met by present action to eradicate present evils, and will simply increase the number of local plague spots for the future to deal with. But even if distribution were practicable, the social ties

of the immigrant would make it extremely difficult. Practically every immigrant comes here to follow some countryman, friend, or relative who has been here for some time, and the foreigner just landed cares little for sanitation or social environment, if he may only live where his countrymen have settled and enjoy, in their society, such congenialities of his old existence as his new surroundings afford.

To analyze this confused condition, intertwined with every economic, political and sociological problem of the day, to diagnose every evil and find its remedy, and ultimately to fuse these strange elements into one rounded and homogeneous people—this represents a herculean task. A number of high-minded Americans, banded together under the general head of the North American Civic League, are attempting to perform this great work. The society has been in existence only a few years, but already it has been

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North Branch



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Branch



EDWARD V. HICKEY
Industrial Secretary of Connecticut Valley
South Branch

most active in its good work of protecting the immigrants from imposition, between the time they leave federal control and arrive at their destination. During its brief existence, the League has indeed played the part of a "Beneficent Guardian."

THE object of the League is the assimilation of the immigrant: first, by securing his confidence at his very landing; aiding him by humanely and intimately dealing with the earliest problems of his American life, and by arousing concerted community action to modify the home surroundings of the immigrant so that his character may improve with his new surroundings.

The work of the Civic League, always simple, direct and practical, begins even in mid-voyage, for cards printed in all the different languages spoken are distributed, explaining that the League is prepared through its secretaries to give reliable information and assistance without charge, forestalling in this way one of the most serious abuses regularly practised by swindlers in defrauding the incoming immigrants. Ignorant of our customs and language, incapable of discrimination through the sorrows of abandoning a lifelong home, an exhausting journey sometimes half way across the world, their blind uneasiness as to their future, and usually an enervating spell of seasickness, they are often reduced to a state of utter helplessness. Their new hope and joy at reaching the land of promise produces in them an eager desire for human sympathy and a corresponding trustfulness, and any proffered assistance is accepted with such unqualified security and gratitude that these swindlers are able to reap an easy harvest. Heavy as the loss may be to the immigrant materially, its reaction upon his character is even greater. Coming here in great depression, lightened by great hopes, his very first expression of confidence in this new land is met by deceit, and his former trust is replaced by suspicion and often by a resolution to profit by the example set. Through the North America Civic League the immigrants are met by trained representatives, who can talk to them in their own language and render whatever assistance they need, and amid the great excitement of landing, the feverish haste, anxiety and confusion of tongues,

demands for assistance are endless, and the agents of the League are busy in many ways. Finding baggage, exchanging written orders for railroad tickets, exchanging money, re-uniting friends, answering questions, comforting and advising immigrants whose friends fail to meet them, sending telegrams to acquaintances—these are a few of the many services rendered to the immigrants on their arrival.



DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER
President of the North American Civic League

WHEN the immigrants are thus welcomed, whatever worthy sentiments they have felt are justified by the humane reception accorded them. Again, for the majority of the immigrants, the journey is but partly finished, and a part have still the continent to cross. Others who are not met by their friends or relatives, and incapable of locating their addresses, and therefore likely to be imposed upon. At New York City, the vortex of all the problems of immigration, the League has created the New York-New Jersey Committee, which under its department of Immigrant Guide and Transfer, maintaining a special organization, headed by a manager em-



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A BIT OF THE OLD WORLD TRANSPLANTED INTO THIS COUNTRY

ploying drivers, horses and wagons, leaves the immigrants at the very goal of their long journey. Those going further inland rapidly group according to their destination, each of which, in charge of a League representative, are placed aboard the proper trains. When the number of immigrants for any city is large, as in the case of Boston, the League, through arrangements with the government, receives a telegram from Ellis Island every day,

stating the numbers and nationalities of immigrants who are to arrive in Boston the following day. On their arrival they are again met, some surrendered to waiting friends at the depot, others properly directed, or brought to the door of some local address, and the rest properly grouped are once more placed upon trains bound for their homes. If going to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where the immigrants are almost exclusively Italian, they are met

in Boston by an Italian representative of the League, who personally takes them to that city. This process, it is hoped, will ultimately be repeated at every central railroad point in America, and thus the North America Civic League, holding the country in one gigantic embrace, can shield the immigrant from the moment he steps upon our soil until he reaches his friends.

BUT after all this, numberless problems arising from an unchecked immigration remain to complicate and lessen the benefits of our institutions. The larger number of immigrants are obliged to labor every day. Comparatively little provision has been made for their education, and the evening schools are often sadly inadequate in their methods. Moving in strange environments and ignorant of the language, learning for the immigrant is very difficult, and few men, after a day's hard labor, can be expected to value and pursue knowledge for its own sake. Some stimulus the League has undertaken to supply by weekly lectures in some foreign tongue, accompanied by stereopticon views preceded by a musical program. Thus, creating a fresh interest in the night school work, while conveying some particular form of instruction in themselves, they are not confined to any class, but are made community events, by wide advertising in the local foreign papers and distribution of flyers and tickets. From October to March, 1910-1911, the attendance at the Boston lectures exceeded twenty-nine thousand, an average of three hundred and eighty-seven to each lecture.

A series of eight pamphlets, giving immigrants in their own language a simple exposition of our forms of government, institutions, history and ideals are given to immigrants in the schools, and by the libraries of sixty-eight American cities, reaching from New York to Seattle and south to Houston, Texas. Of course this chiefly benefits the adult, who can be assumed to have some prior training.

But it is more difficult to approach the children, many of whom were too young to have obtained at home even the most rudimentary education, and yet are too old to be compelled to attend the public day schools after they arrive, while their poverty will not permit more than a year or two of schooling. Thus, through their greater ignorance, the children are more seriously handicapped than their parents in assimilating the spirit and pride of American life. The League fully appreciates these difficulties and in co-operation with other agencies is devising a system to overcome this serious obstacle to its educational work.

Improving the condition of the immigrants' home is also attempted, but involves intrusion upon privacy and is surrounded with many difficulties. A domestic educator visits the homes, gives instruction in ventilation, sanitation, the care and feeding of children, personal and sex hygiene, household economics and other conditions.

The League also attempts to shield and guide the immigrants in such matters as collecting wages, safeguarding their interests with banks, steamship companies, and employment agencies, controversies with employers, and acting as interpreters in court, giving legal aid and advice, etc.

The greatest and most difficult work of the League lies in bringing the community to a realization of the critical bearing these matters have upon our welfare, and to disperse effective and concerted measures of self-defence. It has succeeded in securing co-operation of other agencies engaged

To fuse these strange elements into one rounded and homogeneous people represents a Herculean task. A number of high-minded Americans, banded together under the general head of the North American Civic League, are attempting to perform this great work. During its brief existence the League has indeed played the part of a beneficent guardian.

in like work so as to secure the greatest efficiency of the entire organization. While the nation as a whole is blind to these needs and perils, certain sectarian, racial, or purely humanitarian societies have endeavored to meet the need as they saw it, but failed in some degree. Numerous religious and patriotic organizations are working at a like disadvantage. Today



SCENE AT THE IMMIGRATION DOCK

such organizations as The Young Travelers' Aid Association, the Women's Municipal League of Boston, the Massachusetts Church Federation, the Chapters of Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution Immigration Societies, and Civic Service houses—hitherto working independently, are being gradually brought into co-operation throughout the whole country with the North American Civic League, which thus becomes the great national clearing-house for the problems in relation to the Americanization of immigrants.

There still remains to be considered the widespread industrial unrest throughout the country. To meet this problem the League acts through such committees as the New England Industrial Committee, the Boston Chamber of Commerce Immigrant Committee, and the heads of various industrial and business organizations, and will attempt through business organizations such as Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce the solution of the gen-

eral and minor local problems. Other activities, such as establishing centers of information through social service houses, urging necessary legislation, demanding better educational facilities, advocating vigilance and positive action, attempting to awaken the dormant public to the realization of our national dangers, are also continually kept in view.

This is a problem, and the North American Civic League for Immigrants was organized to solve it; to counteract these evil influences in defence of our institutions by undertaking by benefits conferred to mould the immigrant to his new

environment. It takes him home, assists him in his education, improves his home life and guards his interests in his relations with the community. Further, the League is educating the public to its danger and its duty, winning the co-operation of the business interests for the general improvement of labor conditions, systematizing the energy of the work of parallel organizations; and multiplying agencies to extend its operations over the whole nation.

Coming here in great depression, lightened by great hopes, the immigrant's first expression of confidence in this new land is met by deceit, and his former trust is replaced by suspicion and often by a resolution to profit by the example set. To this is largely due the cynicism of foreigners as to American ideals.



SAFE ON THE NEW HOMELAND SHORE

A DAUGHTER of the STARS

by

E. Phillips Oppenheim

SYNOPSIS: The story opens with the landing of an Englishman and his guide on the island of Astrea, on which is a famous temple of the same name. The Englishman is traveling in his brother's ship in search of interesting subjects for his pen and pencil, and has been induced to stay a day or two on the island by the prospects of obtaining some remarkable notes and sketches of the strange islanders. It happens to be the time of a remarkable religious ceremony, and the people are in an excited condition. The Englishman and his guide, however, would possibly have remained unmolested had not the former rushed forward to protect a young and beautiful white girl being offered by the High Priest as a sacrifice to the temple. For the time being his gallant attempt is frustrated, as he is speedily overpowered and rendered unconscious. He escapes, but is pursued, and his faithful attendant Ahmid is killed. He then enters a secret passage hewn out of the rocks, and descends by it to the inner sanctuary of the temple. Here he finds the girl whom he had attempted to rescue. He has a terrible struggle with the High Priest of the temple, and is at length overpowered

CHAPTER V

I HAD lost all measure of time, but I was probably unconscious for only a moment or two. When I opened my eyes, he was still kneeling there, regarding me with complacent hatred. I made a desperate effort to rise. He laughed, and slowly loosening the girdle from his waist drew it around my neck. He held the loose ends in his hands and watched me, hoping that I should cry for mercy. But I saw other things, and the fire of hope was in my heart. I saw a white figure pulling away at the dagger which quivered still in the wall—I saw her wrench it free, and I saw her coming with slow, stealthy footsteps across the shining floor, with her white face full of hatred, and a light in her eyes which cheered me. For I felt that the end was not yet come, though the twisted girdle was already cutting my throat and the loose ends were in his hands.

Closer! closer! closer! I had shut my eyes lest the light in them should give him any inkling of what was happening. Yet through my quivering eyelids I saw

her creeping up on tiptoe, her teeth firmly set and her bare arm raised. He heard no sound, and he suspected nothing. Then I saw the blue steel flash sudden lightnings, and there was a dull thud. The dagger had been driven home with no weak blow. The ends of the girdle slipped from his fingers. He gave one groan and rolled over on his side. Breathless, I staggered up to my feet. There was a livid mark around my neck, and I still felt as though I were choking. The girl stood there looking down at the priest. Her hand was outstretched and the blood was dripping from her fingers on to the marble floor. I spoke to her.

"Is there anyone else about the place?" I asked.

"No one! There will be no one in the Temple for an hour."

I drew a long sigh of relief. The sun was still high, and so long as the day lasted I knew that, save for any myrmidons of the High Priest, the Temple, nay, the sacred hill itself, would be completely



I stepped with dazzled eyes on the hard, white sands, but almost immediately I sprang backward and held out my hand to stop the girl

isolated. Slowly I began to recover my breath and to look around me. On a marble altar a few yards away, a little heap of some sort of dark seeds were burning, giving a deep red flame and emitting a curiously pungent odor. The couch where the girl had been lying and the ground all around it was strewn with purple and white flowers, whose faint perfume mingled with the more redolent odors of the place. Up to the high, dome-shaped roof little puffs of white smoke were still curling. I moved a few steps to where the priest was lying. A dark stream of blood was trickling out from his side across the spotless and polished floor. I looked down at him with a curious mixture of sensations.

"I wonder," I said half to myself, "whether he will die?" There was a clutch upon my arm, a light moan in my ear. The girl was beside me. Once more, as she looked downward, her face was lit with terror.

"Oh, come away!" she begged, "come away! Let us leave this place. It is horrible!"

I touched his hand, a shapely and delicately cared for hand with its weight of glittering rings. It was warm, and the pulse was still beating.

"He may die if we leave him like this," I remarked. She was frankly indifferent; she turned away and would not look at him.

"I hope that he will die," she said, with a strange flash of fire in her eyes. "I shall be happier all my life if I think I have killed him."

Then I remembered what Ahmid had told me as we lay on the mountain side in the gray dawn—that her father had been a missionary, slain by order of the High Priest, and I wasted no more pity upon him. I stood up.

"And now for escape, then," I said.

She caught hold of me with both her hands, clutching at my clothes in a sudden paroxysm of fear. Something in my words seemed to have suggested to her what had certainly never entered into my mind.

"You will not leave me behind?" she cried, her eyes dilated with horror. "The people would tear me to pieces. You will take me with you! You will save me!"

"Of course I will," I answered promptly.

"Don't be afraid. We will escape together or not at all."

She pressed her hand to her heart with a sudden relief, and her eyes flashed an eloquent glance upon me. I think it was then for the first time that I understood how beautiful she was. Her long hair had escaped the bands of white ribbon which had held it together, and was streaming upon her shoulders in a wanton disorder. A faint pink flush was creeping through the gray pallor of her face. I had thought of her as a child; she was suddenly a woman.

"Ah!" she said, "God must have sent you to me."

I shook my head grimly.

"He would have chosen a more celestial champion," I said. "After all, it is you who have struck the only blow so far. Now, listen! What we have to do is to get to the steamer. It is less than a mile to the sea from here. We must descend the hill and when we get to the laurel grove we must force our way through it straight on to the shore instead of turning to the village. The worst of it is that when we really get to the sea, we shall be seen from the village. That will be our dangerous point. I don't suppose you can swim?"

"Oh, yes, I can," she answered quickly. "I can keep up for a mile."

This was a load off my mind. The thing began to look less desperate.

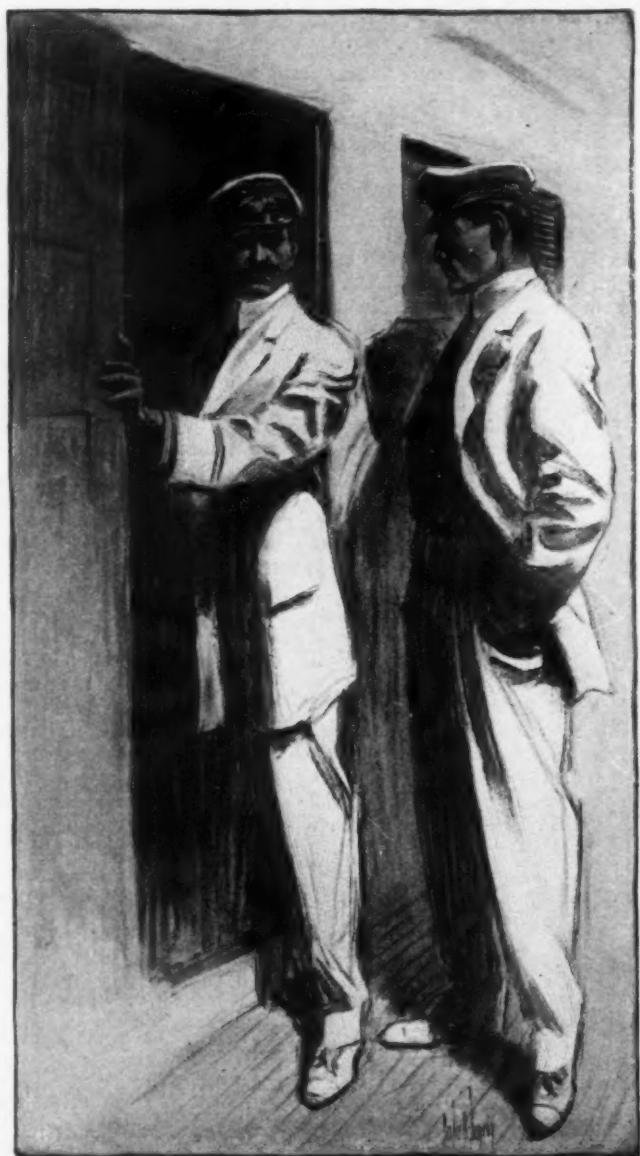
"Come, that is good," I exclaimed cheerfully; "you understand what we have to do then? Remember that we have a fair chance, and that is all. These natives are not savages. They have rifles, and they seem to know how to use them. It will be a splendid piece of good fortune if we manage to reach the yacht unhurt. All the same I think we shall do it."

"You will not leave me," she faltered, "whatever happens."

I took her hands in mine. They were as white and as soft as any woman's hands I had ever felt.

"I promise," I said gravely, "we will escape, or we will die together."

WE stood there for a moment without moving. I, being a man of some emotions, found time to wonder at the strangeness of the situation into which I had



There was a pealing succession of most musical trills, ending abruptly, and then commencing as though every moment she found a new cause for mirth

drifted. All around us the deep serene stillness of the place was unbroken, save for the slight hissing of that red fire upon the altar. There was something very thrilling in that deep hush, the strange half lights, and the mingled perfumes, something of that peculiar and mysterious mysticism which is always attached to the temple of any strange and idealistic form of worship. From the stories of Ahmid I did not doubt but that I was the first European who had ever set foot upon that marble floor. However that may have been, I had no great desire to linger there.

"Come!" I said, "let us make a start. We pass through there, I suppose, to the outer temple."

I pointed to a high arched door set with clasps of copper. The girl nodded.

"It is locked," she said. "Wait, I will get the key."

She stooped down over the body of the Priest and unfastened something from his waist. I walked onward to the door. When she caught me up, she had a great key in her hand. We passed into the outer temple. The great iron gates in front were wide open in readiness for the evening's ceremony. With scarcely a glance around we found ourselves suddenly face to face with the flooding sunshine. I held out my hand and she paused.

"Let me go first," I said. "I want to make sure that there is no one in sight."

I **STOOD** in the shadow of a pillar on the topmost of that great flight of broad steps, and shading my eyes looked cautiously out. The broad way from the village to the Temple was, as I had expected, deserted. Bamboo sticks at every few yards on either side supported an empty paper lantern swaying gently in the light wind, and all in readiness for the evening's festival. No sound whatever came from the little cluster of huts below. Afar off inland, the dark forms of stooping men in the rice-fields, like insects upon the hillside, were the only signs of human life. And yonder, right below, almost at our feet as it seemed, was the blue sea and the "Cormorant" lying at anchor. There was safety—safety for both of us! I beckoned to the girl.

"Come," I said, "there is no one in sight. We will make a bold start."

We stepped out into the burning sunlight and walked swiftly down the steps and along the broad walk. All went well until we reached the point where the path curved to the left down into the village. Here, as we paused for a moment, we had a glimpse of the little circle of huts, and the blue smoke curling upward through the trees. We could even see the little brown children rolling about, and the dusky forms of women stepping across the open space. From somewhere behind came the clanging of a copper instrument, low, harsh and monotonous, borne to us apparently from a long distance upon the hot faintly moving air—herald of the night's ceremony. The girl at my side had evidently heard it before, and notwithstanding the heat shivered. I parted the first clump of laurel bushes and motioned to her.

"We must not follow the path any longer," I said. "We shall have to make our way through here. Keep as close to me as you can."

We stepped from the warm sunlit air into the thick labyrinth of bushes, and a deep icy chill struck through my linen garments, and the girl by my side shivered. Step by step we fought our way through the densely growing mass of undergrowth. Once she stumbled, catching her foot in the roots which ran like a network of twisted ropes backward and forward. Still we pressed on, and we gained ground. I understood now, though, what Ahmid had meant when pointing here from the boat on our first landing, he had spoken of the "poisoned grove." At times the rank odor from the flowering shrubs almost overpowered us, and we had to gasp for breath. The air was damp and fetid, and the thick canopy of broad leaves above our heads shut out the sunlight and even the blue sky. Once a great yellow-bellied snake crept hissing out from the shelter of a mass of decaying leaves, and we saw his black eyes glisten like beads, and his skin quiver as he seemed to hesitate whether or no to attack us. The girl shrank back with a smothered cry of terror. I held her tightly around the waist and hastened on. But for the rest of the way she trembled without ceasing, but fortunately we were only a few yards from the edge of the grove. With scarcely any warning,

so thick was the vegetation, we found that we had reached it. I stepped with dazzled eyes on to the hard white sands, but almost immediately I sprang backward and held out my hand to stop the girl. Down on the sands in front of the village, a little crowd of natives were gathered together, and the low "pom, pom, pom" of their war drums came distinctly to our ears.

"They are all out and in arms," I whispered to the girl.

"They look as though they were thinking of attacking the yacht. Perhaps they think that I have escaped there."

She peered out between the laurel leaves. A few hundred yards to the left the sands were dotted all over with the dusky forms of the natives, and every moment the clanging of their brass and copper instruments grew louder and louder. A few were armed with rifles, others with long swords and spears. I gazed from them out to the little steamer anxiously.

"I wonder," I said, "if Maurice has landed a boat yet."

Almost as I spoke there came a puff of white smoke from the yacht's side, and directly afterwards a loud report. I waited eagerly for the result.

"Maurice must know by this time that something has gone wrong," I remarked. "I wonder what he will do!"

Very soon I was to know. Something came bobbing round the side of the yacht itself. It was a boat full of men! A few yards behind came another! At the same time the "Cormorant" slowly backed a little closer in shore. There was another puff of white smoke, and then a terrified yell from the group of natives. This time old Blowden, our gunner, had found his mark.

My heart beat quickly and my eyes were dim.

"Oh, paragon of a brother," I murmured. "Good old Maurice! What a brick he is!"

"Is he your brother?" she murmured softly in my ear.

I nodded.

"Yes, and the best fellow on earth. Wait! I must think what to do. I don't want them to fight."

IN the meantime the natives were sending messengers to the Temple. I saw the men who were chosen strip themselves

naked and run up the hillside to the Temple like wild men. Then I knew that something must be done and done quickly; for very soon they would know what would fill their hearts with the blackest rage toward us. The boats were half way to the shore now in an oblique line between us and the natives. I looked down at the girl.

"Have you nerve enough to run now and swim?" I asked.

"I am quite ready," she answered. "Any time."

I put my left foot out and looked to the priming of my revolver.

"You must start first," I said to the girl. "Do not wait or look behind. Just run for the sea at about that spot," I pointed to a piece of gleaming seaweed. "If you can dive when you reach the water, do so. They will fire at us, no doubt. Directly we are seen I will attract the attention of my people and they will head their boats toward us. Now go!"

She hesitated for one moment.

"I can run very fast," she said, "you are sure that you will follow quickly."

"I shall watch you," I answered. "I shall start so as to reach the water at the same time as you."

She held up the skirts of her white gown in one hand, and with a little nod to me poised herself for a moment upon her left foot and then darted forward, running with a speed and a grace which altogether amazed me. She had barely taken thirty paces when a low hoarse murmur, gathering strength until it became a roar, burst from the dusky little crowd preparing for battle on our left. Then I waited no longer. I fired one chamber of my revolver into the air, sprang out upon the sands, and with my hand to my mouth, gave a mighty Leicestershire "Tally Ho!" and ran. Short though had been her start, she was knee-deep in the water before I was up with her, and she hesitated and looked round for me.

"On you go!" I cried. "Dive if you can."

A bullet whizzed harmlessly over our heads. I was up to my waist now in the cool sea, and she had gone under with the grace of a mermaid. More bullets came whistling over our heads—one ploughed up a long line of spray only a yard or two behind. She was up again now, and we

were swimming side by side straight for the two boats which had been quickly turned toward us. The Cormorant was keeping up a steady broadside into the crowds of natives on the beach with deadly effect, as we could judge from the yells of pain and fury. I struck the cool water with joy, and turned to my companion with a laugh.

"Those fellows cannot see us now," I cried. "They'll never touch us. Courage! How gloriously you swim!"

ALMOST as I spoke there was a sharp, stinging pain in my shoulder and a strange tune rang for a moment in my ears. I set my teeth hard and grimly kept back that little cry of pain which had very nearly escaped me. More bullets whizzed over our heads and cut the water up around us. The girl took not the slightest notice of them, swimming a little ahead of me, low down in the water but with perfect ease. Now I could see the prows of the "Cormorant's" boats coming nearer and nearer, and I was glad of it, for every moment my strength grew less. My teeth cut into my lips. I feared to open my mouth lest I should cry out. The girl was gaining on me with every stroke—there was quite a gap between us now, and there was Maurice standing up in the bows of the nearest boat, cheering us on bravely. Was it Maurice, though, or was it the dusky face of a black-bearded priest mocking us and waving us back! . . . There was a mist before my eyes, and the sky was suddenly dark. What a strange, sickening sensation! Then a roar throbbed in my ears. My arms cleaved the water no more; I felt them sink helplessly to my side. I gave a little gasp, and for the first time the girl looked around and saw that the water between us was stained with blood.

I heard a sweet voice pleading in my ears—a sweet voice broken with sobs. I was up again in the light. The green sea was thundering no more in my ears. Her arm was around me. I could hear her praying. "Oh, God, save him! save him!" she murmured, "God save him!"

Then I felt a strange thing, the touch of wet, warm lips upon my forehead, and taking heart once more, I stretched out my arms and swam. It was only for a moment

or two. Hoarse voices were shouting to us close at hand. There was the gurgling and dripping of water as a dozen pair of oars struck the waves only a few yards away. Somehow or other I felt myself being lifted up into a boat, and Maurice's arm was around my neck.

"I'm all right," I said. "Thanks, old chap! Is the girl in?"

Maurice nodded, and a soft dripping hand was laid upon mine. She was by my side. Suddenly she half rose and stretched out her hand toward the hilltop.

"Look," she cried, "look!"

I followed her gaze and the men rested for a moment upon their oars. High up above the laurel grove on the topmost steps of the Sacred Temple a man was standing, a man of great height and commanding appearance. His arms were stretched out seawards—some instinct of his terrible wrath seemed to travel to us without words or gesture through the sunlit air. The girl at my side turned pale, and her eyes were full of trouble.

"If only mine had been a man's arm," she murmured; "if only I had reached his heart!"

CHAPTER VI

AFTER all, it turned out that my wound was little more than a scratch. When I woke up after a long night's rest to find a soft cool wind blowing in through the open porthole and the murmuring of a calm sea in my ears, I knew at once that the fever which had threatened me on the previous day had passed away. I got out of bed and with some difficulty, for my shoulder was still stiff and sore, dressed myself. Then I hurried on deck.

We were going at half speed with several sails flapping lazily in the faintly stirring breeze. When I looked around for the Island of Astrea, I saw only a dim blue haze far astern. Maurice was near the poop talking to the chief engineer. Directly he saw me he broke off in the middle of a sentence and came to my side.

"Didn't expect to see you about just yet, old chap," he remarked. "Are you all right?"

"Right as a trivet," I answered. "The bullet must have just grazed the skin and glanced off the shoulder blade. My only

discomfort at present is excessive hunger. I had nothing to eat yesterday."

He laughed.

"Breakfast in five minutes. I was just waiting for the bell. How on earth did you manage to get those beggars' backs up like that?"

"It's quite a yarn," I answered. "I'll tell you all about it over breakfast."

Then there was a moment's silence. I wanted to thank him for the expedition which without doubt saved our lives, but I knew that he hated thanks. At the same time it seemed ungracious to say nothing. I fenced with the difficulty.

"That was rather a close thing," I remarked.

He nodded and knocked the ash off his cigarette.

"Yes; I ought to have started half an hour sooner. I might have known that something had gone wrong."

"I don't see how," I replied. "I think that you timed it remarkably well."

"The young lady," he remarked, "was game—very game! Were there many more of her sort upon the island?"

I laughed.

"Come down to breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it."

"What about our visitor?" he inquired; "or rather, your visitor. Will she join us?"

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Oh, in the ladies' cabin," he answered with a shade of irritation in his tone. "I didn't suppose I should get through the cruise without having to use it!"

I laughed outright. Maurice was something of a woman-hater, and it had been expressly stipulated that this was to be solely a bachelor outing.

"It's hard luck, Maurice," I admitted, "but it's not so bad as when Lady Montague and her niece boarded us at Gibraltar. I'll knock at the door and see if she's awake."

THE ladies' cabin was on the deck and next to Maurice's own room. I knocked softly at the door. She answered at once.

"Yes!"

"Are you going to get up for breakfast?" I asked.

"Oh, is that you really?" she cried gladly. "Are you better then?"

"I am all right," I answered through the keyhole. "The bullet only grazed my shoulder. How do you feel?"

"Oh, me! Why, I'm quite well!" she answered hesitatingly.

"Well, won't you get up and have some breakfast?" I continued after a moment's pause.

"That's just what I'm dying to do," she answered. "I have been wanting to for hours. But—"

"But what?" I asked.

"How can I?" she exclaimed impatiently. "The only clothes I have are soaking wet."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I exclaimed penitently, with my mouth a little closer to the keyhole. "What a thundering ass I am! Shall I go and see whether I can find anything likely to be of any use to you?"

"Are there any women on board at all?" she asked.

"Not one," I admitted.

"Then I don't suppose you have anything," she said dubiously. "If you could get me a dressing gown and a needle and cotton, and let me have this little piece of deck just outside the door all to myself—the sun seems very hot there—I think I could manage something."

This was evidently a young person of resource. I was very much relieved.

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring some breakfast, too, and put everything down outside."

I went down to the saloon, where Maurice was already peeling a banana. He saw me enter alone with evident satisfaction.

"Is she asleep, or knocked up?"

"Neither! What idiots we are," I exclaimed; "she hasn't any clothes."

Maurice looked at me perplexed. Then the corners of his mouth twitched and he burst out laughing.

"Well, you're a nice squire of dames!" he exclaimed. "Of course she hasn't. What are you going to do?"

I was a little annoyed, but Maurice rose at once and passed his arm through mine.

"Come into my cabin, old chap, and we'll see what we can find," he said. "I ought to have remembered that you didn't bring her luggage on board."

We looked through his wardrobe and gravely selected a heterogeneous collection of articles which we imagined might be useful to her. Maurice was something of a sybarite, and had always been most fastidious as to his person. I watched him with surprise carefully prepare a dressing-case with gold fittings in which he took particular pride.

"Are you going to let her use that, Maurice?" I asked.

"I suppose so; as she is here, we must look after her," he answered carelessly. "I don't use it much myself. It's a little overpowering. There's everything there but hairpins and curling tongs. How about those shawls and things we bought at Colombo for the mater and the girls?"

THE very thing," I declared. "We'll have a couple of them out at any rate."

Maurice hauled them into the light, and we regarded them with satisfaction.

"She can make a frock of them anyhow," Maurice remarked. "They're a trifle gaudy, but I daresay she won't mind that. If she don't like the pattern, she can cut up my white flannel dressing-gown. The orientals will come in for evening wear!"

We staggered out on to the deck with our bundles and laid them down outside her door. The steward was waiting there with the breakfast which I had ordered. I knocked softly and bent down to the key-hole.

"We've brought you some things," I announced with a certain amount of justifiable triumph in my tone, as I looked down at the two huge bundles and at Maurice's dressing-case. "We are going away now, so you can open the door and fetch them in. There is some breakfast here, too."

"Why, thank you, ever so much," she answered. "I'm just ravenously hungry."

We walked away, and Maurice stopped for a moment to speak to the carpenter about fixing some sort of an awning around the few yards of deck in front of her door. When we returned we saw with satisfaction that both the bundles and the dressing case had vanished.

"I think," I remarked, "that she will be rather surprised to find what a bachelor's

wardrobe has been able to furnish. I should never have thought of half of those things if it had not been for you."

Maurice stopped short for a moment—we were at the head of the gangway—and looked at me dubiously.

"What's that?" he asked.

I listened.

"It sounds as though she were laughing,"

I admitted. And, indeed, there was no doubt at all about it. There was a pealing succession of most musical trills, ending abruptly, and then recommencing as though every moment she found a new cause for mirth. We walked on in silence. I really think that we were both a little hurt.

"It was those ridiculous stockings of yours with the gold-colored clocks," I said abruptly. "Fancy a man wearing such things! No wonder she was amused."

"I'll bet you a fiver it wasn't," Maurice answered with a broad grin.

"Come along, anyhow," I said quickly. "I want my breakfast."

CHAPTER VII

OVER breakfast I told Maurice the whole story of my adventure. We continued discussing it long afterward, lounging in low chairs upon deck and smoking—I my pipe, and Maurice innumerable cigarettes. Somehow Maurice took it a little more seriously than I had expected. His first half-impatient query remained unanswered—a somewhat perplexing problem.

"What the mischief are we going to do with the girl?" That was without a doubt a quandary, and a rather awkward one. However, as I explained to Maurice, I had scarcely as yet exchanged a dozen sentences with her. We need not take it for granted that she was friendless or that she had lived on the island since her childhood. The probabilities all seemed to point the other way. There was nothing in the least uncouth about her appearance or manners. She spoke the purest English, with just a slight American accent.

"I daresay," I remarked, carefully refilling my pipe, "that she has plenty of friends in India and will be only too glad to be landed at Colombo. In any case I don't think that she will be much of a burden to us."

"It isn't exactly that," Maurice said. "Only one gets so sick of women on shore that it has been a perfect luxury to be absolutely free from them for a while. I am a little superstitious, too," he added calmly. "I always look upon a single woman as country people do upon a single magpie. They bring bad luck. By the by, that reminds me. There's a man on board wants to talk to you."

Maurice blew his silver whistle. The boatswain came hurrying forward.

"Send Hooley here," Maurice ordered.

In a minute or two Hooley stood before us. He had a squat but honest face, and he wore earrings. He was evidently much embarrassed.

"This fellow knows all about your delightful island," Maurice said, turning to me. "You have been there often, the first mate tells me."

The man pulled his cap respectfully.

"I've been there, sir," he answered. "Two years ago was my last trip there. I was mate on a Rangoon trading vessel running to the Philippines, and we used to call there regularly. Very go ahead people for niggers, sir!"

"So I found them," I remarked drily.

"You'd have been all right, sir, begging your pardon, sir, if you hadn't run amuck with them on the religious tack. There's no shifting them off that. The Czar of Russia ain't no more a despot than that High Priest of theirs. If he told 'em all to cut their throats they'd do it. Begging your pardon, sir," the man continued, turning more directly to me, "there's some talk amongst the men as how you'd half killed him and brought the young woman away out of the Temple?"

I nodded.

"Something like that did happen," I admitted.

"It was a rare plucky thing to do, sir—begging your pardon, sir," the man said gravely, "but—but—"

I LOOKED up at him from the depths of my chair. His face was troubled and perplexed. He moved uneasily from one leg to the other.

"What is it, Hooley?" Maurice asked. "Speak out, man."

"You see, sir," Hooley explained, "I've

been there pretty often, and I know how much store they set on that High Priest. What I want to say is this, sir, in the way of a warning and meaning no offence. This thing ain't done with. If you've struck the High Priest a single blow, there's them amongst 'em as 'll follow you for it half over the world. There'll be no more festivals on the Island of Astrea until either you or the young woman has been made the victim."

Maurice smiled incredulously. I laughed outright.

"Why, you are as bad as the natives, Hooley," Maurice declared. "How could any of that half-naked, ignorant crew follow us to England, and what could they do if they got there?"

Hooley shook his head.

"Three years ago, sir," he said, "our first mate when he was half drunk chucked a pebble at the High Priest because he wouldn't trade for rubies. The next morning he was found dead in his cabin, fifty miles out at sea, with a poisonous snake in his bunk. Lord only knows how it got there. I know that's true, because I was the one to find him, and there's many other tales of the same sort."

"Never mind the other tales, Hooley," I said. "This High Priest is certainly a wonderful looking man. Do you know where he came from? He could never have been a native!"

"They say, sir, as he is an Indian Prince, who had lost caste and found his way to the island by accident. I don't know the rights of that. Anyhow, he was educated at Bombay University, and he can speak any language under the sun. He is a physician, makes gunpowder, and has taught them natives a sight of things. He can lead 'em just like blind sheep. They used to worship some sort of images up in that Temple before he came, but he converted them to Star worship. They very nearly killed me once, because I climbed up a tree to look at him when he was walking in the Sacred Grove."

We both laughed, yet we were both a little impressed. He was evidently desperately in earnest.

"I've no doubt they're fanatical enough for any mischief under the sun," I remarked thoughtfully, "but after all I don't see what

we can possibly have to fear now. If I were on the island, I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for my life. But as to their following me, to England or anything of that sort, well, frankly, I think it's all rot."

"Well, it don't seem likely and that's a fact, sir," Hooley admitted. "Maybe I'm overskeered! Anyway, sir, you're very fortunate to have got safe off."

The man touched his hat and withdrew.

BACK across the sea I looked into the blue mists somewhere amongst which lay that Island of Astrea, and notwithstanding the hot sun, I felt a shudder pass through my veins. It was not that I had any further fear on my own account. I was possessed in those days at any rate of an average amount of common sense, and I knew that when once I found myself in my own country, any idea of pursuit or revenge on the part of these islanders was the most positive and futile absurdity. But, on the other hand, I had no doubt but that they would revenge themselves on the first white man whom chance or hope of profit should lead to these shores. Maurice, who was lounging by my side, with a book turned face downward upon his knee, seemed also to be impressed with a similar idea.

"I tell you what I think, old chap," he remarked presently. "Old Posset's chief at Colombo, you know. We'd better go and see him, and tell him all about it. Any traders likely to call there from Rangoon or Colombo ought to be warned. Those fellows will about eat the next white man they get hold of."

I nodded.

"After all, it's a pity we didn't kill that fellow," I said thoughtfully; "no doubt he deserved it, and it would have been safer."

An unfamiliar sound—the slight rustling of a woman's gown upon the deck, attracted our attention. Maurice looked quickly around. My shoulder was as yet too stiff for me to turn without difficulty.

"It's our guest, Maurice," I exclaimed. "Great Scott!" We both rose to our feet. Maurice threw away his cigarette, and I laid down my pipe upon the deck. The girl came toward us, her lips half parted in a faint smile, her dark eyebrows raised

as though in mute protest. Her head was quite uncovered, and the slight breeze was blowing through the waving ripples of her hair. To us her dress seemed wonderful. It was fashioned from the white robe which she had worn in the Temple of Astrea, but a few touches seemed to have converted it into the semblance of a striking but sufficiently conventional costume. Around her waist she still wore that strange girdle of wrought gold. She was wearing stockings, but no shoes, and she walked with something of that wonderful grace which seemed to be her only kinship with those dusky women of Astrea. As our eyes met hers, a brilliant smile flashed over her face. Coming straight up to me, she held out both her hands and grasped mine. She did not speak at once, but her eyes slowly filled with tears. I felt a little embarrassed, and stole a half glance at Maurice. He was not smiling or noticing me in any way. His eyes were fixed upon the girl. Her appearance had apparently taken him by surprise.

"Come and sit down," I said, pushing my deck chair toward her. "I am glad to see that you look all right this morning."

"I am quite well," she said in a low tone. "How is your shoulder?"

"Only a little stiff," I answered. "This is my brother Maurice."

SHE raised her eyes, and held out her hand shyly, over which Maurice bowed profoundly. I wished that he would go away, for the girl was evidently suffering from a very natural nervousness. But he remained leaning against the deck rail, and the girl sat with her eyes fixed upon her lap, and the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"I can't think how you managed to make your dress look so nice," I remarked.

She laughed a little.

"Oh, I am used to making things," she said. "This was not difficult, there was so much of the material. But it is not finished yet. I just put it together anyway so that I could come out."

"It seems very mysterious to us," Maurice remarked pleasantly. "I am so sorry that I had no one to send to help you. Jim and I are bachelors, and this is a

bachelors' cruise. We have not a woman on board."

She had raised her eyes for a moment when he had first spoken. Since then she had been looking steadily at the horizon.

"How far are we away?" she asked abruptly.

I looked over the vessel's side.

"About one hundred miles," I replied. "We have seen the last of the Island of Astrea. You do not want to go back, do you?"

She drew in her breath, and her cheeks were suddenly pale. With a quick movement she passed her arm through mine and held my hand.

"Never! Never!" she cried passionately. "Oh, my God, it was horrible!"

I held her hand tightly and declined to look at Maurice.

"Well, it's all right now," I said consolingly. "You will never see the wretched place again. We are getting further away every moment."

She leaned forward and looked over the vessel's side.

"We are not going very fast, are we?" she asked timidly.

For the first time I noticed that we were certainly not exceeding half speed. I glanced toward Maurice.

"No, we are going slowly," he admitted, "You see, we hadn't finished repairing the engine shaft properly before you people came, and we had to patch things up and bolt. However," he added, turning toward the girl with a smile, "I don't think they will be able to catch up to us in canoes."

"In canoes!" she repeated quickly. "Why, no! But they have a steamship like this—only bigger!"

CHAPTER VIII

AT first we scarcely believed that the girl was speaking seriously. We looked at one another, and then at her in blank amazement.

"A steamer!" Maurice repeated incredulously. "Why, where do they keep it, then? Up in the Temple?"

The girl flashed an angry glance upon him, and addressed herself to me.

"They keep it in the Bay of Astrea," she said. "It is on the north side of the island. The High Priest bought it a year

ago from a Dutchman, who used to call there and trade for rubies. They ran on shore one night in a gale, and the ship was nearly wrecked. The High Priest would not let the islanders help to rescue it, but bought it as it was. Then they floated it."

"But what on earth do they want with a steamer?" I asked.

"He is going to take rubies to Rangoon and sell them there, or even to Colombo, and bring things for the island. He was to have started directly after the Festival."

"Who was going to do the navigation? Surely, none of them understand that."

"The High Priest understands everything," the girl answered. "He has been teaching some of the Astreans every day."

Maurice and I looked at one another. This was a contingency for which we had neither of us been prepared. Maurice took it more seriously than I did, for he knew more.

"I think," he remarked, "that you will see what the mainsail will do for us. The breeze seems to hold up well."

He strolled away and ascended the bridge. The girl looked up at me anxiously.

"Do you think they will come after us?" she asked in a low tone.

I shook my head.

"Not for a moment," I assured her. "Even if they have the steamer I should doubt whether they can navigate her yet. Besides, it would take at least a day to get her ready. I am sure that you need not be anxious. You will never see the Island of Astrea again."

She drew a long sigh. Very clearly it was not a sigh of regret.

"And now," I said, feeling more at my ease with her now that Maurice had left us, "suppose you tell me your name?"

"Why, yes," she laughed. "How odd. It is Sara Fokuonois."

"And your people?"

I MUST tell you all about myself," she said gravely. "My father was an American missionary. We came to India twelve years ago, when I was very small indeed. It was the ambition of his life to get into the interior of China. He was years and years trying, but they would never allow him to pass into the country.

He left me at Calcutta, with an English-woman who kept a small school. It was when I was about fourteen years old that he gave it up, and came back to Calcutta. He worked there for a little time, and then he heard of this place somehow, and decided to come here. I wanted him to bring me, but he would not. He said he must first see whether the people were friendly. He said good-bye to me—it was at night, but I got up and followed him to the ship. We had sailed before I was found among the passengers. Then he had to bring me!"

I nodded.

"You were not happy at Calcutta, then?" She shook her head vigorously.

"No, it was at a school—a cheap school. I was very miserable. The girls and everybody were horrid!"

"And at Astrea?"

"Oh, at first it was just lovely! The freedom and the odd way of living enchanted me. It was such a change. Father had brought presents for them, and they were very civil, and gave us any quantity of fruit and food and flowers. But after he had learnt a little of their language, he tried to preach to them. It was on a Sunday evening, and they all came to listen, squatting round in a circle just outside the hut. Father translated a little from the Bible, and then tried to explain it to them. They were all very attentive, but directly he spoke of a God, old Makao—he was our servant—plucked his sleeve and tried to stop him. It was no good, of course. Father went on, and he finished the service. The next morning he had a message from the High Priest, 'He was welcome to stay upon the island,' the High Priest said, 'and to teach the natives whatever he would that was useful for them to know, but he must not speak or preach of any God!' That was his first and last warning. Next Sunday my father preached again, though at his first appearance amongst them, with his Bible under his arm, the people fled from him as though he were a leper. Yet there were one or two who lingered and he spoke to them. Before morning it was all over. He was dead!"

"They murdered him," I cried with a little shudder.

She looked up at me sorrowfully, and her eyes were full of fear.

"Do you know how?" she said softly. "Did you hear how they rid themselves of their enemies in the Island of Astrea?"

I shook my head. "No, I have not heard."

SHE shivered all over, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"There is a breed of serpents terribly venomous, who are only found in the Laurel Grove around the Sacred Temple. One of the High Priest's servants does nothing but look after them. They are fed and tamed so that they never wander away. When there is anyone whom they wish to destroy they first of all keep one of these creatures without food for a day—then they put it into the hut, generally in the middle of the night. No one has ever lived for more than an hour after they have been bitten."

Notwithstanding the hot sun, I felt an icy shiver pass through my veins. Our own escape had been almost marvellous.

"Let us talk of something else," I said.

"Let us leave those days for awhile until they lie further behind."

She shook her head sadly.

"No! I want to talk of them now, and then forget—for a long, long while! It was rash of my father, but I am afraid he was almost a fanatic. I prayed to him to go away, and to work somewhere else where there were Europeans, and where we should not be wholly at the mercy of that awful man. But he would not. He hoped to make such an impression on the people themselves that they would not allow the Priest to touch us."

I felt an impulse of sudden anger against him.

"He had no right to expose you to such danger," I said hotly. "The influence of the Priesthood has been upon the people of Astrea for a thousand years. He must have been mad to have attempted their conversion in such a way."

"He is dead," she said simply.

"Ay, he is dead! And you—"

"I am here," she whispered softly, "thanks to you." Her voice shook with gratitude—her eyes were large and bright and soft. I felt a curious little thrill of

emotion as her fingers stole caressingly upon mine.

"May I ask—about your mother?" I said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, I had meant to tell you about her. I do not know whether she is living or not. She married my father before he was at all religious—long before he ever thought of becoming a missionary. When he decided to come to China—"

I interrupted her.

"Pardon me! Where were you living then?"

"In America, near Boston! My mother thought that he had gone mad. She refused to go with him, and they were divorced. I have never heard from her since. I do not think I ever want to see her, or hear from her again."

"Isn't that—just a little hard upon her?" I said hesitatingly.

"I suppose it is. I guess it is. Anyway I cannot help it. I feel like that. She ought not to have deserted my father!"

I had my own ideas as to the desertion, but I did not pursue the subject.

"And your other relatives?" I asked.

"Have you any in England or America?" She shook her head.

"I do not know! I do not believe so. I never heard my father speak of any."

She seemed quite content with the fact. To me, however, it suggested an approaching dilemma.

"Well—but where do you wish to go?" I asked. "We are bound for England."

"I shall go with you, of course," she answered without a moment's hesitation.

"I do not want to go anywhere else."

NOW for a young man and an artist, I have more than once been accused by my friends of distinct tendencies toward the conventional in certain respects. At any rate her words came like a shock to me. I began to realize that I was engaged in an adventure of a highly romantic description. Undoubtedly I had saved this girl's life. Well, that was rather the fault of circumstances—the thing had been so presented to me that in common humanity I could have found no alternative. It had certainly never entered into my mind that in rescuing her from that unholy bondage

I was assuming any very serious responsibilities as to her future. The thing now began to assume a very different light. I thought of our arrival in London, with this girl upon our hands. What were we to do with her? How were we to find her a home? I thought of our mother, stern, unimaginative, a little narrow, a good woman, but a woman of many prejudices. I could see her eyebrows grow higher as we told our story, her lorgnettes raised—I knew exactly in what light she would regard it all. Unconsciously I smiled to myself and then I became conscious that the girl by my side was watching me closely. Her eyes were soft and bright, full of unshed tears, and her lips were quivering. How beautiful she was! I felt suddenly ashamed of my hesitation.

"Of course we shall take care of you, child—at least until one comes who has a better right," I said.

"There will never be anyone else," she said, watching a wave break against the bows. "You saved my life."

Her voice was low, but her eyes, although she kept them half averted, were full of eloquent fire. I felt my heart beat a little quicker, and I realized that it would be necessary for me very soon to lay down some unwritten laws as to our relative positions.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "you are not rich. I hope that you are not. Look here!"

She unslipped her girdle and shook out its contents into her lap. A cry of amazement broke from my lips. A little flood of deep flashing gems fell like a cascade into the folds of her dress, flashing and glowing in the sunlight as though they were touched by some unholy fire. Gems were there of a size I had never dreamed of. Maurice, who had seen the girl's action, came across the deck with a little cry. She picked up a deep purple stone, the size of a small egg, and held it up to the sun.

"These are the sacred rubies of Astrea," she said. "They are always kept in this girdle. It belongs to the Priest."

Maurice, who was leaning over the back of my chair, burst into a peal of laughter.

"They are the Sacred Rubies of the High Priest of Astrea!"

(To be continued)

Subconscious Public Sentiment

by

JOHN GORDON

Ever since the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was established the policy of keeping in close touch with the thought of readers has been maintained. When the country was in the throes of currency legislation, letters received from bankers all over the country fortified the consensus of public opinion that some change must be made at once in banking loans. These letters, written long before the bill was passed, indicate the big, broad spirit of American bankers, and show how unerringly in the main they grasped the crux of the situation. The sanity and common sense of the American people is reflected

A SYMPOSIUM of bankers' letters concerning the currency bill make interesting reading, in the light of prophecy. Before the Glass-Owen bill became a law, a request from the editor of THE NATIONAL, to representatives of city and town banks throughout the country, brought in reply the varying views of large and small banking associations, and proves that bankers generally are more thoroughly informed about their business than some statesmen would believe.

Generally speaking there were few enthusiastic supporters of the Glass-Owen bill as first introduced; and yet very few wholly antagonistic utterances to the principles involved; the general attitude being one of more or less candid criticism, and partial acceptance and non-acceptance of its several provisions. Generally the necessity of currency legislation was acknowledged, and a hopeful expectancy of moderate and effective amendment was evidently quite general. Nearly all were willing to try almost any experiment to further change old and archaic laws on the statute book.

A large number, true to the conventional

in that subconscious sentiment which few statesmen have ever been able to define. The letters here quoted are essentially a prophecy of what was ultimately to become the most revolutionary currency legislation ever passed in the country's history

reticence of their profession, like Uncle Remus's Tar Baby, "says nuffin"; perhaps a wise thing to do; but in so important a matter, in which the interests of the whole people are at stake,

most bankers appreciated the need of the general public for all the light that could be thrown upon the measure, and heartily acceded to the request for their views.

SPEAKING of the centralization of banks, Mr. W. F. Champ, Cashier of The National Bank, Helena, Montana, wrote: "Briefly stated, the centralization of the banking power of the United States is badly needed; a capable administration from that centralization will result in great progress in the development of our agricultural resources, upon which, with its kindred cares, the credit of our country absolutely rests. As considered at the present moment, the pending legislation will not accomplish the desired result as fully as has been earnestly hoped for."

This word of optimism was received from Mr. Frank C. Welsh, Cashier of the People's Savings Bank, Cedar Rapids, Iowa: "We do not expect Congress to furnish the banks of this country with a

perfect currency bill right away. We feel that the present bill cannot but put the finances of the country on a more solid basis, and if this is done, it naturally follows that it will be a big aid to our national prosperity."

Echoes of the Bankers' Convention were heard from many quarters. Mr. R. M. McKinney, Cashier of the National Bank of the Republic, Chicago, Illinois, remarked: "I feel that if Congress would accede to the suggestions made by the Bankers at their conference in Chicago in August, as to reserve, it would make the bill workable and, in the main, satisfactory both to banks and to business interests, and prove of great help to the commerce of the country."

"There is no question but that the re-discount feature contained in the Glass-Owen bill is of great value to banks; and in my opinion the concession I have named would not interfere with the fundamentals of the bill, and could readily be granted by the administration without sacrificing anything of principle."

HERE is a plea for the central bank, by Mr. W. D. Vincent, Cashier of the Old National Bank, Spokane, Washington: "In June, 1908, as President of the Washington Bankers' Association, I advocated the enactment of a law establishing a central bank, believing that the United States had grown into a world power and must do business on a world basis. The world basis of settlement is gold, and that is the only lawful money recognized by other nations. The only successful banking systems are along the line of a central bank, and sooner or later this nation must get in line with the great nations of the world by adopting methods in use by them, tested by them, and proven to be the method through which the greatest efficiency of a circulating medium is attained."

From California came this brief statement, by Mr. W. B. Clancy, Cashier of the Security Savings Bank of Riverside: "The Currency Legislation is of vital importance to the Western States, and we hope the new law will absolutely provide for Federal Reserve Banks here, and for loans on our commercial paper in times of need."

The Cashier of the City National Bank, Duluth, Mr. H. S. MacGrew, had a word to say in deference to the views of bankers and the public in general: "The Democratic party, as represented by the President and his advisors, are undoubtedly determined to make a record in office. With this determination in view, they have enacted the tariff bill, thus redeeming one of their pre-election pledges, and are trying to force the hurriedly prepared Glass-Owen bill through Congress. While this desire to secure for the business interests of this country a scientific currency system is commendable, their attitude towards those who are engaged in financial operations in this country, and who therefore should know or should be expected to know something of the laws and customs of finance, is not so commendable. A much more free range should be given to public discussion on this matter, and particularly more attention paid to the conscientious opinions of bankers of the country regarding the proposed legislation."

"Banks should have at least three representatives in the Federal Reserve Board," wrote Mr. George Woodruff, President of the National Bank of Joliet, Illinois. "Note issues should be the obligation of the regional banks and not of the United States Government. The regional banks should be less in number than the twelve originally stipulated. State and municipal bonds should not be dealt in by the regional banks, whose investments should be in short-time paper. Reserve banks should not, if possible, compete in the open market in buying paper which it is the province of their subordinate banks to deal in and re-discount in the regional banks when necessary."

"Provision should be made to purchase all United States bonds held by National Banks, which do not choose to come into the new arrangements. The deposits of savings departments are properly loaned out among those who deposit them, and should not be confined to certain outside bonds and obligations. We feel that the administration and Congress are to be heartily commended upon their activity in the campaign for currency legislation, which was started so many years ago by the bankers, and we look forward to the

passage of a law that will be workable, fair and in the best interests of all classes."

The Citizens' Bank, Higbee, Missouri, by Charles C. Hin, cashier, believed "that bankers should form the Reserve Board; that so large a percentage of the capital of the bank should not be deposited with the regional banks; that not more than from four to six regional banks should be created; and with the stock left open to public subscription." Would prefer one central bank with many branches and the national banks allowed to handle a certain percentage of farm loans; but on the whole admits that a change is necessary and is likely to benefit the country in the end.

A MODEST letter from the Farmers' Savings Bank, Mineta, Virginia, signed by John C. Walker, Cashier, recalls the statement in the Senate of Senator John W. Weeks that the bill was "seventy-five per cent good." "While we would be glad to give you our views on the Currency Legislation," said Mr. Walker, "we feel that as we are only one of the many hundreds of little country ten thousand dollar banks, ineligible, on account of our size, for membership in the National Reserve Association, that whatever views we may have will be of little worth.

"We believe many of the provisions of the Currency Bill are unsatisfactory and unfair, but at the same time, we think that it is dangerous to hazard the passage of a bill that is in the main good, with chances of another 1907, without an attempt having been made to prevent such an occurrence, in which case the parties defeating or retarding currency legislation will have to answer to the people of the country, with the possibility of a far more radical bill, to which none of their offered amendments would be given a thought."

A terse statement from Mr. W. A. Taylor, Cashier of the First National Bank, Hastings, Nebraska, shows how they feel about the new bill in the home state of Secretary Bryan. "Possibly we can best answer your question as to our views on this matter," wrote Mr. Taylor, "by saying that if the Glass-Owen bill becomes law in the form in which it passed the House, we will doubtless surrender our national charter and become a state bank."

Still further echoes of the panic of 1907 are heard from the Bank of Hamburg, Iowa, Mr. B. G. Franklin, cashier: "The writer is of the notion that every country banker who went through the panic of 1907 is down in his heart very much in favor of the currency legislation. Of course, we all differ in some points of the proposed bill. Personally the writer thinks that the administration measure, as presented, more nearly meets the needs and wants of the vast majority of the people and banks than the so-called 'Vanderlip' measure as written."

Mr. Henry C. Burnett of the Chicago Savings Bank and Trust Company considered "our central banks the best form for business and flexibility of operation. Reserve requirements are extravagant as compared with those in England. Notes should not be government obligations. Compulsory membership of banks is a grave error. The question of control by bankers or government is a minor consideration."

THE need for revision of the former currency legislation was reiterated by the Hope Deposit Trust Company, Independence, Missouri. "In our judgment," said this bank, "we are greatly in need of revision of our currency law. We are not particularly pleased with the present bill, but hope that something will result from the present agitation of the subject."

The Delaware County National Bank believed that the National Bank system should be retained but modified to suit new conditions. "The proposition of the pending bill," stated the cashier, Mr. Charles H. Church, "is unfair, in that it secures National Banks only and does not apply to the eighteen thousand state banks and bankers, whose deposits and reserves much exceed those of the National Banks."

Mr. Church believes in "a Central Reserve Clearing Association with bankers in each state, which, under control of the federal government and available for both National and State Banks, are to be responsible in a body to the United States for all advances or discounts to their members."

A more exhaustive analysis of the new bill, as the bankers see it, came from the

President of the First National Bank, Corvallis, Oregon.

"There are many things in the new bill which are very excellent," believed Mr. Woodcock, "but other things in it will kill the National Bank system, destroy it absolutely, in my opinion. It will place National Banks at a disadvantage, giving State Banks the entire advantage.

"It would be different if they would leave it optional with National Banks to invest what they could afford to, in the Federal Reserve Banks, and place so much of their deposits therein as they could afford to. If this were done, the rest of the bill would not be so bad.

"The law would force an investment in the Federal Reserve Banks, taking the several amounts out of the communities where they belonged and into foreign territory; from Corvallis \$70,000; from Eugene \$140,000; from Salem \$165,000; and from Portland, Oregon, \$2,465,000. It will take from the entire state of Oregon \$5,006,500.

"These investments under the law are permanent, fixed investments. The investing bank cannot lessen them at any time without surrendering its charter, which is contrary to all laws heretofore ever heard of on banking investments.

"Heretofore we have been taught that banking investments, either of capital or deposits, should be temporary, short time, so that they would be liquid, coming and going, and not in any way fixed, so that the collections from investments would be coming in at all times to meet the demands of customers and depositors."

* * *

And what of the currency bill now? Three months have slipped by, and despite divergent opinions, the spirit of the nation is incarnate in the one word "Hope."

The records of the Treasury Department up to February show that practically all the national banks whose capital is \$1,000,000 or over have applied for admission to the Federal reserve system. The amendments in the bill represent a sincere and earnest desire on the part of all concerned to make a success of the experiment, and these changes, chiefly due to the earnest work of bankers, have resulted in the co-operation of the national

banks in the new system, and European bankers have also expressed their approval. It is felt the bill will result in making the United States the greatest discount market in the world, with only the possible disadvantages of politics creeping into the Central Reserve Board.

The American method of handling commercial paper, begun fifteen years ago, has resulted in a revolution in commercial methods in England. It has brought the United States to the forefront as practically the only exclusive cash-paying nation. Commercial houses pay cash and secure a discount, obtaining the funds by selling their own notes through dealers and banks.

The financial situation of today is unprecedented. The growing demand for capital is world wide, and the government, the banks and the general public must unite in earnestly trying to solve this perplexing problem. The banks have generally joined the procession, and have shown the right spirit.

When a law is passed the bankers have proved that they know how to obey, as patriotic citizens, the statutory mandate of congress. The one imperative, unanimous demand was for a new currency bill, and while all could not agree—and the present law may have its imperfections—a fair trial will bring the test.

A further symposium from bankers and business men in all parts of the country will be an interesting study. Every banker, business man, manufacturer, salary or wage earner is invited to send the NATIONAL his views on the operation of the currency and tariff bill, to be published as the evidences of the results accumulate. Get your thoughts together and note changes for better or worse, and let us hear from you for the next budget.

It is becoming more and more apparent that as long as our political leaders keep in touch with the subconscious public sentiment they will not go far astray. As these letters from bankers reveal, in spite of uprooting the traditions of fifty years of national banking, as proposed by the bill, there was a patriotic purpose in hoping for and maintaining at all hazards the welfare of the country, as the vital point and the first consideration.

The Rehabilitation of The Republican Party

by

ORMSBY M^E HARG

Since reconstruction days a dry gangrene has been eating at the vitals of the Republican Party. This condition was superinduced by the wounds of the great Civil War, fought to establish the principles of that party. The one man able to accomplish a cure for the political wounds inflicted by the war was Lincoln. His death was one of the great calamities of the world. Had he lived, the awful hurts of reconstruction would not have been inflicted. He would not have tried to impose former slave over former Anglo-Saxon master. He would have provided a means whereby the negro would naturally and progressively have assumed his importance with his white neighbor. Lincoln would have made the central idea in the evolution of the negro the material and spiritual welfare of the negro rather than the political. Possibly he would have left the question of the political rights of the negro to State solution, rather than national and thus avoid imposing a national and social conception upon the various communities of the South. Ignoring this principle the negro of the South has been practically an instrument hurtful to himself and an agency for committing a double-distilled fraud upon the electorate of the whole nation. It is the purpose of this paper to point out how this fraud has been perpetrated upon the country, and in a brief way, without desire to injure the sensibilities of any man, to point out its logical effects

IT must be evident to every thinking man and woman in the country that there has not been a crisis in the public affairs of the country of a character to localize and embitter political controversy within the Republican Party of the South. Notwithstanding this, practically all the delegations from those States are in question at each National Convention called to choose a Presidential candidate.

With the knowledge of this situation in mind I undertook in 1908 to handle, in the interest of Mr. Taft's candidacy, the contest situation in the South. I felt at the time that a great deal of the bitterness which was the outgrowth of the method of settling the contests at prior Conventions had been due to a lack of thoroughness in presenting the contests to the National Committee. I thereupon determined to prepare the cases in accordance with lawyer-like methods, supporting my contentions in behalf of delegates chosen for Mr. Taft by an abundance of proof gathered on the ground and placed before the National Committee in the form of affidavits.

There were listed with the Secretary of the National Committee two hundred and twenty-nine contests, of which two hundred and nineteen materialized. Each member of the National Committee and especially the older members of the Committee expressed their alarm over the situation in the Party which seemed to encourage, or invite, an increase in the number of contests at each National Convention.

Although President Roosevelt was actively supporting the candidacy of Mr. Taft, he and Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Taft's manager, expressly required of me that only such cases as I considered meritorious should be prepared and submitted to the National Committee. Mr. Hitchcock was painstaking in his efforts to advise me as to the situation when I undertook it, and repeatedly counseled with me as the work proceeded.

I spent months in the South, traveling from state to state, and from district to district, familiarizing myself not only with the facts in each particular case, but with the atmosphere surrounding the situation

which seemed to induce so many contests. I was not conscious of any effort on my part to disguise the sordid details which I had learned, all of which were elicited by the National Committee in the hearings on the cases, which lasted nearly two weeks.

THE story of how the Republican machines in the South discouraged the building up of a Republican Party; how that machine loaned itself in the various Southern States to the dominant faction in the Democratic Party for the purpose of securing prompt confirmation in the Senate of the various Presidential appointments, was all laid before the Committee.

What seemed most to impress the National Committee was the absence of

Commencing almost immediately after reconstruction in the South, the negro was prevented from voting by force, later by disfranchising statutes. The existing disfranchising statutes, although conceived for the purpose of disfranchising the negro, have been drawn with such ingenuity that they have been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States as being constitutional.

an active Party organization in many of the States, with the attendant result, a great falling off of the Republican vote, due not only to disfranchisement of the negro, but to bitter personal differences among so-called leaders, growing out of the distribution of the spoils of office. The National Committee took no decisive action in respect to this condition.

The procedure of the Republican Party requires that all the cases tried before the National Committee shall be re-tried before the Committee on Credentials of the Convention.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, was appointed a member of the Committee on Credentials. He submitted patiently to the details of the various cases until the State of Mississippi was reached, whereupon he demanded that three districts in that State be entirely thrown out, on the ground

that there was absolutely no evidence of the existence of a Republican Party in those districts.

Later this reprehensible situation was again aired in open convention, as had been done in several previous conventions, in each succeeding one of which an increased number voted to reform the party procedure and change the basis of representation which made such a condition possible.

In 1908 Mr. Burke, of Pennsylvania, proposed a resolution to change this system, which resolution lacked forty votes of being carried. Had the Burke resolution been adopted the sordid story of the Convention of 1912 would not have to be told, and the Republican party would not have been divided.

At the conclusion of the contest hearings, four years before, I expressed my views of the situation to a representative of the *New York Tribune*, in an interview published as follows:

Integrity in the election of delegates to the National convention can be obtained by attaching an honest value to each seat, treating it with the same respect, irrespective of the part of the country from which the delegate comes, and then refusing to barter the seat of any delegate for partisan purposes. I affirm it as an obvious proposition that as long as the Southern delegate knows that his seat may be used to trade with for partisan advantage he cannot respect it as does the delegate from the North, and that only when his rights are absolutely respected will there be removed from the selection of delegates from the Southern States that element of hazard and gambling that results in the multiplicity of contests which continually plagues the National Committee.

Now, at the bottom of conditions which make such a program possible, there is the feeling that a Southern delegate does not represent a constituency, that such value as attaches to his seat is purely material. And in the North there is a lack of respect for the seat occupied by the Southern delegate, because it means a vote from a man who represents a district which will contribute nothing to the election of the candidate his votes help to choose.

I would take the electoral vote in an average northern Republican state as a basis for calculation and apportion delegates to the Southern states in proportion to the vote they cast for the Electoral College. That, I am convinced, would serve a dual purpose. First, it would afford an incentive to the people of the South to get out their vote, and, second, it would constitute a palpable

warning to the Democrats of the curtailment in the National Legislature which must inevitably follow if the negro continues to be deprived of his right of suffrage. And, in addition, it would remove most, if not all, of the scandalous conditions which now rob the party in the South of that respect which, when properly cultivated, will split the "Solid South."

My observations strengthened my deep conviction that the situation existing in the South was a fraud upon the Republicans of the North. The wrong is expressed in two separate forms: First, over-representation from the Southern States, when their voting strength under the Fourteenth Amendment is taken into consideration, and second, Absence of Party strength and organization in the sense in which that term is understood in Republican States.

IN such States as Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas, the delegates to a National Convention are selected without regard to party machinery. The manner in which they are chosen has given rise to an expression, "hand-picked" delegates.

In working out this plan the Party Committees designate who shall go to the Conventions, and the refusal on the part of those not fortunate enough to be designated results in others being more or less informally chosen to contest the right to sit in the Party Conventions.

The so-called regular organization in each State has the backing of the administration in power, and a revenue from good jobs, the members devoting themselves to the Art of Politics. A shrewd secretary provides a complete set of minutes for his organization, thus establishing regularity. It is extremely difficult for any other than the administration forces to make a showing in the national organization of the Republican party. This situation with respect to the Southern party organization has been dwelt upon at various times before the Republican National Convention and has been characterized as a "Paper Organization."

Victor Rosewater, the Acting Chairman of the Republican National Committee which heard the contests of 1912, in an article in the *Political Science Quarterly* of

December, 1913, in speaking on this same point, says:

I have more than once called attention to the weak spot in our system of president-choosing, growing out of the over-weighted delegates from the Southern States which can boast of but paper organizations, and contribute no electoral votes to the Republican column.

The representatives in Congress are apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. This rule holds unless the right to vote at the election is denied to any of the male inhabitants of the State, except for participation in rebellion or other crime.

The rule for determining representation to Republican Conventions is expressed in the following language, taken from the call of a recent National Convention:

Said National Convention shall consist of four delegates-at-large from each State, and two delegates-at-large for each representative-at-large in the Congress, and two delegates from each Congressional district.

It will be seen when this is worked out that there will be two delegates in the National Convention for each member of the House of Representatives, and two for each United States Senator from each State.

Commencing almost immediately after reconstruction in the South, the negro was prevented from voting by force, later by disfranchising statutes. The existing disfranchising statutes, although conceived for the purpose of disfranchising the negro, have been drawn with such ingenuity that they have been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States as being constitutional. The people who have been deprived of their suffrage by these statutes are not able to invoke the provisions of the Constitution relating to the apportionment of representation in Congress. This latter, being purely a political question, has been left entirely to Congress itself to adjust. Other interests in Congress brought about a combination of interested politicians which has been able to defeat any change in the basis of representation in the South made necessary by the disfranchising statutes. The Congress has succeeded in giving this situation the

appearance of legal order and "by infinite subdivision of the crime, to render it almost anonymous."

Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution covers the subject of apportionment of representatives among States, and reads as follows:

Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President or Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive or judicial officers of a state, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state,

Too great prosperity in the years that followed the settlement of the great issues of the war lulled the Republican Party into a false sense of security. In the complexity of the large affairs growing out of the amazing national development, bringing in its train new and difficult problems, social and economic, the political affairs of the country fell more and more into the hands of leaders. More and more these leaders came to accept demands of captains of industry and to suppress and neglect the will of the people, preferring a seat at the fleshpots to serving the people and the country.

being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

The language in this constitutional provision is so plain that commentary thereon would only tend to confuse.

The existence of the situation thus disclosed is what has led me to characterize the representative and delegate system from the South as a "double-distilled fraud." With this conviction on the subject it is natural that I should oppose the system which sought to throw a mantle

of charity about the institution of which there is just complaint.

It is difficult to see how anyone could preserve his self-respect and approve of the existing system, when his attention is called to the fact that in Mississippi 5,000 Republican voters rank in importance with 105,000 in Kansas; that in Florida 8,000 Republican voters rank in importance with 130,000 in Colorado; that in Alabama 32,000 Republican voters rank in importance with 190,000 in Minnesota; that in Georgia 27,000 Republican voters rank in importance with 235,000 in New Jersey; that in Texas 65,000 Republican voters rank in importance with 572,000 in Ohio.

It was this condition that the Republican National Committee had to meet when it commenced the hearings on the contests in 1912.

THE giants of the war who accepted Lincoln's declaration, "of the people, by the people, for the people," as a definition of government were no longer steering the party ship. With them the voice of the people was the voice of their God, and they religiously read the public will as did Moses the Commands from Sinai. They obeyed commands far more mysterious, far more inexplicable, than those they issued to their subordinates. For these men knew the price of disregarding public opinion, as the devastation of a great civil war was still upon them.

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Big business, easily-arranged conferences between the "reasonable" men of

the two dominant parties, at which trades were made, and in return for the Democratic support of big business, an attitude of "strenuous inertia" was assumed toward the political situation in the South. This sort of situation would have continued indefinitely had the conditions remained as they had been for years before. But publicity has so inoculated the country that the story of an injustice committed one day in Mississippi is the next day the subject of debate in New York.

It is natural in this country that once in four years prior to great National Conventions, the people should take their reckonings. Just prior to the last Republican Convention strange, incoherent mutterings came up from the grassroots. Shortly the sounds became coherent. A demand was upon the Republican leaders for a reckoning. The people were speaking.

Public opinion had for many years been protesting against the system which made a nomination possible under such circumstances.

The National Committee had been sitting for about two weeks for the consideration of the usual grist of contests. Charge and countercharge had been made; crimination and recrimination had been indulged in by the leaders of the contending factions. The popular impression, which I am not sure has yet been removed, was to the effect that there were more delegate seats in contest from the South than ever before. If that is the common impression it should be removed; for the facts are that there were fewer contests from the South than four years before, namely: 229 in 1908 as against 210 in 1912. There were, however, fifty-six seats in contest from Republican States. The people of Arizona, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri and Washington had become inoculated with the contest virus.

THERE is not a leader in the Republican Party, nor a man in Congress, who does not know that this nation has been living a political lie ever since reconstruction days. Every thoughtful man in the Party well knew that the time would come when the light would be turned upon the reproachful situation which has been described. It is certain that the light will

not be turned off until the situation has been corrected. Whether or not Congress will do its duty remains to be seen. That the Republican Party will do its duty in cutting Southern representation to the bone is certain. The reduction proposed at the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee is a mere makeshift.

It was to be expected that the crisis in this situation should come in the midst of a presidential campaign. It is to be regretted that the National Committee failed to rise to the occasion which the situation presented. The Committee failed to heed the sibilant murmurings of the approaching storm which finally broke upon their defenseless heads in the early June days of 1912 when they were hearing the contests. The conflict between sub-

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stance and form which had occupied that Committee in its various sessions for many years, came up for final settlement. The conflict was irrepressible. It was the demand made by *real* delegates that they control the convention as against the *paper* delegates of the South—the delegates since described by Mr. Rosewater as those chosen by "paper organizations."

The thing that emphasized this controversy was the disparity in popular strength in the North between the two leading candidates. One had a clear majority, undisputed, of the delegates from the States which had in previous presidential elections given their electoral vote to the Republican candidate. More than ordinary feeling had been aroused in selecting delegates in the Northern States due to the direct test of individual strength in

the primaries in a number of the great States. In these states the popular vote was so decisive as to ordinarily settle the question beyond controversy. To set off against such delegates paper delegates from a section of the country where no pretense is made of maintaining a party, was an act of violence against the principles of the Party, against common sense and against common honesty.

* * *

In what has gone before I have attempted to trace the origin and growth of a system which in a government like ours is bound sooner or later to break down. It did break down in 1912 and in breaking

There is not as much difference, so far as national policies are concerned, between the platforms of the Republican and Progressive parties as there has been in each presidential campaign between the preceding Republican platform and the one upon which the candidate is then running. It has been the honest pride of Republicans that in National politics the Party has kept abreast of the times, and has courageously tried to solve the great problems, social and economic, that come up. The history of the Republican Party is as dear to the Progressive as it is to the orthodox Republican

down it carried the party organization with it.

I have always unsparingly condemned those who have attempted to make Mr. Taft personally responsible for the situation which existed at Chicago on the hearing of the contests. Mr. Taft was the titular head of the Republican Party. He inherited an institution which Party leaders had been trying for years to destroy. I have been unable to discover any evidence that would indicate that Mr. Taft went any farther in the use of Party machinery than did his predecessors. Mr. Taft has never been a practical politician. The responsibility was with the National Committee, which was made up of practical men.

It will not be contended that the political sentiment of the country changed so as to demand the trial of Democratic principles. Mr. Wilson himself has admitted that his election was due to a division in the Republican vote. Mr. Wilson's vote was smaller than Mr. Bryan's four years before by nearly 200,000 votes, while Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt together polled about 80,000 votes less than Mr. Taft polled four years before.

The impression is given currency that a large number of Republicans voted for Mr. Wilson, and that a large number of radical Democrats voted for Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Taft supports this contention, in an article appearing in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "The Future of the Republican Party." He says:

In the last election, under conditions as unfavorable as possible, the Republican candidate secured three and one-half million votes. Of those who would have voted for him had they thought his victory possible, Colonel Harvey, whose political judgment has been frequently vindicated by the event, thinks there were perhaps a million more who voted for Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, in order to make certain Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

It is with the utmost deference that I disagree with what Mr. Taft has said. There is no available data to support Colonel Harvey's statement. Such a remarkable political phenomena as one Republican in five voting the Democratic National ticket could not possibly escape the most casual observer.

I personally know a number of men trained in practical politics who are accustomed to observing political phenomena during a great contest like a presidential election, and I have as yet failed to meet any man who agrees with the contention of either Mr. Taft or Colonel Harvey on this question. They all agree that Mr. Roosevelt's vote came almost solidly from former Republicans.

One fact that all observers comment on in connection with the vote of 1912 is the undoubted failure of Radicalism to increase in number the popular vote. In support of this I quote the exact figures of the vote for the principal candidates in 1908 and 1912; and in connection with

these figures it should be borne in mind that between 1908 and 1912 suffrage was extended to 200,000 women in the State of Washington, and 500,000 women in the State of California.

In 1908 Mr. Bryan received 6,409,104 votes, while Mr. Taft received 7,678,908 votes, and Mr. Debs, Socialist, received 420,793 votes.

In 1912 Mr. Wilson received 6,282,542 votes, Mr. Roosevelt 4,114,585 votes, Mr. Taft 3,480,479 votes, and Mr. Debs, Socialist, 820,606 votes.

I have endeavored to point out what caused the defeat of the Republican Party, and to show how the former Republican vote was divided in the election of 1912. In order that some understanding may be arrived at as to the future of the Republican Party, an idea must be formed as to the make-up of the organization representing those who left the party.

If the question were to be propounded to a so-called Progressive, "What is the Progressive Party?" or rather, "Who is the Progressive Party?" the answer would be, "Theodore Roosevelt"; and the orthodox Progressive exclaims, "Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage."

There is not as much difference, so far as national policies are concerned, between the platforms of the Republican and Progressive parties as there has been in each presidential campaign between the preceding Republican platform and the one upon which the candidate is then running. It has been the honest pride of Republicans that in National politics the Party has kept abreast of the times, and has courageously tried to solve the great problems, social and economic, that come up. The history of the Republican Party is as dear to the Progressive as it is to the orthodox Republican. The proud history, and the principles for which the Republican Party stands mean much in the battle for the people's rights. These elements cannot be found in the organization of a new party.

The great personal popularity of Colonel Roosevelt, who, it must be admitted, is the spirit of his Party, must be taken into consideration, and full weight given it in analyzing any situation affecting the wel-

fare of the Republican Party. It must be admitted that if Mr. Roosevelt continues in active support of the Progressive Party, and permits himself to be named as its candidate for President in 1916, he will poll a large enough vote in enough close States to insure the election of a Democratic President. I have already referred to Mr. Wilson's statement that his election was due, not to the changing of the country over to the belief in Democratic principles, but to a division of the Republican vote.

It seems necessary, in view of this situation, that the elements that constituted the Republican Party prior to 1912 should get together for the public good.

The meeting of the Republican National Committee in November, 1913, would

The principal impediment to a wholesale return of the Progressives back to the Republican Party lies in the character of the Republican leadership in a number of the important states. Many of the men complained of are offensive to the rank and file of the Republican Party, and only archaic party machinery which can only be destroyed by revolutionary methods. Many of these offensive leaders are only leaders in name, exercising their authority solely through the party forms

have helped this movement along had the members of the Committee shown greater courage in handling the questions which they had imposed upon themselves to consider. Some time prior to the meeting a special committee had been appointed to report upon the legal situation involved, in an effort to correct the abuses which I have described. This committee took an entirely mistaken attitude with respect to the power and duty of the National Committee regarding these questions. This special law committee started out to prove that the National Committee itself has no powers other than those given it by the preceding National Convention, and no inherent power to change the basis of representation at future Conventions; that in order to cure the evil which

I have described, it would be necessary to call a special National Convention.

It is fortunate that those who opposed the extraordinary convention were able to convince the members of the National Committee of the erroneous reasoning of the law committee. Their arguments succeeded with a sufficient number of the members of the Committee to secure a rejection of the convention plan. There can be no possible question but that a large amount of bitterness would have been kept alive, and considerable more engendered, by holding such a convention.

For the Committee squarely to face the situation which it was largely responsible for creating in 1912, must finally be accepted by the country as an act of courage, and will go a long way to convince those who left the Party in 1912 on account of the arbitrary action of the Committee, that there is an official disposition to do whatever is necessary to redress the existing Party difficulties.

The National Committee plainly has the power to reduce representation. It has done so on several occasions, and it is entirely creditable to the National Committee to take this view. The Committee repudiated the law report by completely ignoring it and assuming to do most of the things which the report said it had not the power to do.

The only criticism that should be made of the final action of the Committee is that the reduction in Southern representation is not large enough; for under the present plan the States which I have referred to as having no Republican Party worthy of the name, will have several times the representation in the Republican Conventions that they are entitled to. For illustration: Mississippi in 1912 cast 5,240 votes for both Taft and Roosevelt, and will have ten votes in the next Republican National Convention; while the State of North Dakota cast 47,460 votes for Taft and Roosevelt in 1912, and will have ten votes at the next Republican National Convention. In other words, in the case of these two States, Mississippi

has nine times the representation in the Republican Convention that North Dakota has. I anticipate that the country will renew its demand upon the National Committee further to reduce Southern representation.

There is an apparent disposition on the part of the rank and file of the Republican Party and the rank and file of the Progressive Party to get together under the banner of the Republican Party. The various bi-elections held since the national election in November, 1912, show a very strong drift back to the Republican Party. The principal impediment to a wholesale return of the Progressives back to the Republican Party lies in the character of the Republican leadership in a number of the important States. Many of the men complained of are offensive to the rank and file of the Republican Party, and only archaic party machinery, which can only be destroyed by revolutionary methods, retains them. Many of these men are leaders only in name, exercising their authority solely through the party forms.

Something must be done to change this class of leadership in a number of the heretofore Republican States.

It is fortunate from a business point of view, but unfortunate from a political point of view, that most of the American people are busy. They have neither the time nor the inclination to gather and comprehend facts bearing upon political and economic questions. They do not analyze and co-ordinate these facts. They take opinions from men they trust. The responsibility of wise, honest guidance rests upon gifted leaders.

Old notions about how these things are to be accomplished must give way to new. Each generation must meet and deal with its own problems, and the old ship, freighted with the political destinies of the world, must forge ahead. Finally, let those of us who believe in the principles of the Republican Party adopt Washington's motto when he said, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair."

Shall Our Children Be Foot-pounds of Mechanical Power?

by Flynn Wayne

Are we, a Christian nation, willing to live, to save, and to garner at the expense of those who, though still children, are old, sad in face, broken-limbed and broken-hearted? What is the exhilaration about the touch of foreign-made cloth that the home weave fails to excite? Is twentieth century statesmanship narrow, selfish, brutal greed, the base and groveling instinct of a wealth-grabbing, pleasure-hunting era? These are some of the questions which Senator Borah considers in discussing child labor.

IT is not so generally understood as it should be that the "sweat shop" and home factory, with their lack of sanitation, long hours, low wages and imposition on female and child labor, is a bequest from European countries, and in some of them lies the practical monopoly of certain small wares, in which machinery and invention have been unable to compete with skilled hand labor. The list is long, including toys, blown glass novelties, laces and embroideries, gold and silver bullion work, and base metal imitations, cheap perfumery and toilet articles, glass vials and druggists' sundries, metal chains and chain work, gloves, slippers, fancy underwear and like articles. Our own manufacturers excuse certain evasions of the written and moral law, because, as they claim, they cannot otherwise compete with the woman and child labor of Europe.

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho brought this matter up during the period devoted to the tariff bill, in connection with an amendment adopted in the House, which provided against the importation of convict made goods, as follows:

That all goods, wares, articles, and merchandise manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor shall not be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States, and the importation thereof is hereby prohibited, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed

to prescribe such regulations as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision.

In order to protect myriads of overworked, underfed, and sparsely-paid women and children in America, he offered the following amendment:

That all goods, wares, articles and merchandise manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor, or by children under fourteen years of age, or by children under sixteen years of age employed for more than eight hours per day or forty-eight hours per week, or by boys under eighteen years of age or women over sixteen years of age employed for more than nine hours per day or fifty-four hours per week, shall not be entitled to entry at any ports of the United States, and the importation thereof is hereby prohibited; and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to provide such regulation as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision.

The Committee on Finance substituted for these amendments the following, which, as will be seen, left it possible for the importer to make a "custom house oath," to pass the goods in, and also to nullify its provisions in any country wherever any legislation, however inadequate or laxly enforced, deals with child and woman labor. But in view of the flood of protest which came in from importers, jobbers, manufacturers, Senator Borah felt that something had been effected by the action of the Senate.

When it went back to the House, the

Senate amendment was cut out, and only the original provision against the importation of convict-made goods remained in the bill.

He then addressed the Senate on the subject, hardly expecting that any further action would be taken by the Senate, but feeling that the Senate and the people of the United States should know and recognize the necessity of this kind of

The toys, blown-glass novelties, laces, embroideries, cheap perfumery and toilet articles, metal chains and metal work, gloves, slippers, fancy underwear and like articles bearing the European trade-mark, mean the "sweat shop" or home factory, with their lack of sanitation, long hours, low wages, and imposition on female and child labor.

protection to American labor, the labor of degenerating womanhood, and of childhood robbed of its birthright. He said:

"When I offered this amendment I was perfectly aware, of course, that it was considered radical, but I did think that the amendment as adopted by the Senate certainly could not be considered radical by anyone. Nevertheless, the conference report has eliminated even that, so that the matter stands exactly as it came from the House in the first instance. I think this is a mistake. I think it was an unwise and an unjust thing to do.

"I perfectly understand the general theory by which some people figure that we can get cheaper goods into this country. They believe that we can have cheaper goods and cheaper living without cheaper labor—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"I perfectly understand, also, how desirous we all are of having the things which we buy cheap and the things which we sell dear—a rather difficult problem in practical economics, but a theory of perennial charm.

"I understand, also, that there is a class of people in this country, growing more and more every year, who desire foreign-made goods even at the same price, in preference to home-made goods. There

seems to be an exhilaration about the touch of the foreign-made cloth that the home weave fails to excite. They belong to the class of people who prize the acquisition of a foreign accent above all earthly things.

"I can know of these things, and I can comprehend them; but I cannot understand the calculating, insatiate greed which would have things a little cheaper from the hands of the unhoused, unclothed, and almost unfed children who work in the slums of Europe.

"The conditions which exist there, I presume, are unknown to a great many who have not had occasion and time to go into the condition of affairs. There can be no ground for cutting out this amendment with reference to the importation of child-made goods other than the hope that we may have the goods a pittance cheaper. We therefore advertise to the world that we, a great Christian nation, are willing to live, to save, and to garner at the expense of those who, though still children, are old, sad in face, broken limbed, and broken-hearted, the miserable annual spawn of this age of avarice and greed. These children eat and sleep and live and die in places where those who would benefit by their labor would not kennel their dogs. Yet we take the position that we prefer to have the goods under those

Every law which a Republic writes should have in it not only a principle of economy, but it should have in it also the principle of humanity. There is a soul and a human heart, as well as a stomach and a sensitiveness to hunger, in this being to whom God has given dominion over the earth.

conditions rather than not have them at what is supposed to be a little higher price.

"Some call this economy, and we may flatter ourselves that it is twentieth century statesmanship—and I rather think it is—but whatever we call it, it is in fact nothing but narrow, selfish, inhuman, brutal greed, the base and groveling instinct of a wealth-grabbing, pleasure-hunting era.

"But there is another influence which we have always had to contend with in

the matter of child-labor legislation, whether at home or abroad. We have in this country a class of manufacturers who are in every instinct of their sordid natures slave drivers and slave masters. They would not hesitate, if they had the power to do so, to weave the flesh and blood of the children of the poor into fabrics. As a fact, figuratively speaking, they do do so. I have in my office photographs of scenes in mills, showing how children, mere children, tug and toil by day and by night, literally being worked to death, in order to swell the already swollen dividends of the operators.

"To my mind there is nothing so pathetic, neither is there anything so menacing to the citizenship of this Republic, as the fact that this happens here in our country continuously, year after year, and there seems no sufficient appreciation of the evil.

"This influence, sinister and selfish and overshadowing, is always alert for just such proposed legislation as this.

"They regard any legislation in whatever form it appears as an attack upon their citadel of brutal greed and selfishness, and therefore they oppose it, though it related alone at this time to foreign importations.

"So we have had to deal not only with the importer who flooded Congress with telegrams the moment this amendment was offered, and who seems to be a power in the land in these days, but we have to contend with this unnatural combination which would work unto exhaustion and for a mere pittance the children of the Republic.

"I do not think that the defeat of this amendment will give any particular gratification or satisfaction to the members of Congress after they have come to consider it. I do not think that they will feel very proud to say to their constituency, the manhood and womanhood of America, 'We have possibly given you some cheaper goods, a pittance cheaper if it reaches you and is not taken up by the middleman; and if you will go with me I will show you a photographic view of those from whom we take the goods to make them cheaper.'

"Mr. President, I have no sympathy nor

no tolerance with that rule or principle of legislation which regards the human being as so many foot-pounds of mechanical power to be worked out at the highest pitch and then cast like a hulk upon the refuse heap.

"Every law which a Republic writes should have in it not only a principle of economy, but it should have in it also the principle of humanity, a consideration not only for the economic well-being of its citizens, but a consideration for the manhood and the womanhood upon which the Republic has to rest. There is a soul and a human heart, as well as a stomach and a sensitiveness to hunger, in this being to whom God has given dominion over the earth.

"If there is any one thing going unnoticed and unchecked, and unchallenged in this republic, it is the undermining of the

There is a class of people in this country, growing more and more every year, who desire foreign-made goods even at the same price in preference to home-made goods. There seems to be an exhilaration about the touch of the foreign-made cloth that the home weave fails to excite.

manhood and the womanhood of this country by destroying the children, making them old in their youth, upon whom the republic must rest in the future if it is to rest substantially at all. How happy, oh, happy we will be to go home to our constituency and say we think we have gotten something cheap from Europe, and while it may wear the stain of a child's tired and feeble touch, it will bring great comfort, no doubt, to you. You greatly mistake your constituency—they want no such goods.

"Now, what would have been the effect of this amendment? The effect would have been to either make them conform to humane laws with reference to the employment of children or to stay out of our markets. They would not have stayed out of our markets. They would have complied with the humane laws which we requested them to comply with and would have come to our markets anyway. They

would not have stayed out. We would simply by refusing to share with them their infamy compelled them to share their profits with their employees by giving them better hours and employing under more humane conditions. It was a just thing to do. It was a moral thing to do. It ought not to have required any courage, only an ordinary sense of decency, a common touch of human sympathy."

These remarks at least awakened interest and enthusiastic encomiums throughout the country. It is certain that indirectly, much good might have resulted

both at home and abroad from the mere passage of the Senate amendment if endorsed by the House. No class are more afraid of federal investigation than the dealers who handle and the manufacturers who make goods which lie under the ban of the law, and among these are numbered many American "factories" in Europe, from which cut-price goods are poured into their chain of distributing stores. The result is felt by every reputable manufacturer and merchant, but finds its most terrible record in the ruined health, mental weakness, moral obliquity and premature death of myriads of our people.

THE TAPESTRY OF DREAMS

By PERCY W. REYNOLDS

WHEN the moon like molten amber floods my room with golden light,
 And through the open window I can scan the ribboned road,
 As silvered o'er with hoar-frost it glistens in the night,
 A jewelled path to fairyland outside my small abode.
 'Tis then when others hasten to the sleepy land of rest,
 I start my loom a-working, for it seems
 My shuttle moves the faster and the midnight hour proves best,
 For the weaving of my tapestry of dreams.

My shuttle's made of memories, my mind's the whirring loom,
 And my skein the joys and sorrows of a living human soul,
 That woven into fabric in the silence of my room,
 Becomes a very masterpiece, o'er which I have control,
 So as I toil on through the night whil'st other mortals sleep,
 I do not ask to linger by poppy-bordered streams,
 Enough for me to labor, wide-open-eyed, and keep
 A-weaving of my tapestry of dreams.

Some time it will be finished, and content I'll sink to rest,
 No longer let the moonlight search the corners of my room,
 But close the lattice shutters to the then unwelcome guest,
 When slumber shuts my eyelids in the peaceful dusky gloom,
 And if I should not waken when the sunshine melts the snow,
 I beg thee, do not call me to face the sun's bright beams,
 But let me sleep in quiet, for I give my all—you know,
 In the weaving of my tapestry of dreams.

Captain Zenas Discusses Naval Warfare

by Hallam Winter

FEW there be of the older denizens of "The South Shore" who do not know and love "Captain Zenas," whilom mariner of the long v'yage, late lobster fisherman and present oracle of yachtsman and motorboatman, who "after a great life with eyes waxing dim" still loves to leave his comfortable cottage "uptown" and take his ease in his weather-beaten and battered "fish'us" just above the reach of the highest tides.

It would puzzle him to give a clear title to his little domain; harder still for any one to bar a right founded on ancestral use and over twoscore years of his own undisturbed occupancy. And indeed there is a tradition that one portly lawyer, who in an evil hour, years ago, essayed to question his title, fell back in dismay as Captain Zenas took down the old, long-barreled muzzle-loading ducking-gun, which still peacefully hangs over the old man's berth, with its old-fashioned powder-horn and shot-belt ever-loaded and ready for use. His graver neighbors say that Uncle Zenas never needed his pistols at sea, and certainly would not have used lethal weapons "ag'in a fat old shyster."

His battered ship's telescope covered with a canvas sheath, curiously finished with neat braidings of "white-line"; two or three bunks clean and comfortable, if roughly fashioned; stove and kitchen-ware, dishes and grocery-locker, a great matchesafe, pipe-box and tobacco jar, with a little shelf for books and papers, tell of great and self-dependent comfort and serenity of mind; for "Your Aunt Lovisy" no longer worries as she used to do, before the clubhouse telephone could advise her that her sailor-husband would remain away for a meal or two, or even overnight.

He knows just when and how to get a bucket of sea clams, little clams, cockles or quahaugs; nay, it is even whispered that he never has to buy any oysters;

having years ago discovered, and kept from general depredation, an oysterbed of his own; and as for a mess of sea-fish, crabs, lobsters, smelts and eels, when "the skipper" comes home unsatisfied it's a very cold day indeed for other people. Besides his piscatorial triumphs, Captain Zenas and his long ducking gun have a memorable record among the "gunners" of Boston Bay, and are just the couple to whom "things happen" in spite of house-dotted marshes and beaches built up to the very waterline. A bewildered flock of migrating geese, or wearied teal, a careless, storm-driven clump of seaducks or "whistlers," a too-confiding clod of sandpipers or "Bay snipe," every now and then afford Captain Zenas a game dinner and a chance to surprise and crow over his cronies, who travel hundreds of miles and perhaps get less sport.

Cap' Zenas is one of those "Sons of the Cape" born poor but honest, industrious and independent; a worker almost from babyhood; a sailor from boyhood and a learner all his life. With little schooling, he learned enough of penmanship and composition, mathematics and navigation to command a clipper, and keep a clear and correct log; a born trader he needed no supercargo, and acquired enough of Creole, Spanish and French patois to do business in many an Indian port and among the havens of the West Indies and the "Spanish Main."

Born where a thief or a bully was as rare a curiosity as the Great Auk, and vice scarcely showed its head once in a generation, he has sailed and traded, and sometimes perforce fought in lands where human life is held as dust in the balance, when weighed against lust, gain or wounded pride. Terrible in affray, constant in danger, prudent in business, and not without a sincere honesty and fear of God; such was and is "Cap'n Zenas."



Cap' Zenas is one of those "Sons of the Cape" born poor but honest, industrious and independent; a worker almost from babyhood; a sailor from boyhood and a learner all his life

So long as his massive frame and steadfast simple soul keep company, men will delight to visit under his roof, to "take pot-luck" with him when he spends a stormy day in compounding a delicious chowder or savory "sea-pie," and to listen to his pithy, and often keen, commentaries on men and things past and present.

"I see," said Ridgely, the famous vaudeville manager, as he busied himself with a huge panful of steamed clams, "that the Secretary of the Navy wants to build more battleships."

"Y-es," stuttered Coles, a veteran sail-maker, who has perforce turned his encryptions from fore-and-aft and ship's sails, to yacht and boat canvas, and street awnings, "we must keep at least second in sea-power, and dreadnaughts are the only reliance nowadays. What do you think, Cap'n?"

Captain Zenas eyed dreamily a peculiarly luscious clam which he was just conveying to his mouth, laid it down with a sigh, and delivered himself as follows: "I did a little fightin' in the days of the tea-trade, when we carried out silver dollars to pay for teas and silks, and guns and small arms for Malay, Chinese and renegade white pirates. Then a cannon was a pot to burn powder in, and round shot fired at close quarters and grape and langrage to sweep the decks of men, with perhaps some bar or chain-shot to cut up spars and rigging were used by both parties, to a sea-fight. Some American ships carried long guns, sighted for long distance shootin'. I had one in the Betsey j, a brass Spanish twelve-pounder. Used to cover the ball with cloth and dip it in wax and taller, so that it rammed home tight, but easy. I raked a Chinese junk with that one day from rudder to sapstan, at a good four hundred yards, carried one mast by the board and before they could clear the wreck away, I pounded them handsome."

"DID you sink her?" asked Ridgely eagerly.

"No," drawled Cap'n Zenas, slowly. "Just as we were beginnin' to get fairly to work, an English gunboat came up, an' after one broadside, the poor devils struck

and were towed into Canton where the Chinese were beheaded.

"But, as I was sayin'," he continued, "then, a cannon was a big or little pot to burn powder in. Now it is a rifle, an' a breech loader at that, able to put its pointed shell through a foot or more of sheer steel. Its powder is four times as powerful as ours, its big projectiles sometimes weigh three quarters of a ton, and when they hit they tear a hole in eleven-inch armor that you could drive an oxcart through; and when they burst between decks, living men turn to blackened corpses, in a hell of fiery vapors.

"So much for open above-board fightin', but in the middle of all the noise and danger, along comes a craft under water, or all except a little glass at the top of a tube, to keep the course by, and on the other side a thirty-knot torpedo boat, both aching to discharge a torpedo, that if it hits will send a ten million or fifteen million dollar dreadnaught to Davy Jones' locker in about ten minutes with practically all hands.

"And that isn't all. Along comes above the smoke and steam, a big air-ship, swooping down at from thirty to sixty miles an hour, and looking for the military masts and colors of the enemy. The proper officer touches a trigger and drops a long-pointed steel canister, that bores down through the air point first, and explodes whenever it hits steel or water. It carries enough devilish chemicals to destroy a good-sized town, and no vessel ever made could keep the sea under it.

"Then we've got some little fellers, flyin' boats with smooth hulls of solid mahogany cabins, upholstered with corduroy, and with high arch-decked bows that make them nearly equal to a life boat when they squatter down like sea-ducks in the open sea to watch for the enemy. Then when a strange craft appears or even before, away they go towerin' up into the sky, five hundred yards in a quarter of an hour, and travellin' over a mile a minute. These innocent lookin' flyers can carry one or two men and dynamite bombs, etc., to the weight of nearly seven hundred pounds. It will be mighty interestin' when the crew ought to be washin' down the decks an' goin' to breakfast, to

have half-a-dozen of these devils darnin' needles coming down so fast that they can't fairly get to quarters before the flyers are two or three miles to leeward, and the mischief, whatever it is, is done, or perhaps be steaming along at night an' hear the rushin' wings of them angels of death just before two hundred pounds or so of dynamite puts an end to the whole business.

"I reckon that after one big sea fight between first class naval-powers, even the victors will be glad to put an end to this foolish policy."

"Why, Cap'n," said Coles, wonderingly, "you w-wouldn't be afraid of them things, w-would you?"

"Gentlemen," said the captain solemnly, "I have many times been afraid in my life, but never so much afraid as to neglect my duty, I had an uncle on the Cumberland in 1862, when her shot rebounded like peas from the armor of the Meirimac, and her crew kept at her guns until the

sea swept them off or carried them down with the frigate. I hope that whenever the Lord calls me, he will find me doing my work to the best of my ability. I believe that there are thousands of Americans, who will fight and die as their fathers did, no matter how fearful the perils of warfare may be made by chemists, inventors and ambitious statesmen. But in my opinion, one-tenth the money spent for warlike preparations would promote such profitable and friendly relations among the nations that no man would dare to advocate a war, for any purpose whatever.

"Well, I declare, while I've been talking, you fellows have eaten up all the clams. Never mind, there's a little painful in the oven, that'll be about right just now. I'm going to let you do the talking for the next half hour," and Cap'n Zenas devoted a good thirty minutes to hot clams and their appropriate "fixings."

SEA MOODS

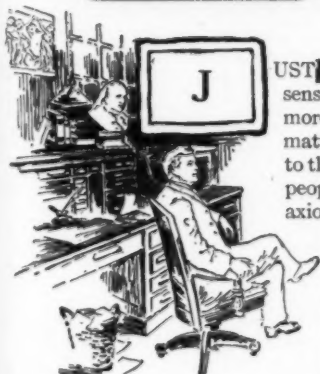
By EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

THE cliffs are black, and the mists like a wall
Move steady as fate o'er the battling sea,
The night flows down like a funeral pall
And blots out the life of the world to me.

The peaks have pierced the pillar of cloud
And the tattered veil in each silver shred
Hangs like the remnant of memory's shroud
To the wall of the past, when our grief has fled.

All night the surf on the shore
Sobs the passion of life's unrest.
All night my lost love knocks at my door,
And her spirit sobs on my breast.

The dawn sends a rosy gleam down to the waiting sea,
And the mists fold up their curtains of gray, with banners that stream afar;
A rainbow glow is the foam, which is brushed by the light winds free,
And the night and the mists have drifted away after the morning star.



JUST plain common sense is more and more consulted in matters pertaining to the health of the people. The old axiom that "every ill effect must have a specific cause" is being revived in studying diet. For years the natural salts in food have been eliminated by frying, baking, steaming or cooking in some way which effects a chemical change. Cooking occasions a widely varied distribution of the constituent elements of food. The other day I was much interested when discussing the matter with a leading American business man, to learn of his enthusiastic advocacy of common sense mastication. For breakfast, said he, a bit of wheat in its natural state and oats not crushed, with honey and fruit, made a meal such as nature welcomes. Over-eating, wrong eating and ill-prepared foods are fundamental causes of many of the average ailments of mankind. Every person knows or learns to know by experience what is good for him, but deliberately takes chances in consuming viands and foods which the palate may temporarily crave, but against which the stomach as the tried sentinel of the system

protests. As time goes on and people get closer and closer to nature and the fundamental laws of life, the importance of a healthful diet becomes more clear. People realize that food as prepared by the Creator in its natural state is more likely to be conducive to health than the concoctions that are contrived to woo favor with satiated palates. Simple food is the basic principle of a simple life, and just an ordinary application of common sense by each individual to his own particular case will forward the means of prevention. To prevent rather than cure disease by methods which commend themselves as showing good sense is the demand on the medical men of the future. Good sense means "cents" in the economic as well as in the hygienic sense of the word.

SOME years ago, NATIONAL readers will recall a series of interesting articles written by Captain Robert A. Bartlett, recounting his polar voyages, when he served as Captain of Rear-Admiral Peary's ship on the earlier Polar expeditions. The publishers hoped to have still more stories from him; but last year the fever of the "Great North" again seized Captain Bartlett and he sailed as commander of Stefansson's ship, the old whaler Karluk. Word was received from Stefansson in December of the disappearance of the Captain and his ship in a drifting polar ice-pack, northeast of Point Barrow,

Alaska, and the news has aroused the keenest interest as to the ship's probable fate.

In speaking of the matter to Rear Admiral Peary in Washington, the old veteran of the North declared emphatically:

"If there is a ship's master in the world who can get out of the ice it is Captain 'Bob' Bartlett. He is the best and most resourceful man in an ice-pack I have ever known.

"With his resourcefulness and long experience, and with the ship starting adrift in the pack not far from the shore in the season in which it did, I feel rather confident of his ability to extricate the *Karluk* if anybody can do that. He may use the ship's steam power to drive her through the ice. I judge from what Stefansson said that when he left the ship she had not yet 'blown out' her boilers for the winter. That would mean that Captain Bartlett would be able to make steam which he would use in his effort to try to loosen the ship from the pack.

"I count on Captain Bartlett doing everything that can be accomplished in such a situation. He was my ice master and navigator on both my voyages in the *Roosevelt* into the Arctic in 1905-6 and 1908-9. He was also the master of my auxiliary ship, the *Hope*, and before that was the mate of my ship the *Windward*, which went north in 1898, remaining there until 1899. He brought the *Windward* back, leaving me in the north, and when she went north again in 1902 with Miss Peary aboard the *Windward* was caught in the ice, but Captain Bartlett brought her out safely.

"Should Captain Bartlett be unable to get the *Karluk* out of the ice, the ship's fate is problematical. The general drift of the current off the north coast of Alaska is westward. Continuation of strong northeast winds, combined with the westward movement of the currents, would, it is thought, carry the ice-pack westward beyond Point Barrow, and, once in the track of the *Jeanette* and the *Fram*, the *Karluk*, unless released from the ice, probably would not be heard of for several years. In such a contingency her fate would depend upon actual conditions met with in that part of the polar area.

"The *Jeanette*, which started out from San Francisco in 1879, was caught in the ice pack and drifted nearly two years, and never escaped from its grip. The crew embarked in two cutters and a whaleboat, the *Jeanette* being crushed. Captain De Long reached the mouth of the *Lena* River's delta on the Russian coast, and perished from starvation.

"The *Fram*, sailing from San Francisco, in 1893, entered the polar ice near the New Siberian Islands, expecting to drift by the current over the pole, and come out of the east coast of Greenland. This was based on the fact that articles belonging to the *Jeanette*, lost in 1881, had drifted in three years across the polar sea, to or around the polar continent, to Greenland. Nansen left the *Fram* to make his furthest north record, and the *Fram*, left in command of Captain Sverdrup, drifted northward until she finally was extricated from the ice and turned up at Tromsøe."

Admiral Peary and the friends of Captain Bartlett have faith that the intrepid genius of the veteran of the polar seas will find his way out of the dilemma.

* * *

ECHOES of the new tariff legislation are interesting as the months flit by and the new law is tried out and tested by actual operation. The editor recently received a letter from Mr. Andrew Adie, a well-known woolen manufacturer and business man, giving his views on the subject. As in the case of the bankers' attitude on the new currency legislation, Mr. Adie, in summing up the situation, expresses his firm hope for the best—thus emphasizing the patriotic and optimistic spirit of the nation. This is the way Mr. Adie puts it:

"The manufacturers of worsted and woolen goods in this country have passed through a most difficult and trying year—what might be termed the readjustment period in their particular business, on account of radical changes in the tariff laws. Under the new law the future of successful manufacturing will depend upon quality of management and the energy, skill and ingenuity exercised. No manufacturers with any pride or manliness will lie down; on the contrary they face the present situation in true

American fashion, with a firm and fixed determination to succeed, notwithstanding high costs of production as compared with European competitors.

"Critics of the American manufacturers, who appeared at the hearings held in Washington upon the question of tariff revision, can find ample proof of the good faith of these men when they opposed the radical changes in tariff, by observing the vigor and determination with which they are now working, and have been occupied during the past year, to bring about adjustments necessary to new conditions with the least possible loss to all vitally interested.

"No one can yet forecast what direct effect the new schedule will have upon the future of our business. Supply and demand the world over will have its effect for and against. This applies not only to raw material but to the finished article as well.

"The consensus of opinion is that the American manufacturer on certain classes of goods will be able to hold his own against all comers, and especially will this be true of the best equipped mills, economically managed and turning out honest goods of superior quality, style and finish, suitable for the American market.

"After a careful study of all the phases of the new tariff law and having formulated plans to meet the new conditions, I firmly hope and believe that our industry will still prosper. No legitimate business in this or any country will fall by the wayside under any conditions if we have within ourselves the true fighting spirit, coupled with our best endeavor.

"There are many serious questions involved by the change of tariff, and none more important than the question of the food supply of the United States. Wool growers are already taking steps to reduce their flocks and this means a shortage of mutton and wool, and therefore higher prices for these necessities of life. The prevailing idea that the reduction in tariff will materially decrease the cost of living is already proving a fallacy as regards many commodities. European manufacturers are raising prices on manufactured articles, thereby increasing profits at the expense of the American public.

"This statement is not made in a spirit of criticism, but is simply a statement of facts. To have an open mind is the only proper attitude on any question and especially one that is so vital to the interests of all the people. The new tariff law will soon demonstrate its own advantage or disadvantage to the country at large and will be reflected in the prosperity or adversity of all the people of the nation. In any case, we must work out conditions as they exist, hoping to the end and "fighting the good fight of faith"—faith



MR. ANDREW ADIE

A leading woolen manufacturer whose views on the new tariff are especially sane and illuminating

in our country, faith in our form of government, faith in our industry, faith in ourselves, faith in the good sense of the American people and faith in the existence of true patriotism, which means America for Americans and American industries for American workmen."

* * *

LIFE careers are frequently determined by simple incidents. Forty-five years ago Mr. Frank Ferdinand of Boston, who had visited many parts of the world as a sailor, decided to go into business. With the same energy and enthusiasm with which he had climbed up to the

mainmast or led the watch out to the weather-earring of the yard-arm, he decided on taking up a mercantile career in Boston. Born at Portland, Maine, he had early taken a thorough training in the gymnasium, and like most sons of the State of Maine, felt the impulse to "go to sea." The lithe young lad of one hundred and twenty pounds had soon proved himself equal to every emergency on shipboard.

Returning from a long foreign voyage in 1864, he enlisted in the Union army, serving one year. In his early days he had rugged experience which create self-reliance and the constructive power developed in so many of the men who were soldiers in the Civil War. When he decided to go into business he located at Roxbury, where the retail trade of that part of Boston converged. With Yankee ingenuity he painted his store blue—the first blue store in America—and established himself in a business which finds him today the dean of the furniture trade and the owner of the oldest house of its kind in Boston. He tells the story of the Blue Store simply enough. When his painter inquired "What color paint shall I use?" Mr. Ferdinand looked up to the sky and told him to paint it as blue as that, or as blue as the Italian sky, if he liked, because he felt if any color appealed to the people it was the brilliant blue sky that overhangs all peoples of the earth at all times.

Following the launching of the Blue Store came the Woolworth idea with red fronts and Childs' with white fronts; so now red, white and blue—the national colors—represent distinctive lines of business in all parts of the country.

With unabated vigor Mr. Ferdinand conducted an establishment which is widely known all over New England. Thousands of young people in many cities and states have furnished their first cozy homes with furnishings from the "Blue Store."

Mr. Ferdinand has been actively identified with the business interests of Boston for nearly half a century, having been at one time president of the Mechanics Fair Exposition, an autumn event which everyone in New England feels is a suitable reason for a "trip to Boston." Mr.

Ferdinand is a keen student of municipal economic affairs, and his positive views are the result of years of active and practical experience. He has been a wide traveler, and was related to the late Governor Merrill of Iowa, who served four years as chief executive of the Hawkeye State.

The Dudley Street Transfer Station in Boston, where the Blue Store is located, is one of the centers of population in the growing Boston of today. Mr. Ferdinand's establishment, surrounded by a network of elevated and surface tracks, is a veritable "hub" of the "Hub." For forty-four years he has conducted his business in the same location, and is the same enthusiastic, energetic Frank Ferdinand as when he dreamed of his Blue Store while sailing the high seas and contemplating the blue waters of foreign oceans and blue skies of the tropics. The idea of painting a store blue—no wonder that the Maine sailor lad reared under the blue sky and on the blue waves, should have given that color to his establishment—inaugurated a new phase of distinguishing a mercantile establishment that reflects American initiative and individuality.

* * *

THE wonders of man-made canyons, concrete-created gigantic waterfalls, and mountains removed in building the Panama Canal were accomplished at a time when work of a similar nature and magnitude was being done in the United States "in the regular order of business," as the legislature would say.

The marvelous development of West Virginia is one of the causes as well as sequels to the tremendous tasks of betterments on the Baltimore & Ohio Road under the executive direction of Mr. Daniel Willard. A panorama of the Allegheny Mountains revealed in a trip over this line today makes a traveler of a decade ago feel like Rip Van Winkle "waking up" in the Catskills after his historic nap. Tunnels have been ruthlessly unroofed and the sunlight let in, grades have been annihilated, new tracks added, and all along the line improvements have been made at a cost exceeding \$90,000,000. Congestion of traffic has been relieved on the mountain divisions where two or three

"pushers" were needed to get over the grades, and the efficiency of these improvements has resulted in increased earnings approximating twenty million dollars on the whole system in two years. This is a concise story of cause and effect. Across the Alleghenies in West Virginia two and sometimes three additional tracks have been built. The old turnpike of Henry Clay's day is now replaced by this pioneer rail route over the Alleghenies. It was then as now the logical pathway over the Blue Ridge, and the early pioneers pushing in to the western frontier forecasted the route of a great trunk line. These improvements have been made not only for the convenience of through traffic, but with a concentrated and constructive idea of creating more satisfactory local, city, farm and industrial traffic—the ever basic principle in establishing fixed revenues.

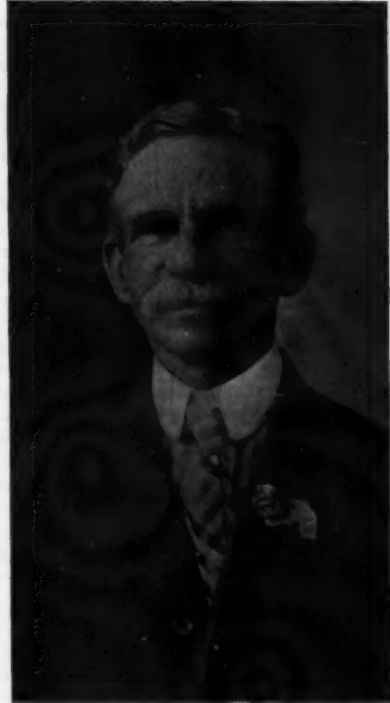
One of the features of modern railroad-ing is the slogan "Safety First." Mr. Daniel Willard as president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is known to railroad men as the man who first put into effect the "Safety First" policy on a railroad. Mr. Willard disclaims the distinction of originating the idea, insisting that Mr. R. C. Richards of Chicago was the man who first conceived this modern slogan of efficiency, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Willard is the man who put the emphasis upon it. "It is not my policy," he declares, "it is the policy of the company and I am merely emphasizing it."

The "Safety First" idea means that in any emergency employees are always to act on the side of safety and to assume full responsibility. Speedometers on the engines show the engineer when he is exceeding the "safety first" speed limit. Mr. Willard insists that sixty miles an hour is fast enough for any train to run under the most favorable circumstances of track and equipment, and even sixty miles he declares too fast for him, though he humorously adds that he naturally goes as fast as the train does.

When you say that Mr. Willard is a railroad man that expresses his vocation most comprehensively. In his active career from boyhood he has served in nearly all the departments of the railroad, and the sixty thousand employees of the

Baltimore & Ohio recognize and respect his generalship because they know he knows railroading.

Mr. Willard does things on schedule—the habit of a railroad man. He says things quickly and decisively. A personality of dynamic force and energy, he just naturally undertakes a solution of the obstacle without evasion. His broad vision



MR. FRANK FERDINAND

A prominent Boston merchant whose "Blue Store" originated the idea of utilizing the color scheme as a form of advertising

in meeting the perplexing questions concerning the management of his railroad has attracted wide attention because he has obtained definite results. The discussion as to the influence of railroad unions interfering with efficiency and discipline by insisting on the company retaining men who otherwise would be discharged, Mr. Willard insists is "wasted air." If there are incompetent men in the service they should be removed, and if they are not

removed, the fact that the labor union influence is responsible for their retention is not a fact big enough to excuse the loss of lives and property.

Mr. Willard is of Vermont birth, coming from the St. Albans "school of railroading," with an alumni of several eminent railroad presidents, and has seen railroad service as freight brakeman, passenger brakeman, conductor, flagman and switchman. There is very little in railroad work with which he is not familiar. For four years he pulled the throttle on an engine and later was conductor on the Sault Ste. Marie Railroad in the Middle West. But his executive work, his keen and earnest desire to develop everything that pertained to the welfare of the people upon whom the railroad is dependent for patronage was to be his lifework. There has never been an event in the development of any city or section along the line that has not interested him, and in the creation and handling of this new traffic, the work of betterments has never been interfered with. Payrolls, taxes and fixed charges of a great railroad go right on, hour after hour, like the train schedules.

The executive staff of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has efficient men to work out the perplexing problems which all railroads in these troublesome times must meet. As for Mr. Willard, he has naturally taken his place as one of the leaders who will win for railroads the respect and confidence deserved.

* * *

SOMETIMES I think that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has the most appreciative readers with which any magazine was ever blessed. There is scarcely a mail in which there is not some word of appreciation from some reader somewhere, concerning the splendid progress of the NATIONAL each month. These letters are to the editor what applause is to the actor. When he sees appreciation and a realization of things that are being done, all the hardship of

preparing material for the magazine seems more like play.

With a bundle of these letters before me I feel that I am not violating confidence when I whisper to you about what we are going to have for May. May is the month of merry moods, and the love-light glows in the witchery of May-time moonlight, and in the balminess of the May-time days with the fragrance of blossoms.

We have not forgotten that May is the month of Memorial Day, and an article by Myra W. Richards on the Washington Soldiers' Home will be of intense interest. This article of Mrs. Richards is the first real description ever given of one of the most interesting institutions in the world. Aside from this article, which will be fully illustrated, there will be two Memorial Day stories and several poems to give color to the occasion.

In accordance with many requests from readers, more old-fashioned debates in Congress will be presented in the future. As one reader wrote, "These debates give us a fine idea of what is really going on in Congress."

As to the "Affairs at Washington" for May, I always feel that there is a light and tripping pace to the pen when I begin to write in May-time—so you can expect something good-natured at least.

In every issue of the magazine it is planned to have a biography of some eminent American, a biography written from a personal angle, telling just what kind of a man he is in connection with what he has done. The subject of the sketch for May will be Judge Elbert H. Gary, one of the world's greatest business leaders. There is also a charming personal sketch on Admiral George Dewey, which is especially timely in the anniversary month of the Battle of Manila.

With a delightful fiction feast, and many sketches on a variety of timely subjects, if you don't find the fever of May-time blossoms in your next month's NATIONAL, I am going to miss my guess.





LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

FOR AMUSING THE LITTLE FOLK

BY MRS. M. W.

Keep all the pretty small boxes and paper pails, such as oysters come in, for the children to transform into May baskets; being so easily covered with crepe paper or fringed tissue paper they will be found an aid to the little fingers in fashioning the baskets. The very prettiest baskets are those covered with yellow and filled with violets, pale blue filled with white blossoms, or pink filled with apple blossoms. In this way a lesson in color harmony may be taught the child that will be remembered.

JAR COVERS USEFUL

BY MRS. W. E. B.

Use a metal top of a Mason fruit jar to scratch skillets and pots; also keep one on top of warming closet of range to set bowl of basting spoon in to keep from getting stove greasy.

Relief for the Feet

To relieve sore corn, bunion, or callous on foot, trim off hard part, then bathe feet in hot water and soda. Cut strips of adhesive plaster and bind around toe or stick over bunion.

IMPROVES ONIONS

BY H. S.

When boiling onions, add a large spoonful of sugar. They will taste much better and cook more quickly. Do not salt them until quite done. One apple cut up and cooked with them is good also.

To Thread Sewing Machines

Sew a small square of black cloth to a white one and keep on sewing machine. When threading with black put white cloth the other side and the needle's eye can be easily seen, and when using light thread place the black side of cloth the other side of needle. This is a great help.

NOVEL IRON STAND

BY MRS. W. C. K.

Drive some No. 8 carpet tacks into ironing board where the stand usually is placed to put the hot iron upon. It works like a charm and is always in its place when wanted.

For Blackened Mantles

Lamps with mantles will sometimes blacken after they are lighted. Just sprinkle a little salt over the mantle and the black will instantly disappear.

THE HOME

DISHWASHING HINTS

BY MISS M. H.

When washing delicate china, glassware and silver, place a folded Turkish towel in the bottom of the dishpan. It will save many chips and scratches.

To clean aluminum, put a little lemon juice on a cloth and rub the utensil well.

In the Laundry

Lemon sliced without the rind and put into the boiler when boiling clothes will whiten them.

Grease may be taken out by rubbing the spot with a solution made by steeping five cents' worth of soap-tree bark in one quart of soft water and rinsing with ammonia water. For delicate articles sprinkle them freely with corn starch or block magnesia. After several days shake out and if the grease spots are not gone repeat the process. If the piece will stand the treatment rub plenty of starch or magnesia in thoroughly. Shake and brush to remove the powder. Another way is to cover with starch and spread over this a paper; then press with a warm iron.

To Remove Ink Spots

Wet the spots, rub chloride of lime into them and place the goods in the sun.

A Moth Preventative

Saturate pieces of paper or cloth with turpentine and place with the furs and woollens when laid away for the summer. Also place pieces under the edge of carpets or in closets and no moths will be found.

For Filling Fruit Jars

Use a gravy boat. It is easily dipped into the hot kettle of fruit and the long mouth easily fits into the jars.

To Make Stencils

Use oil cloth. Stamp the pattern on the cloth side. Use the other side uppermost when stamping. It can be cleaned with kerosene.

Washing Woolen Goods

To three pails of soft water add three tablespoonfuls of borax and three tablespoonfuls ammonia. Soak the goods three hours. Do not wring. Rinse in clear cold water and the same amount of borax and ammonia as before. Hang on line to dry.

A Canker Cure

Mix a teaspoonful of boracic acid and one-half pint of strong sage tea, and use as mouth wash or gargle every hour, for canker or sore throat.

FOR INSECTS

BY T. H. A.

Mix together two ounces of oil of lavender and four ounces of alcohol. Rub this on hands and face and sprinkle on pillows and bed clothes, also around the room. It will effectually keep off flies and mosquitoes.

TO STRAIGHTEN WHALEBONE

BY W. B.

When whalebone is too bent for use, soak it in tepid water for several hours. Dry on a flat surface and it will be as good as new.

Cleansing a Dirty Wall

If a dirty wall that is to be painted be first given a coat of starch water the dirt may be brushed off with the starch when the latter dries and leaves a clean foundation for new paint.

Piano Polish

One-half pint of sweet oil, one-half pint of turpentine, one-quarter of a lemon. Shake well and apply, after carefully dusting.

Fudge

When making fudge use one tablespoonful of peanut butter instead of butter and chopped nuts. This gives a much richer flavor and is pleasanter to the tongue.

Potato Cleans Oil Paintings

A slice of Irish potato will clean oil paintings without injury, and dipped in soda is excellent for cleaning silver.

Saves Glassware

To prevent a glass dish from cracking when pouring hot liquid in, place a silver spoon in it and pour directly on the bowl of spoon.

To Press Clothing

Instead of using water alone to wet pressing cloth, use warm water containing white soap, and the clothing will not be injured or bear the imprint of the flat iron.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

BY C. M. W.

It will be found a great convenience to the busy housewife to keep a whisk broom and a pair of scissors in every room in the house.

When the embroidered ruffle of a petticoat is worn on the edge, cut off as much as is shabby, turn a narrow hem, then sew on torchon lace the width of the piece removed. The life of the skirt will be doubled and its beauty unimpaired.

A box of colored crayons of a good quality and variety of colors will give much pleasure to the little folks. Pictures in magazines, papers, etc., can be colored more satisfactorily than with water colors.

SOME CATTLE REMEDIES

BY L. H. J.

To remove warts from stock, either cattle or horses, make a paste of castor oil and common baking soda. Apply daily and in a short time the warts will disappear.

One of the best and most economical blood cleansers for stock is composed as follows: Thoroughly mix equal parts of sulphur, saltpetre and common salt. Feed a tablespoonful daily.